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Ballads and Broadsides Illustrating the Period of the Great Rebellion 1640-1660

Edited with an Introduction & Notes

BY

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TO

EARLE BROWNELL BABCOCK

"O tu che onori e scienza ed arte"

PREFACE

THE seventy-five ballads and verse broadsides in this book are reprinted by permission from collections in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum, and the Manchester Free Reference Library. To the officials of these libraries cordial acknowledgment is made for this permission and for many other favors. Only one of the seventy-five broadsides has appeared in any modern ballad-book, and not more than six have been reprinted at any time or in any place. To some of them the subject-matter lends an interest disproportionate to their literary value; several are pure doggerel; but, on the other hand, not a few have considerable poetical merit. Not one, however, needs any apology if a reader loves, as Shakespeare did, "a ballad in print a-life." Probably the seventy-five broadsides and ballads give a more comprehensive view of the period of the interregnum than does any collection hitherto published. For a discussion of that matter reference may be made to the "Historical Sketch of the Broadside Ballad, 1640–1660," given in the general Introduction.

In every essential particular the texts of the broadsides have been reproduced exactly. No notice has been taken of broken or blurred type or of apostrophes that are turned the wrong way or printed upside down, but all other misprints are duly indicated. When emendations are made in spelling or punctuation, attention is called to them in the foot-notes; and as a general rule only unmistakable typographical errors are amended. Letters, words, or lines that are torn off the original sheets are restored conjecturally between square brackets. Brackets are used, furthermore, in three cases to enclose ballad-titles that are

supplied because there are no titles at all in the originals. Arabic numerals for stanzas (in one case, No. 54, for lines) are an editorial addition; but where roman numerals are used to mark stanzas they belong to the original texts. Titles and tunes have been normalized in printing, black-letter type being used uniformly for the former, italics for the latter. Finally, the woodcut illustrations have been reproduced without change. In this untouched condition they faithfully present the crude but attractive "art" that distinguished the broadside ballad.

The separate introductions purpose to give the necessary bibliographical details and such other facts—when they can be ascertained—as may be essential for an understanding of the ballad, its author, and its tune. But no effort has been made to treat the historical background exhaustively or to pile up references and general notes. Where necessary, certain proper names mentioned in the texts are explained in foot-notes, but such further explanation of words and phrases as appears desirable has been made in the glossarial index. For the frankness of language used by the ballad-writers no apology is demanded. With one slight exception (which is indicated in a foot-note) no attempt has been made to purify coarseness of diction.

For various helpful suggestions about the manuscript or the proof-sheets or both, I am indebted to Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, and to my colleagues, Professor Albert S. Borgman, Professor Theodore F. Jones, and especially Professor Arthur H. Nason, the Director of the New York University Press.

H. E. R.

New York City,
July 1, 1923.

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE BROADSIDE BALLAD, 1640–1660

I

PRACTICALLY no study of the ballad in England during the years 1640–1660 has heretofore been made, and that chapter has remained the most obscure in all ballad-history. Even William Chappell, in his admirable and indispensable *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, gave a bare forty-one pages to the interregnum; and more than half of the ballads and tunes he discusses really date back as early as the reign of James I. Chappell had seen comparatively few Commonwealth ballads, and in those few was but slightly interested. The same statement applies to Thomas Wright, who edited for the Percy Society in 1841 a small volume of *Political Ballads Published in England during the Commonwealth;* to W. W. Wilkins, whose *Political Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* appeared in 1860; and to Charles Mackay, who, in 1863, compiled (largely from the identical sheets used by Wright and Wilkins) his *Cavalier Songs and Ballads of England from 1642 to 1684.* These editors depended for their Commonwealth ballads almost entirely on the Thomason Collection in the British Museum. None of them had any interest in ballads as such.

Almost as little interest in ballad-history had J. W. Ebsworth, the well-known editor of the *Roxburghe*

Ballads and the *Bagford Ballads;* but he wrote and several times prematurely announced the publication of a book of Civil-War ballads, the manuscript of which, after his death, is said to have been sold from his library to a private collector. Ebsworth had thoroughly ransacked all the available printed and manuscript sources; and it is probable that his book would have excelled in bulk any edition of Commonwealth ballads that has been or can now be made. Certainly it would have been Ebsworthian, with all his grave defects as an editor. Nevertheless, the book would undeniably have been worth consulting, and would no doubt have contained transcripts of ballads that may now remain unknown for years. It is a pity that Ebsworth failed to publish his *Commonwealth Ballads.*

The most important printed collections of Civil-War and Commonwealth ballads are those in the British Museum. Many ballads collected by the bookseller George Thomason are preserved among the twenty-four folio volumes (669 f. 1, 669 f. 2, etc.) popularly called, after their former owner, George III, the King's Pamphlets, and in the hundreds of quartos that have the press-mark "E" followed by a numeral. Most of these are political in subject-matter, and hence give a distorted view of the activities of the ballad-press. A more varied choice of subjects is found in the so-called "Book of Fortune" (C. 20. f. 14), a collection of some forty black-letter ballads in which journalism, love, and satire are more prominent than politics. It is from these two sources that many of the broadsides here reprinted are taken. One comes from the highly important collection of broadsheets made by Narcissus Luttrell. Various Commonwealth ballads, dating from 1659 and 1660,

are scattered through other collections in the British Museum, but are not here used.

A number of important ballads are preserved, too, in the celebrated collection of the Earl of Crawford (described in *Bibliotheca Lindesiana, Catalogue of English Ballads*, 1890), several of which are duplicated in the Thomason tracts (cf. No. 28). Others are in the Euing Collection at the University of Glasgow (described in J. O. Halliwell's *Catalogue of An Unique Collection of Ancient English Broadside Ballads*, 1856), most of them of the years 1659 and 1660. Still others are scattered through the great collections of Anthony Wood and Rawlinson at the Bodleian, and a very few appear in Samuel Pepys's five volumes at Magdalene College, Cambridge. The Wood and Rawlinson Collections are represented in this volume; but the chief untapped source used in preparing it is the remarkable collection at the Manchester Free Reference Library.

In the hasty notes added by Ebsworth to the final volume of his *Roxburghe Ballads*, there are occasional references to this collection and a few reprints, usually unspecified, from it. It is preserved in two folio volumes (press-marks 310 D 2, 310 D 3), which contain about one hundred and thirty separate printed ballads. Most of them are sadly mutilated, but several are unique, and the collection as a whole is of very great importance. Noteworthy are the ballads signed by Laurence Price, John Lookes, and Humphrey Crouch. A few of the ballads are of early date—like "The shamefull downefall of the Popes Kingdome" (printed with no indication of its source in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, Pt. I, xv), which deals with the execution of Steven Garnet in

1606. But by far the majority date from the years 1640–1660, and the twenty-nine unique ballads reprinted below from this collection show clearly that George Thomason paid scant attention to buying ballads as they came from the press, and throw a flood of light on the attitude of the common people during the interregnum.

All other editions of Commonwealth ballads have been purely political. The satirical songs and libels that make up the bulk of Thomason's Collection are of unfailing interest; but they put a false emphasis on one activity of the ballad-writers. Furthermore, they necessarily give the impression that the rise of Cromwell to power brought to an end the ballad-singing that for a century had made England in general and London in particular merry. But such a notion is totally false. London, though overawed by the Puritans, was a far from doleful city; her amusements were far from being completely crushed. The light-hearted ditties of the years 1649-1656 printed in this volume furnish indisputable evidence that war and censorship did not at all change the type of ballads. London people craved and obtained songs exactly like those to which they had for years been accustomed. And it is significant that these ditties almost without exception bear in their colophons the names and business addresses of the printers—significant because the laws against printing should have hindered their appearance. Thomason may have thought these ballads unworthy of preservation because of the frothiness of their subjects. The modern reader, on the other hand, will find "A Kiss of a Seaman" (No. 60) quite as significant as the most libelous ballad written against Cromwell.

II

During the early years of the reign of Charles I, lyrical ballads surpassed in number those of a journalistic type, and some really good songs were written by Martin Parker and Laurence Price. With the outbreak of civil war, however, the situation changed. Under the impulse of the Bishops' Wars (May, 1639–October, 1640), ballad-writers turned almost exclusively to journalism. A few ballads on merely local news are preserved; for example, "The Reward of Murther," which tells of the execution of one Richard Smith, on December 12, 1640, for the murder, near Moorfields, of his mistress, Mary Davis.[1] The majority, however, deal with the comparatively new field of war-correspondence. An early production (April 24, 1640) called "The Soldiers' Delight in the North"[2] purported to describe the loyalty of the King's army and the joy of his men at an opportunity for active service. The government may actually have encouraged the writing of ballads against the Scots, though on March 30 it had issued a proclamation against "libelous and seditious pamphlets and discourses from Scotland" which were said to be widely circulated in manuscript and print, especially in London.[3] In any case, it was undoubtedly pleased by the popular feeling ballads aroused; and the author of *Vox Borealis* (1641) marveled at the number written. According to that pamphlet, Martin Parker wrote "many base ballads against the Scots."[4]

[1] Manchester Collection, II, 20. [2] *Ibid.*, II, 32.

[3] John Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, II, ii, 1094.

[4] *Harleian Miscellany*, 1809, III, 219. See my "Martin Parker," *Modern Philology*, XVI (1919), 449–474.

Four of these are reprinted in this book.[5] All four have real value, in particular "Good News from the North" (No. 5), which ends with a brief prose account of a battle between the Scots and the English and a list of the thirty-eight prisoners taken. Another (No. 4), suggested by the loss of Newcastle in 1640, is characteristically entitled

Newes from *New-castle* with An Advertisement, To all English men that (for the safety of themselves, their King and Country) they would abandon the fond opinion, (which too many doe conceave) of the *Scots* good meaning to *England*, which our fore-fathers have ever experienced to the contrary; they having bin oftentimes found to bee circumventing Machiavillians, and faythles truce breakers.

Parker's hostility to the Scots was fanned into fury when, a few years later, they surrendered Charles I to the English Parliament.

Every rumor from the front was put into rhyme and sung in the streets. One seditious pamphleteer remarked that these rumors come out "by *Owl-light*, in little *Books*, or *Ballads*, to be sold in the Streets; and, I fear, it is held a prime Piece of Policy of State: For otherwise, how could so many false *Ballads*, and *Books* be tolerated? Yet the next Morning-Sun exhales all their vain Evening Vapours: As that *News* of taking *Lesley* Prisoner; killing of Colonel *Crayford;* and imprisoning most of the Nobility: But I never believed it, because, if they had been true Ballads, they would have been sung by Daylight, Books printed, Bonfires made, and a solemn Procession, with a *Te Deum*, at least, had not been wanting at *Lambeth.*"[6] Furthermore, in 1641 every stationer in

[5] Nos. 2–5.

[6] *The Scots Scouts Discovery*, 1642 (*Phoenix Britannicus*, 1732, p. 467).

London had "some Pamphlet, Sonnet or Ballet" ridiculing the notorious Alderman Abell.[7]

During the second Bishops' War, ballads poured into Stationers' Hall. About one hundred were registered in 1640, most of them celebrating the graciousness of the King's bearing as he went before Parliament, or rejoicing in good news, often without foundation, from Scotland. Parker's "Exact Description" (No. 1) of the ceremonies that marked the opening of Parliament on April 13, 1640, voiced the general hope that all wrongs would be redressed, all troubles averted.

At times the ballad-writers, carried away by zeal and loyalty, overstepped the bounds of propriety and offended the King's government. Parker's enemies asserted that his anti-Scottish ballads came near winning him a place in prison, and such actually was the fortune of another writer. "There was a poor man," says *Vox Borealis*, "who, to get a little money, made a song of all the caps in the kingdom, and, at every verse's end, concludes thus,

> Of all the caps that ever I see,
> Either great or small, blue cap for me.

But his mirth was quickly changed to mourning, for he was clapped up in the Clink [a Southwark prison], for his boldness, to meddle with any such matters." Furthermore, "one *Parker*, the Prelats Poet, who made many base Ballads against the *Scots*, sped but *little better*, for he, and his *Antipodes* were like to have tasted of Justice *Longs liberalitie:* and hardly he escaped his Powdering-Tubb, which the vulgar people calls a Prison. But now he

[7] *The whole Life of Alderman Abel,* 1641 (669. f. 4 (15)). On Abell see Gardiner's *History of England, 1603–1642,* VIII, 286, and the British Museum *Catalogue of Satirical Prints,* I, 192 ff.

sweares he will never put pen to paper for the Prelats againe, but betake himselfe to his pitcht Kanne, and Tobacco Pipe; and learne to sell his frothie Pots againe, and give over Poetrie."

That Parker kept an ale-house, or tavern, is certain, and probably, too, *Vox Borealis* stated the truth about his misfortunes in ballad-writing. For during 1640 he was three times summoned before the Court of High Commission, over which Archbishop Laud presided. The records of the Court, unfortunately, give no specific details of the nature of Parker's offense. In them, however, he is called "Martin Parker, of the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, victualler." On June 11 he appeared before the Court, and was sworn and admonished; reappearing on June 18, "hee was monished to bee exa*min*ed befor this day in prox." On June 25 "hee is exa*min*ed, but not repeated. This day y^e^ said Martin Parker was monished to finish & repeate his answers betwixt this & y^e^ next Court day."[8] It seems safe to believe the statement of his enemy, *Vox Borealis*, that Parker escaped the Archbishop's prison, the Clink, however narrowly; but several of his ballads later in date than June, 1640, reprinted below, refute the remark that he had decided to "sell his frothy pots again, and give over poetry." "As for the Song which goes *Blue cap for mee*," *Mercuries Message, or The Coppy of a Letter sent to William Laud late Archbishop of Canterbury*[9] derisively remarks, Laud will "have it chang'd to *Black cap that's his fee*."

[8] *State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, vol. 434 A, fol. 47; vol. 434, fols. 202v, 217; *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1640, pp. 421, 425, 430. The *Dictionary of National Biography* states that there is no evidence to prove that Parker kept an ale-house.

[9] 1641, sig. A 2v. This pamphlet is preserved in the Harvard Library (Gay 1641. 629.5).

In 1641 only a dozen ballads were registered at Stationers' Hall. Their titles reflect the ominousness of the political situation, as, "Glad Tidings of Great Joy," "The Happy Proceeding of This Hopeful Parliament," "England's Cure After a Lingering Sickness," "An Honest Man Will Stand to It." Many others of the date 1641, though not entered in the Register, are preserved; and among these unregistered ballads are, naturally enough, a number hostile to the party of the King. "Judge Berkeley's Complaint" about his impeachment for concurring with the King on the ship-money levy[10] and "Good News" by Francis Mussell, vintner, showing that "the parliament goes on" and that peace will soon come,[11] may be mentioned. The execution of Strafford is the subject of two ballads reprinted below, the one (No. 8) a lugubrious warning to traitors by Laurence Price, the other (No. 9) an airy ditty in which John Lookes satirizes the "running disease" contracted by Strafford's friends. Wholly non-political is Humphrey Crouch's "Beggars All A-Row" (No. 7). Certain straight-laced Puritans, however, objected to all ballads, whatever their subject. It is significant that the twenty-third article in *Corda Angliae: Or, The Generall Expressions of The Land; Moving xxv. Particulars to the Honourable Assembly in the High Court of Parliament*[12] petitions that "all vaine and ungodly bookes, ballads, love-songs, and lascivious bookes, and vaine pamphlets, may be called in, and no more such may be ever tolerated hereafter, or dispersed either in print, or in manuscript; which vaine bookes, ballads, and pamphlets, have taken deeper im-

[10] Lord Crawford's *Catalogue of English Ballads*, No. 1273.
[11] *Ibid.*, No. 440; E. 669 (32). [12] 1641, pp. 18–19.

pression upon the hearts of many thousands, to draw them to love and delight in those actions of sin, into which they have beene seduced by reading of them."

No ballads were registered in 1642, but there was little stoppage, if any, in their publication. "The Bishops' Last Good-night" (No. 10), "Thanks to the Parliament" (No. 11), and "A Godly Exhortation" (No. 12) belong to this year. For the absence of registrations, various reasons may be given. In July, 1641, the Star Chamber had been abolished, and, as a result, the necessity for licensing printed matter ceased. Moreover, Thomas Symcocke held an oppressive patent on "all things, that are, may, or shall be Printed upon one side of a sheet, or any part of a sheet; provided one side thereof be white Paper," a fact vigorously complained of in a petition of the Masters and Workmen Printers of London to the High Court of Parliament in March, 1642.[18] If it had been strictly enforced, this patent—which was originally granted by James I—would have permitted the publication of ballads only by Symcocke or such assigns as he chose to appoint. Finally, since there was no power to enforce the laws, no imperative reason existed for spending money on licenses that could be safely evaded. But this condition, theoretically at least, did not long continue.

In 1643 the *Humble Remonstrance of the Company of Stationers* testified that, as a result of the enormous amount of printing during the last four years, "propriety of copies" had disappeared, and asked for various changes. A board of licensers was established by Parliament in June, 1643, the first appointee being Henry

[18] 669. f. 4 (79).

Walley, clerk to the Company of Stationers. Other licensers followed in due succession—among them being John Rushworth (1644), Gilbert Mabbott (1646 and 1653), and Theodore Jennings (1649). In the ordinance creating licensers, their duties are said to be to license pamphlets and news-books. Nevertheless, they were responsible for ballads as well; and noteworthy in the present volume are the ballads bearing the official *imprimatur* of Mabbott and Jennings. From 1656 to 1660, ballads occasionally bore the legend (cf. No. 62) "Licensed according to Order," and this legend, as well as the name or initials of the official licenser, regularly appeared on ballads after 1660. That unscrupulous printers sometimes forged a license is certain. When Mabbott was retired in 1649, he defended himself by saying that "many thousands of scandalous and malignant pamphlets have been published with his name thereunto as if he had licensed the same, though he never saw them, on purpose as he conceives to prejudice him in his reputation amongst the honest party of this nation."[14]

Comparatively few ballads about events of the Civil War are extant. During the years 1642–1647, they were printed in enormous numbers; but nearly all escaped entry in the Stationers' Register, and the Company of Stationers was never able to regain its hold on the ballad-printers. Political ballads abounded. On August 26, 1641, a libeler who wrote "a scandalous ballad concerning the Queen Mother's going away" was committed to prison by the House of Lords and his ballads were ordered burned by the public hangman.[15] "Halter and

[14] J. B. Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, p. 116.

[15] John Evelyn's *Diary*, ed. Bray-Wheatley, IV, 75.

ballad-makers are the two principal trades of late," says the *Scots' Scout's Discoveries* (1642), "ballads being sold by whole hundreds in the city, and halters sent by whole barrels full to Berwick, to hang up the rebels with, as soon as they catch them."[16]

The number of ballad-writers had greatly increased, not only to supply the demand for news and satire but also to get the increased profits that arose from unlicensed printing and easy sales. *The Downfall of Temporizing Poets* (1641) remarks that the ballad-writers formed "an indifferent strong Corporation: 23 of you sufficient writers, besides *Martin Parker*." More than twenty-four ballad-writers are known by name, and this number was considerably increased by men of letters who saw in the ballad an effective weapon to use against Parliament and for the King. Among these were John Cleveland, John Taylor, Alexander Brome, Sir John Birkenhead, and Sir John Mennis. *The Actors' Remonstrance* (1643) declares that the silencing of their profession by Parliament has already caused many players to join "*Martin Parkers* societie, and write ballads," and will probably cause others to do likewise. This statement was certainly true. The actor Thomas Jordan, who had written several plays before the theatres were closed in 1642, turned promptly to ballading, a number of his productions (like those in his *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, 1664) being mere summaries of the *Merchant of Venice*, *Philaster*, and other popular dramas. Other actors became pamphleteers. Thus *Mercurius Militaris* was "written by one *John Harris*, sometimes a Players Boy, a Rogue by the Statute; and since the suppression of Play-houses, hath betaken

[16] *Phoenix Britannicus*, 1732, p. 466.

himself to the Profession of a Printer."[17] During the interregnum, there was practically no distinction between ballad-writers and pamphleteers.

The influence of the balladists was enormous. They helped to mold popular opinion. A correspondent informed Sir John Coke (Secretary of State, 1624–1639) on May 30, 1642, of a riot in London that had been quelled by the militia, and remarked that the dexterousness of these citizen troops "was much commended by both Houses [of Parliament] and the French Ambassador, who were spectators. But," he added significantly, "all people cannot be pleased with the commendable endeavours of others, for the ballettmongers sing to the contrary."[18] Pecuniary rewards, to be sure, did not always keep pace with popularity and influence; and the authors of ballads sometimes fell on evil days—like Robert Guy, to whose support and funeral obsequies the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields contributed.[19] Martin Parker, on the other hand, must have been well-to-do: his ballads were so widely known as to be anathema to 15,000 London citizens! On December 11, 1640, "Alderman Pennington, with some hundreds following him, presented the Citizens Petition, subscribed by 15000, against the Discipline, and Ceremonies of the Church."[20] The petition itself was supported by "A Particular of the manifold Evils, Pressures, and Grievances caused, practised, and occasioned by the Prelates and their Dependants," of which this was Article VIII:

> The swarming of lascivious, idle, and unprofitable Books and

[17] *Mercurius Impartialis*, No. 1, p. 2.

[18] *Historical MSS. Comm., Twelfth Report, Appendix*, II, 317.

[19] See Rollins, *A Pepysian Garland*, 1922, p. 393.

[20] Whitelocke's *Memorials*, 1732, p. 39.

Pamphlets, Play-books, and Ballads, as namely, *Ovids* fits of Love, the Parliament of Women [which] came out at the dissolving of the last Parliament, *Barnes* Poems, *Parkers* Ballads in disgrace of Religion, to the increase of all vice, and withdrawing of people from reading, studying, and hearing the Word of God, and other good Bookes.[21]

The Bishops were not always praised by street-poets. The anonymous author of "The Bishops' Last Good-night" (No. 10) was rabidly anti-episcopal, enthusiastically Puritan. Such, too, was the attitude of Laurence Price. He wrote, for example, *A new Disputation Betweene the two Lordly Bishops, Yorke and Canterbury. With a discourse of many passages which have hapned since they were committed to the Tower of London*—a copy dated February 15, 1642, purports to be the fifth edition[22]—an abusive pamphlet that shows how widely he and Martin Parker differed in their religious and political views.

In 1642, indeed, Parker, with Thomas Herbert and John Taylor, the Water Poet, was regarded as a thoroughly objectionable defender of the episcopacy, as "the prelates' poet." Accordingly, all three were attacked in *The Popes Proclamation: Together With the Lawes and Ordinances established by him and his Shavelings* (1641)[23]:

2. We appoynt *Iohn Taylor, Martin Parker, Herbert,* and all three English Poeticall, Papisticall, Atheisticall Ballad makers, to put in print rime doggery from the river of Styx against the truest Protestants, railing lines and in the end young *Gregory* [*Brandon,* the hangman] shall be their pay-master.

The three "poets" were close friends. Parker mentions

[21] A reprint is in Rushworth's *Historical Collections,* III, i, 94.

[22] J. P. Collier, *A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books,* II, 186; E. 1113 (2). [23] E. 164 (9).

the other two a number of times; Herbert speaks flatteringly of Parker; and Taylor, though not, I believe, mentioning Parker by name, refers to him in *Taylors Feast* (1638) as one of the "choicest wits" of the time. Parker and the Water Poet were constantly associated by envious or sarcastic writers. Of these writers, Samuel Sheppard, though for a time linked with the two in publishing Royalist news-books, reveals the most curious attitude. He sneers frankly at them both in his *Times Displayed* (1646),[24] in his comedy of *The Committee Man Curried* (1647),[25] and in his *Jovial Crew* (1651);[26] but in his *Epigrams* (1651)[27] he derides "M. P.'s sonnets" while praising Taylor even to the extent of comparing him with Ben Jonson. The author of *Taylors Physicke* (1641), however, considered the Water Poet a shameless ballad-monger, "the Bawdes Poet," distinguished by "scurrilous, oylye sonetting, and pandrall Poetry, to stirre up luxury in the clients."[28] To John Thomas[29] (the anonymous author of *Mercuries Message*[30]) and other pamphleteers who had ridiculed them, Herbert, Taylor, and Parker replied. Taylor doubtless triumphed over his adversaries, for he was a master in scurrilous controversy; Parker certainly appears to good advantage in his poem *The Poet's Blindman's Bough* (or *Buff*), where he dealt out blows to *Mercuries Message*, to *The Popes Proclamation*, and to *Vox Borealis;* but

[24] P. 21. [25] P. 7. [26] P. 8.

[27] Pp. 55–56, 148–149. [28] Sig. A 3.

[29] "*Iohn Thom-asse*, that Episcopall Castillion; that drawes twelve three-penny ordinaries through his throat at one meal, lets out non-sense to hire of his own coyning; and commits fornication with a penny worth of wit, out of *Scoggins* jeasts." —*Mercurius Melancholicus* (almost certainly under Parker's editorship) in its issue for January 22–29, 1648, p. 129.

[30] Cf. p. 10, note 9, above.

Herbert was not successful with his *Answer to the Most Envious, Scandalous, and libelous Pamphlet intitled Mercuries Message* (1641).

In "A Postscript to Thomas Herbert" added to *A Second Message to William Laud* (1641), the unlucky ballad-writer (who is confused in the *Dictionary of National Biography* with a much more important Thomas Herbert) is thus described:

> His long shag'd lockes, and tatter'd coat him tell,
> For Reputation he can have no more,
> Hee's run so deepely in the chandlers score,
> And those sociats with whom he is partaker,
> At best they are but wretched balladmakers.

"The Authors Answer will come forth ere long," it is promised; and but a short time passed before the answer appeared under the title of *Mercuries Message Defended, against the vain, foolish, simple, and absurd cavils of Thomas Herbert, a ridiculous Ballad-maker* (1641).[31] This book informs us that "*Herbert* a poor threedbare ballad-maker" lived in "a company of louzy Ballad-singers." It continues:

> One day being necessitated to passe through a stinking Alley, in a blinde alehouse, I heard a crew of roaring Ballad-singers trouling out a merry Ballad called, *The more Knaves the better company*. And one amongst the rest cried out, Well sung *Herbert*, who as it seems, bore up the base amongst them, and in that deboist manner consumeth his time, and when his money is all spent, (as for the most part it is six or seven times a week) writes a new merry book, a good godly Ballad, or some such excellent piece of stuffe even as the droppings of the spigot inliveneth his muddy muse, to put his feeble purse in fresh stocke again: looking in at the name *Herbert*, and seeing such a poore

[31] E. 160 (13) and Harvard Library.

ragged companion, I tooke him rather to be some dung-hill rakers page, than a lackey to the Muses.

Unfortunately none of Herbert's poetry is suitable for this volume. Most of his ballads, too, have long since disappeared, but their titles are interesting. He wrote, *Mercuries Message Defended* declares, a ballad or two "of the life and death of *William Laud* Archbishop of *Canterbury:* who was executed, &c. leaving a space to put in the day of the moneth," a book called "*Romes A B C* consisting altogether of jeeres for the Bishops," and "a ballad called, *Alas poor scholar*.[32] (For no other workes of yours can I alleage, unlesse it be *Dicke* and *Robin*,[33] the downefall of the new *Bear-garden*,[34] or the like.)" He is satirized also in J. B.'s *The Poets' Knavery Discovered* (*ca.* 1641) as a poet who "*Harberd* his froathy Muse in the Rheumaticke exhalations of muddy taplash, which made his fancy so extreamely dull, that when he writ anything, every *What lack you Sir*, or Stationers Apprentice could conceive it to be *Harberts* Lye." Abuse like this indicates that Thomas Herbert was a clever and popular ballad-writer. It is a pity that almost everything he wrote is now unknown and that he himself

[32] This statement seems to dispose of the claim of Dr. Robert Wild (see *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 455) to the authorship of "Alas, poore Scholler." A MS. copy, of the date 1641, is preserved in the *Diary of John Rous* (Camden Society ed., p. 115). Cf. also p. 179, below. *Romes A B C* = E. 156 (15).

[33] "A dialogue between Dicke & Robin" was registered for publication on February 5, 1641. Cf. Hazlitt's *Handbook*, 1867, *s.v.* "Herbert."

[34] This ballad, "To the tune of *So old, so old,*" is added to Herbert's *Newes out of Islington*, 1641 (reprinted by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, p. 29). For a pamphlet called *A guide to salvation*, registered under Herbert's name on September 24, 1641, see the Stationers' Register, ed. Eyre, I, 34. Probably Herbert was the T. H. whose initials appear on several pamphlets that are usually, but mistakenly, attributed to Thomas Heywood. Cf. also the introductory note to No. 8, below.

disappears from view on the outbreak of the Great Rebellion. That he was a Royalist his *Newes out of Islington* shows.

Perhaps he went to war with his fellow ballad-writers, for most of them, in one way or another, did rally to the support of the King. Nor were their efforts despicable. The ballad of "When the King Enjoys His Own Again" ("*Martin Parker* never got a fairer Brat," says *The Gossips' Feast*, 1647[35]), which appeared in its earliest form in 1643, is universally admitted to have played no small part in keeping up the spirits of the Royalists and in bringing about the Restoration. A loyal ballad printed in this book (No. 55) indicates that Thomas Robins followed Parker's example. What part, if any, Samuel Smithson, John Lookes, Humphrey Crouch, Thomas Joy, and Thomas Jones played in the war is not ascertainable. For few ballads were signed during the years 1642–1659. As the editor—probably Alexander Brome—of *Rump: Or An Exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs Relating to the Late Times* (1662) remarks: "We have not subjoyned any Authors Names; heretofore it was unsafe, and now the Gentlemen conceive it not so proper. 'Tis hoped they did His Majesty some Service, 'twas for that end they were scribbled . . . and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are his Majesties Faithfull Subjects, who were ready to hang the *Authors* of these *Ballads*." Laurence Price, however, is thought to have been a renegade: certainly he affected a peculiar moralizing and sanctimonious tone, as in his prose pamphlet on *England's Unhappy Changes* (1648), that was greatly at variance not only with the spirit of the Royalists but

[35] P. 5.

also with the licentiousness of his work during the last days of the Protectorate.

Poets like John Taylor, Alexander Brome, and John Cleveland sometimes composed ballads, but more frequently still did the ballad-writers turn to pamphleteering. In 1641, one J. B., writing *The Poets' Knavery Discovered*, expressed his disgust at the three hundred pamphlets that had already appeared since Strafford's execution: "The temporizing Poets have broached such impudent scurrility, and ementitious Pamphlets out of the inexhaustible mintage of their roving fancies, that the whole City is embroydred with nothing but incredible lyes." Three poets in particular—Bray, Walker, and Herbert—are named.[36] Their products are said to be "such sencelesse, stigmatick, ballad Balderdash: As our every Street-Cantors . . . shrug to heare it." The increase in the number of news-pamphlets was indeed great. *A Presse full of Pamphlets* (1642) accounts for it thus:

> The first Inventors of the Art of Printing Pamphlets . . . was Clerks, or a Clerk, as it is supposed, who being but a single man, could not be contented to live of 15 s. the week. . . . But in hope of more gain to himself, by undoing of others, put the first Copy of the Diurnall Occurrence that was printed to a Printer, and then came all other things true and false to the Presse.[37]

III

Parliament was determined in its resistance to the flood of pamphlets. On October 9, 1643, it passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of pamphlets, libels, and newsbooks in the streets of the City of London and the Liber-

[36] Sig. A 2. [37] Sig. A 3.

ties, reviving the old Elizabethan and Jacobean laws against rogues and vagabonds to cover the offenses of vendors.[1] A few months later it empowered its Committee on Examinations to employ searchers for printers of lying and scandalous pamphlets and to demolish the presses and imprison their owners, a measure probably aimed also at scandalous ballads. The first result of these measures was an astonishing increase in the number of licensed news-pamphlets. Beginning in 1643, and for years thereafter, the Clerk of the Stationers' Company seldom used his pen except to register the various *Diurnals*, *The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer*, *The Parliament Scout*, *Certain Informations from Several Parts of the Kingdom*, *Mercurius Britannicus*, and *Mercurius Civicus*, all of which were, of course, pro-Parliament pamphlets. The Royalist *Mercurius Aulicus*, which first appeared at Oxford in January, 1644, announced in its issue for February 17 that there were "22 several Newes-men" in London, and concluded each of its subsequent issues by retorting to the "lies" they told.

The three ballads registered during 1643 were entitled "England's Lamentation in Great Distress," "The Discontented Lover," and "Heaven Is Angry, Lord Send Peace." What seems to be a fragment of the last ballad is preserved in the Manchester Collection[2]:

> Great God of gods to thee I pray,
> That thou wilt turne thy wrath away,
> Twixt King and Parliament send peace,
> And grant that civill warres may cease,
> Amen, amen, all good men prayes,
> And then we shall see happy dayes.

[1] 669. f. 7 (49). [2] II, 47.

Many unlicensed ballads were secretly printed in 1643, among them Parker's "When the King Enjoys His Own Again." For allowing her son and her guests "to singe reproachfull songs in her [ale-] howse against the Parliament," Mrs. Dorothy Crowch was called before the civil authorities on July 1, 1644, and bound over to the next Sessions of the Peace.[3] Possibly some of the songs thus objected to came from loyal presses in Oxford and York. William Web, of Oxford, in particular, printed loyal ballads continually.[4] In contrast to them is William Starbucke's "A Spirituall Song of Comfort or Incouragement to the Souldiers that now are gone forth in the Cause of Christ,"[5] a London production highly laudatory of the army of Parliament.

Except for "The Lovely London Lass Long Lamenting for a Husband" (1647) and "The King's Last Farewell" (1649: No. 28), no further ballads were entered at Stationers' Hall until 1656. But hundreds were written and sold. Several on the execution of Archbishop Laud (1645) are preserved.[6] To the year 1645 also belongs "A Common Observation" (No. 14). *Mercurius Civicus*, September 18–25, 1645, angrily reports that when Sir Thomas Fairfax summoned the town and castle of the Devizes, in Wiltshire, to surrender, he received in reply a taunting ballad "To the Tune of *I tell thee Jack*," which began "Believe it, friend, we care not for you," and which was tied "about a dogs necke in defiance of us." The successes of the Parliamentary

[3] J. C. Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, III, 178.

[4] E.g., "The City," and "Pyms Juncto," Lord Crawford's *Catalogue*, Nos. 326 and 1215.

[5] *Ibid.*, No. 228.

[6] Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 13; *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 612 ff.

army increased the production of "malignant" songs in London. During 1646 they were especially numerous. Many took the form of litanies, presumably in despite of the Puritans, whose objection to the established form of worship they typified was notorious. "Mr. Finis," an audacious writer who is possibly to be identified with Martin Parker, wrote "The Parliament's Knell"[7]; an anonymous author produced in newspaper style a ballad of "Three Horrible Murthers,"[8] dealing with the family of George Roe of Winchester, September 9, 1646; but the majority of writers were interested in ridiculing such bodies as the Assembly that Parliament had appointed in 1644 to reform the ceremonies of the Church. In his *Gangraena* (1646), a bitter attack on religious sects, Thomas Edwards complained: "The Assembly who sits by Ordinance of Parliament, have they not been fearfully abused . . . lately by a Ballad made of them, having a first and second part, wherein they are scoffed with the title of *Black-bird Divines?* The name of the Ballad against the Assembly of Divines is called, *A Prophecie of the Swineherds destruction. To the tune of the merry Souldier, or the joviall Tinker;* and two men pictured at the upper end of it, with the inscription of Sir *Iohn Presbyter* and Sir *Simon Synod.* This Ballad calls the Assembly Swineherds, saith These Swineherds they are sitting to build old Babells Tower: And in this Ballad the *Directory* [cf. page 366, below] made by the Assembly, and established by Ordinance, is scoffed at, and the Assembly is brought in, and jeered at for being

[7] Lord Crawford's *Catalogue,* No. 389; cf. Wright's *Political Ballads,* pp. 50, 52, 55.

[8] Manchester Collection, II, 21.

against Anabaptists, Brownists, Independents: and they are in that Ballad call'd Baals Priests."[9] In striking contrast to this lost "Prophecy" are "The downfall of women Preachers, Or, Mrs. Abbigale upon her last Text"[10] and "The Anabaptists Out of Order" (No. 18), ballads directed at the sects and separatists whose activities were the despair of the Divines.

Not all ballads, by any means, were favorable to the King's party. Very hostile is a unique but unfortunately sorely mutilated fragment at Manchester on the enforced departure from England of the Princes Maurice and Rupert (July, 1646). The princes carry on a dialogue, of which the opening stanza may be quoted as a specimen:

Come *Maurice* my Brother,
Let us go together,
[T]ake Shipping and saile to our Country againe.
In truth Brother *Rupert*
Would Ide not come hither,
[Su]ch is my hard fortune as makes me complaine.
[W]hy *Maurice* thou knowst we have Gold in our purses.
[Yes] *Rupert* and with that a thousand mens curses,
[It] rends[?] on my conscients what way shall I shun them,
[T]he country complaining yes out we've undone them,
So that we are forc't to bid England adue.[11]

The dialogue grows coarser as it proceeds, Maurice taunting Rupert with being "a Buzzard Which hath both thine Uncle and Honour thus sold." As the sheet was printed by the Presbyterian John Hammond, hostility is natural.

[9] Part II, p. 128. Cf. C. H. Firth, Royal Historical Society *Transactions*, 3rd S., VI, 54.

[10] Manchester Collection, II, 25.

[11] *Ibid.*, II, 27; *Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, Pt. 1, xxiii.

It is, nevertheless, not necessarily hostile to Charles I (no unfavorable mention of him occurs in the fragment). Charles himself had removed Rupert from the generalship of the royal army on September 14, 1645, as a result of the prince's rashness at Naseby.

With the defeat and imprisonment of the King, it seemed as if ballad-printing, as well as all other uncensored publication, was doomed. The Long Parliament passed law after law to suppress tracts and ballads of malignant, or Royalist, tendencies. Rigid surveillance of the press obtained; innumerable spies, or searchers, were hired. Sir Francis Wortley wrote a ballad beginning:

> Blesse the printer from the searcher,
> And from the houses takers!
> Blesse Tom from the slash; from Bridewel's lash,
> Blesse all poore ballad-makers!
> Those who have writ for the king, for the good king.[12]

In January, 1647, Charles I was sequestered in the Isle of Wight, and communication with him was made high treason. On February 3, the House of Commons empowered a committee headed by Miles Corbet and Sir Christopher Yelverton to suppress "the publishing in the streets, by ballad-singers, of pamphlets and ballads scandalous to the Parliament," and at the same time ordered the Lord Mayor of London and the Justices of Peace of the suburban towns to suppress ballad-singing and to punish all "ballad-singers and such loose persons."[13] Six days later, the Committee on Scandalous Pamphlets was given power to meet when and where it pleased.[14]

[12] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 106.
[13] *Journals of the House of Commons*, V, 73.
[14] *Ibid.*, V, 82.

Ballads continued to pour out in great numbers, but most of them, like "Cromwells Panegyrick,"[15] were attended with danger for author, printer, and singer. Expenses of printing now became a considerable item: perhaps they caused the striking change in the mechanical form of the more satirical ballads. These—usually called "political"—came to be printed in "white-letter" (roman and italic) instead of black-letter type, and many were printed on narrow slips instead of the conventional folio broadside. Colophons and authors' names or initials are conspicuous by their rarity. Parker now saw a vital reason for anonymity, and could no longer boast, as in 1641, that

> Whatever yet was published by me
> Was known by Martin Parker or M. P.

Instead the sheets sometimes are signed by "Mr. Finis" and are said to have been "Printed in a Hollow Tree for the Good of the State,"[16] but customarily they have neither colophon nor signature.

It is worthy of note, however, that Sir Francis Wortley, in the Tower where his loyalty to the King had sent him, wrote and signed many ballads without concealment. One of them lists all the "loyall traytors" in the Tower, to whom Charles I had sent a present of two fat bucks.[17] Ballads of anti-Royalist tendencies had, of course, few obstacles to overcome: one of these, "Truth Flatters Not" (1647)—which presents for the understanding of "mean capacities" the "true effigies, life, and

[15] Lord Crawford's *Catalogue*, No. 1046.
[16] Cf. Nos. 39, 42, and Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 53.
[17] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 88.

habit of a self-exalting clergy"—was written by T. P., allowed by the official licenser, Mabbott, and printed by J. Coe.[18]

But friends of Parliament had little of the gift of song. "Perhaps," says Professor Sir Charles Firth, "it was because the poets were all on the King's side that the Puritan armies sang psalms rather than war-songs." Far different with the King's friends! In particular John Cleveland's ballads are distinguished by biting satire. Among them are a caustic description of "The Puritan" and a song ridiculing the

> Most gracious, omnipotent,
> And everlasting Parliament,
> Whose power and majestie
> Is greater then all kings by odds.[19]

Another writer in 1647 produced "A Review of Rebellion, in Three Parts,"[20] enumerating the unpopular acts of Parliament—its abolition of stage-plays, of the old holidays, of the episcopacy—and concluding with a plea for the restoration of Charles I:

> If now you would know what remedie
> There may for all these mischiefes be,
> Then must king Charles alone
> Be set upon his throne,
> For which let's joyne in one with might and maine;
> For the times will never mend,
> Till the Parliament do end,
> And the king injoyes his right againe.

[18] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 99.
[19] *Ibid.*, p. 9; Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 28, 71.
[20] Wright, *op. cit.*, p. 13.

"Hold out, brave Charles, and thou shalt win the field,"[21] sang one poet to encourage the King in his refusal to accede to the demands of his jailers. Another, evidently of some social standing, wrote a satiric ballad on Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, which had just taken up quarters at Whitehall, to inform his readers that Colonel Hewson was a shoemaker, Colonel Pride a drayman, and Cromwell, ex-brewer, a usurping king.[22] More curious still is the ballad of "The Penitent Traytor," which professes to be the lamentation of "a Devonshire gentleman, who was condemned for high treason, and executed at Tyburn for the same, in the reign of King Henry III, the nineteenth of July, 1267." [23] Though the ballad gives marginal references to Stow's *Annals*, it is a cleverly veiled account of the civil wars of Charles I, told by a Royalist and directed at Pym. It concludes:

> How would I blesse thee, couldst thou take away
> My life and infamie both in one day;
> But this in ballads will survive, I know,
> Sung to that solemne tune, Fortune, my foe.

Hawkers and ballad-singers flourished in spite of the laws requiring their suppression and in spite of occasional mishaps. "The running Stationers of *London*," remarked Quarterman (the Marshal of the Marshalsea) to Waterton (High Constable of Wapping), in an undated pamphlet called *Knaves Are No Honest Men*,[24] "I meane such as use to sing Ballads, and those that cryes Malig-

[21] Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 38. [22] *Ibid.*, I, 65.

[23] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 30. Briefer and somewhat different versions are in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 152, fols. 5–7, and the *Rump*, 1662 (reprint, I, 53).

[24] Cambridge University Library, Bb. 12. 59 (G), pp. 13–14; cf. J. P. Collier's *A Bibliographical and Critical Account*, I, 439.

nant Pamphlets in the Streets, have all laid their heads together, and are framing a bill of indytement against us, because divers times to show the power of our Authority, we have taken perforce or torne their ridiculous Papers." Just how the singer and his audience often acted towards such interruptions by Parliament's officers is told in Waterton's reply: "By the masse I thought that something was the matter that made the knave so sawcie on *Tower-Hill* the other day, for I did but bid him to be gone, and not to stand bawling of his Ballads in that manner, and he told me that he would sing there when I was hang'd, nay, perhaps (quoth he) one that shall be thy owne Execution. . . . I'me sure the knave pray'd both for the King, and the Queene too, in the conclusion. [The people] were more readier to uphold him in his knaverie, and breake my pate."

If ballads are a criterion, popular sympathy was overwhelmingly for the King. Such sympathy the ballad-writers and the street-singers did not attempt to hide; so that even into "The Maidens merry meeting, Or, the Maidens healths" [25]—the title of which was hardly calculated to arouse suspicion—the writer thrust this stanza:

> A health to King *Charles*,
> to his Lords and his Earles,
> Lord send him long for to reigne
> Prosper and guide him,
> Let no ill betide him.
> *I hope for to see him againe boyes,*
> *I hope for to see him againe.*

Mercurius Elencticus in its issue for November 12–19, 1647, reports that "on *Sunday* last there were Papers

[25] Manchester Collection, II, 55.

pasted up in many Churches, and upon severall Gates and Posts throughout the City, inciting the People to rise." Even the journalistic "Strange and True News" [26] of an ocean of flies that dropped out of a cloud on the town of Bodmin in Cornwall during 1647 interprets the prodigy as a heavenly warning that peace will never return "Unless our gracious king enjoy his rights and dignities, his queen, and every thing." Such, too, is the strongly enforced moral of "A Harmony of Healths" (No. 21).

Though very many ballads of the year 1647 are preserved (cf. Nos. 20–24), yet the number is small when compared to the pamphlets. Most of the ballad-writers, it appears, sooner or later began to write prose booklets, the superiority of which over ballads for personal attacks and effective ridicule was beginning to be felt, largely because of the comparative newness of the medium and the greater space at the writer's disposal. The number of Royalist pamphlets soon became so large and their attacks on Parliament so stinging that many laws, most of them for a time ineffectual, were made to drive them out of existence.

The "blue laws" passed by Parliament had much to do with the hostile attitude of the people and the pamphleteers. The ban on stage-plays was never popular. Nor was the ordinance of June 3, 1647, which forbade celebrations of the Feast of the Nativity of Christ. Perhaps at this time was written "A Song in defence of Christmass," preserved in the *Rump* (1662),[27] a sarcastic ballad on the Commons who "are so pure, that they cannot endure to see a Nativity Pye."

[26] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 38.
[27] I, 142 (reprint).

IV

From 1647 to 1651 the history of the ballad is closely linked with that of the Royalist news-book. During most of that time Martin Parker played a rôle of great importance among the Royalist pamphleteers—John Taylor, Samuel Sheppard, John Cleveland, John Hackluyt, and one Crouch. Others of Parker's profession who turned from balladry to pamphleteering are often referred to. *Mercurius Militaris* (No. 2, p. 18) for April, 1649, asserts that the Royalist Mercuries are penned by "Vain Ballad-makers," while *Mercurius Pragmaticus*[1] rebukes a counterfeit *Pragmaticus* whose author "shewes himselfe to bee some *bumbast Ballad maker*, as may appeare by his being so well skild in *Second parts to the same tune.*" Earlier, *Pragmaticus*[2] had scoffed at a counterfeit as "a pittifull fellow that peeps out of the Presse last week under the Name of *Pragmaticus*, with a *Ballad* on his Breast for the better sale of the rest." Parliament came to regard ballad-writing and pamphleteering as synonymous and equally objectionable.

The first of the Royalist Mercuries, *Mercurius Melancholicus; or, Newes from Westminster and other Parts*, was published by a Presbyterian minister, John Hackluyt, on September 4, 1647. It pictured the state of mind of those who had fought against the King in such a way as to displease both Parliament and the army, while the Royalists were offended by this statement: "The King now shall enjoy his owne againe and the Royall throne shall be arraied with the glorious presence of that mortall Diety, but first let him beare his charge, for 'tis said, his

[1] April 24–May 1, 1649. [2] January 30, 1649.

armies having lost the field, theil now charge him home, there's a trivial thing called the innocent blood of three kingdomes is first to be required and a few more such sleight matters and then let him enjoy it if he can, but for your further instructions herein you had better ask the Parliament."[3]

So disloyal a reference not only to the King but to his own famous ballad aroused Parker's ire: he immediately composed and printed a *Melancholicus*, challenged Hackluyt's "claim to write *Melancholicus* at all," and eventually "beat Hackluyt out of the field"; and his paper, which he insisted was the true *Melancholicus*, can sometimes be distinguished from its namesake rival by its different style.[4] Readers were thus treated to the spectacle of two,[5] and then three, pamphlets with the title of *Mercurius Melancholicus*, each loudly proclaiming the others to be counterfeits, and often differing in but a few words. For example, one *Melancholicus* (evidently Hackluyt's) for September 17–24, 1647, remarks: "*Martin Parker*, it seems, is furnished with a prophetick spirit, for I heare he hath penned a very dolefull Ballad, called *Luke Harruneys* [*i.e.*, Henry Walker's] Confession, and Lamentation at the Gallowes, to the tune of the Earle of *Essex* last good night"; while Parker's *Melancholicus* substitutes: "*Merlin* is furnished with a Propheticall spirit, and hath penned a dolefull Ballad, called *Luke Harruneys* Confession and Lamentation at the Gallows, *To the Tune of the Earl of Essex last good night.*"

[3] J. B. Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, p. 80. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 81.

[5] *Mercurius Elencticus*, May 14–21, 1649, complains bitterly of a counterfeit, but admits that the Parliament may soon kill both the counterfeit and the original. So also complains *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (*for King Charls II*), May 8–15, 1649.

Thanks to the following comment in *Mercurius Morbicus* for September 20–27, 1647, Parker's editorship of a counterfeit *Melancholicus* is an established fact:

> The last weeke he [*Melancholicus*] appeared with double (*Ianus*) faces under one hood. But this weekes appearance is no lesse then a *Cerberus* (a triple headed monster) the joynt furies which assisted the first two being now divided, by cheating one another, they part stakes and *exeunt*.
>
> But who can chuse but laugh to see the knaves call one another so, especially when *Martin Parker*, and *Swallow Crouch* are the other visible heads, joyne with *Hacket* upon the body of this Monster. . .
>
> Two heads of the Monster are alike poysonous, and blow the same infection together; but *Hacket* (whose proselytes they are) spues out the venome by himselfe.
>
> What then, shall I encounter with a triple headed fury? were they legions, I feare them not, they are . . . at enmity amongst themselves; *What* (sayes one of them) *another Melancholicus, this is prodigious, these twins have one name, but not one father; if you goe about to affright me with my owne shape, you must produce one more horrid.* Horrid shapes is the essentiall part of *Melancholicus*, two of them[6] tell one story, *of peeping through the pillory, & of Propheticall spirits, and of lamentations at the gallows.* This was collected out of M. *Hackets* notes last Newgate Sessions, where he was a great soliciter for the malefactors, fearing that if *Macqueere*[7] had been hanged for a principle, himselfe would have been found an accessary: And as for *Martin Parkers doleful Ballad*, there was some reason for it, when he and his bride were both carried to *Newgate*, the same day they were married.

I have found no other explicit statement that Parker edited *Melancholicus*, but as the three books so named

[6] *I.e.*, the two issues of September 17–24, 1647, quoted on page 33, above.

[7] John Macquire, an Irishman, formerly an officer under the Earl of Essex, was in September, 1647, sentenced to be hanged for rioting before Newgate in a jail delivery. See my discussion of this whole passage in *Modern Philology*, XIX (1921), 80–81.

were published sporadically for some time, there can be little doubt that, except during intervals of hiding and imprisonment, Parker continued to edit his counterfeit, lustily claiming it as the original paper.

During these intervals of silence some friend of Parker's, like John Taylor, took up his work. "Courteous Reader," runs the announcement of an issue (probably Parker's) of *Melancholicus* for July 17–24, 1648, "take notice of a false *Melancholicus* which came forth on Fryday: Numb. 46. Printed by a deaf Schismatical Round-head" (probably Hackluyt). Parenthetically it may be added that Hackluyt's loyalty was vehemently and, as later events showed, rightly suspected by his associates, and that the question of which was the true and which the counterfeit *Melancholicus* agitated only the respective editors, Parliament objecting with equal bitterness to any tract published under that name. A *Melancholicus* for July 31–August 7, 1648, again apparently attacks Parker: "Let me inform you Gentlemen, how both your purses, and my self are abused by a brace of bastard *Melancholicusses*, that would perswade me out of my Christen Name; but if they shall but dare to peep out their horns the next week, I shall so cudgel them in again, that I shall make them known to their persecutors at Westminster, and make Newgate the habitation of the one [?Sheppard], and Bridewel of the other [?Parker]." As this warning passed unheeded, the issue for the following week (August 7–14) exposed Parker and John (?) Crouch on the one hand and Samuel Sheppard on the other:

> Loving and Loyall Reader, once more I am forc'd to let you know how greatly I am abused by a paire of brethren in iniquity, the one

[Parker] a scrubbed Pamphleter, the other a *Crouch*-backt Printer, both which have done more mischief to heroick pens, then well can be imagined, the false *Melancholicus* differing from the true, as much as chawlk from cheese: But if they persist to abuse your expectations, in my next I promise to give up their names unto the publike: that which came forth last Munday, was a counterfeit also, his small-beere Rimes savouring more of *Arcadia*, then *Pernassus*, more of a *Sheppard* then a Poet: but if I heare him creak again, Ile break his Pipe. Farewell.

Unfortunately the next week's issue did not carry out these threats, and Parker was spared the dangerous publicity we should now like to read.

On September 27, 1647, the House of Commons passed an ordinance forbidding the publication of any unlicensed book, pamphlet, treatise, or ballad, and providing appropriate penalties: for the author, a fine of forty shillings or an imprisonment of forty days; for the printer, twenty shillings or twenty days; for the bookseller, ten shillings or ten days. The pedlar, hawker, or ballad-singer was to have his stock confiscated and to be publicly flogged.[8] To Henry Walker was entrusted the delicate task of detecting the unlicensed printers; and, according to *Melancholicus* (October 9–16), he baited "his mouse-traps at every corner of the City" to catch ballads and pamphlets. So unsuccessful was he that in October the Commons passed another ordinance for the suppression of scandalous pamphlets, especially *Mercurius Melancholicus* and *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, ordering the Committee on Scandalous Pamphlets to find out and imprison the editors and printers and to seize the printing presses.[9] On January 6 the Committee was

[8] Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, IV, ii, 884.
[9] *Ibid.*, p. 914.

ordered to meet daily;[10] on January 11 it was given unlimited powers; and it soon became known as the Derby House Committee.[11]

This legislation, however, proved ineffectual except in making authors and printers more careful; though of course ballad-singing became almost impossible. The fight made by the ballad-writers and pamphleteers was one for a fundamental principle of liberty—freedom of speech—and was also being fought by playwrights and actors. In February, 1648, the House of Commons offered rewards for the discovery of the editors of *Pragmaticus* and *Melancholicus*,[12] and the editor (or author) of the latter wrote: "But £20 for *Melancholicus!* Come along customers, who bids more—he will yield a better price than this in Turkie. Come on Mr. Selden—the other £20 and then he shall tell you more of his minde—an ordinance for it too!"[13] Great efforts were now made to suppress the Mercuries. Innumerable spies were employed—among them being John Partridge, Fisk, Latham, and Booker ("a maker of Almanacks, he had two handsome daughters & kept a Wine Ale-house"[14]), at all of whom Parker had scoffed in his ballad of "When the King Enjoys His Own Again." "I have more to say," remarks *Melancholicus* (No. 6), "but this is enough for a penny, and so God give you a good night: Walker and his setting-Dogs are upon the scent." The next issue resumes its remonstrance against the censorship of the press, and humorously draws comfort from temporary imprisonment: "Witnesse *Melancholicus* and *Pragma-*

[10] Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, IV, ii, 957.
[11] J. B. Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, p. 90.
[12] Rushworth, *op. cit.*, IV, ii, 1006.
[13] Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 92. [14] *Don Zara Del Fogo* (1656), ch. II, p. 11.

ticus his brother, who were stroke dead with an infectious Ordinance from the Parliament . . . and they are now alive againe and as lusty as ever they were . . . Methinks I am somewhat lighter-hearted then I was; I see it is good to be dead a while; I could wish (if it might be without offence) the Parliament and Army dead too, but I'le make my steel-rod fetch blood on 'em." *Mercurius Elencticus* (April 26–May 3, 1648) ironically informed the searchers: "Be confident thou shalt never find mee out, for I have a *trick* to walke *Invissible.* I can every day *Pry* into the secretest of the *Rebells* counsells, I carry a *Presse* in my *Pocket*, and can *Print* in my *Closset.*" Later (November 1–8), when a reward for its suppression had been offered, the paper commented: "Come Thirty pound for *Elencticus;* who bids more? for just so much is offered, and a *Sunday Pudding* into the bargaine." Parker himself probably wrote this comment in a *Melancholicus* for July 17–24: "What *Melancholicus* apprehended and imprisoned? Tush, No such thing, they say one *Hacluyit* a small Sequestred Minister is confined unto *Peter-house*, where there is great company upon my credit; or thinke you that there are not more *Melancholliicusses* then one."

Throughout the year 1648 the pamphleteers were continually being arrested. The prisons were full, but the prisoners usually managed to escape or were rescued by Royalist sympathizers. On August 9 the House of Commons[15] requested from the Sergeant-at-Arms a list of prisoners who had been rescued or who had escaped; but this inquiry seems to have done no good, for, on January 5, 1649, the House again ordered that "it be

[15] *Journals*, V, 666.

referred to the Committee of the Tower, to examine the Business touching Peter House, and of the Escape of the Prisoners from thence; and to consider of a fit House, to be appointed for the Serjeant at Arms that attends this House, to keep his Prisoners."[16]

Peter House was Lord Petre's house in Aldersgate Street, the usual London prison for Royalists, controlled by Henry Cymball. That Parker had experienced Cymball's hospitality or had stood in the pillory is suggested by a statement in the first issue of *Mercurius Anti-Mercurius* (September 12–19, 1648): "What Monster is this? why forsooth it is *Melancholicus* with three heads, whereof two are counterfeits; the one [Parker] studies the *Lamentations* in a Cage, the second [Hackluyt] lately peep'd through a Pillory, the third [?John Crouch] lyes *Crouch*-ing in every corner for feare of a Catch-poll." According to the same pamphlet, Samuel Sheppard was then, after an escape from prison, editing *Mercurius Dogmaticus*. It seems reasonable to believe that Parker, having escaped from prison, was the editor who wrote in his issue for June 19–26, 1648: "*Melancholicus* hath got his foot out of the springe at *Peterhouse*, and hath made-an [*sic*] escape (because he was neere starv'd by that murdering villane *Symball*,) he is in very good health . . . and sends commendations to his freinds there, Mr. *Shepheard*, *Iohn Harrison*, and the rest."

As soon as the pamphleteers escaped, they resumed publication of their Mercuries, or carried on the Mercury of some imprisoned friend, or started a Mercury with a new title. Parker (to say nothing of Lookes, Price,

[16] *Journals*, VI, 111.

Humphrey Crouch, and others) continued to write ballads in the midst of his pamphleteering. He and Lookes are mentioned in *Mercurius Pragmaticus* for June, 1648, as "high-flying wits of balladry" (cf. No. 9). In a tract of the same year, *The Kentish Fayre. Or, The Parliament sold to their best worth*,[17] mention is made of Colonel "*Bark-stead*, the proud Thimble-maker, who walkes the round each night at *Westminster*, a Fool in folio yet a mighty Talker, whose Complements are tane from *Martin Parker*."

On September 13, 1648, Captain Francis Bethen was made provost-marshal with power to seize upon all ballad-singers and sellers of malignant pamphlets, and to suppress stage-plays.[18] Bethen succeeded in rooting out hawkers and ballad-singers. Surreptitious ballad-printing, however, flourished vigorously. No ballads were entered at Stationers' Hall before 1656, but licenses were granted. Thus the ballad of "Colonell Rainsborowes Ghost,"[19] a journalistic account of the assassination by three Royalists of a faithful officer of the Parliament's army, was printed under the authority and with the initials of the official licenser, Theodore Jennings.

In his attempts to crush plays and Mercuries, Bethen was not altogether successful. He himself was allowed five shillings a day, and was provided with a deputy, who was paid three shillings and fourpence, and with twenty men, who were paid a shilling and sixpence.[20] *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (September 12–19, 1648) jeered at the new Provost-Marshal's "compassing the *Citie* to and fro . . . to prevent all *Stage-Plaies*, that no *Tragedies* may be

[17] E. 446 (21), p. 6. [18] Whitelocke's *Memorials*, 1732, p. 337.
[19] Cf. Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 107.
[20] *Mercurius Melancholicus*, September 18–25, 1648.

acted but their own, and suppresse all honest *Books* and *Ballads*." The *Parliament Porter* (September 18–25) admitted that Bethen had already caught and whipped many ballad-singers and pamphlet-hawkers, but assured him that even if he had the hands of Briareus he could not seize and destroy all the ballads and news-books.

What with rewards, spies, and the activities of the Provost-Marshal, the editors, in spite of their boasting, led a precarious existence. On December 5, *Mercurius Elencticus* was forced to admit: "I had much adoe to *Creep* out the last Weeke so opportunely as usuall: for the *Bloud-hounds* were so hot in the *Chase*, that I had scarce Leisure to Print my Intelligence; and avoid their pursuit." With all their gayety, their superb nerve and pluck, the Royalist editors, like the ballad-singers, fought a losing game. Such of their news-books as were struggling on ran against almost insuperable difficulties when General Fairfax and the army, in December, 1648, occupied the city. The vigor with which Fairfax aided in the search, the redoubled efforts of the spies, led to a total cessation of professional ballad-singing and hindered the publication and distribution of the Mercuries.

On the fifth day of January, the House of Commons[21] requested the Lord General to put into effect, through his marshal Bethen, all existing ordinances concerning scandalous pamphlets. Four days later, Fairfax issued a warrant to the Provost-Marshal of the Army directing him to enforce all the licensing acts. "There is," *Mercurius Melancholicus*[22] commented, "a generation called Peepers (Creatures of the Committees own begetting,) who like the Divell (their chief Lord) thrust their heads

[21] *Journals*, VI, 111. [22] No. 21, January, 1649.

into every corner to finde out objects whereon to vent their trayterous and base designes; I am sure, any honest man abhorres the thought of 'em; . . . how many honest men have they abused in finding out *Pragmaticus* and *Melancholicus*, as Mr. Shepeard, Mr. Hack'let, and others, yet the Gentlemen are as innocent as the day[!]; and why may not these Devills . . . convert themselves into spleen against any one so long as they are countenanced by a Parliamentall Priviledge; but I shall be sure to look to my selfe, so let them beware." *Perfect Occurrences*, with the other licensed news-books, delighted in telling of the misfortunes of the Royalist editors. In its issue for January 18–25, 1649, for example, it announces that "*Mercurius Pragmaticus* was this day [January 18] brought Prisoner to *Whitehall*. And another new *Mercury* 3 dayes before worse than he."

At the middle of the year 1649, Cleveland was editing *Pragmaticus*, Sheppard *Elencticus*, Taylor *Melancholicus*,[23] but Parker has disappeared. He may have been in prison. In any case he was certainly dead by the end of 1652.[24] John Taylor died in December, 1653, *Mercurius Democritus*[25] attributing his death to "the want of money." But one by one the Royalist Mercuries had perished before the death of Martin Parker. To aid in their suppression, Parliament appointed new provost-marshals and passed a stringent Treason Act in 1649. It provided the death penalty (hanging, drawing, and quartering) for any person who should "write, print, or openly declare" that the Commonwealth was "tyranni-

[23] J. B. Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, pp. 111 f.
[24] See my notes in *Modern Philology*, XIX (1921), 79.
[25] November 9–January 25, 1653–54.

cal, usurped, or unlawful" or that "the Commons in Parliament assembled were not the supreme authority of the nation." [26] How little attention the authors and printers of ballads paid to this Act, the contents of the present book[27] will show.

As a result of their pamphleteering, ballad-writers helped to develop a medium that led to some diminution in the popularity of the ballad and, ultimately, to its decay. For with the development of news-pamphlets the range of ballads was greatly lessened and their *clientèle* diminished. That newspapers, through the stages of the *corantos* and the books of news, arose from ballads is indisputable, but equally important is the fact that, in the beginning of the newspapers, professional ballad-writers and ballad-singers played an important part. Composed partly by the same authors, printed, advertised, and distributed by the same means, the early news-books and ballads came in for an equal amount of badinage and abuse.

News-writers of the interregnum are scornfully described as "Grub-street Pamphleteers," [28] who "thank their stars, and congratulate their own good fortune, if any sad accident fall out, or Fire happen in the City: and if a Witch or a Murderer be condemned to die, rather then he shall want a winding-sheet, they'll be so charitable as to lend him half of theirs." [29] John Crouch, himself a veteran pamphleteer, asserts that for "scribling a whol sheet" authors got "a pot or a Pipe, or perhaps

[26] Whitelocke, *Memorials*, 1732, p. 427; Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 110.

[27] See especially Nos. 42–44, 55.

[28] *Perfect Diurnal*, December 26, 1642; *Mercurius Fidelicus*, August 17–24, 1648; *Laughing Mercury*, September 30–October 6, 1652, and October 6–12, 1652.

[29] *Mercurius Mastix*, August 20–27, 1648.

(if it *take*) half a Crown to pay for their lodging and diet a moneth after"[30]; but John Hall was hired, according to popular rumor at least, for five pounds a week to write *Mercurius Britannicus*,[31] a salary that must have surpassed that of ballad-writers in their palmiest days. The number of pamphleteers — they "prey upon the Printer or Stationer, the Stationer on the Hawker, and the Hawker upon Everybody"[32]—was enormous.

Unlike the penny ballads, the news-pamphlets customarily sold for twopence, though counterfeits sometimes tried to increase their sales by charging a penny or three halfpence.[33] The issues were small: perhaps two hundred copies[34] was the average. A comparatively large number of these news-books have been preserved (notably in the Thomason and Burney Collections in the British Museum); they will always remain a memorial to a group of men—humble ballad-writers like Parker and third-rate poets like Cleveland and Taylor—who at the risk of limb and life waged a superb fight for an unworthy king perhaps but certainly for tolerance, liberty, and freedom of speech.

V

Among the Levellers, the Presbyterians, and the Independents, there were not lacking some who spoke plainly to Parliament. Milton, whose *Areopagitica* is always

[30] *Mercurius Democritus His Last Will*, p. 6 (*ca.* 1648).

[31] *Anatomy of the Westminster Juncto*, 1648, p. 6.

[32] *Mercurius Mastix*, No. 1, p. 2.

[33] See *Mercurius Censorious*, June 1–8, and *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, December 19–26, 1648. In an early issue of *Mercurius Britannicus* (August 25–September 1, 1645) sixpence is said to be the price.

[34] See *Mercurius Elencticus*, June 7–14, 1648, p. 222.

praised for its plea for freedom of the press, did not want all printing to be uncensored: he had no sympathy with the tracts and ballads I have discussed. He considered them abominations, and would undoubtedly have urged that the cord and the axe be called upon to crush them. Far more liberal was the "Petition of firm and constant friends to the Parliament and Commonwealth," which on January 19, 1649, urged the granting of liberty to the press, reminding the Commons that if "you and your army shall be pleased to look back a little upon affairs you will find you have bin very much strengthened all along by unlicensed printing. . . . The liberty [of the press] . . . appears so essential unto Freedom, as that without it, it's impossible to preserve any nation from being liable to the worst of bondage. For what may not be done to that people who may not speak or write, but at the pleasure of Licensers?"[1]

Although this petition was disregarded, the licensers customarily dealt leniently with ballads. One might suppose that they would have found objectionable the advice to Fairfax, Cromwell, and the nation given by John Saltmarsh in the ballad of "Strange and Wonderful Predictions" (No. 22), but it was licensed by Gilbert Mabbott, and printed by John Hammond, who is sarcastically described in *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (April 23–30, 1649) as "learned Mr. *Hammond* the *Presbiterian ballad-printer*." Hammond printed ballads of almost every kind—jocular, journalistic, satirical, as well as political. One of his most striking ballads, "Strange News from Brotherton in Yorkshire,"[2] gravely tells how in 1648 wheat rained from the skies. Equally sensational

[1] Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, pp. 62–63.

[2] Manchester, II, 39.

are the numerous pamphlets on witchcraft that came from his press.

The licenser no doubt read and authorized the publication of Hammond's ballads. Probably, too, his authority was secured for "England's Monthly Predictions for 1649" (No. 25), although of such authority the sheet bears no indication. A striking group of surreptitious ballads of the year 1649 is reprinted below. No more remarkable ballads than "The Twelve Brave Bells of Bow" (No. 33) and "Gallant News from Ireland" (No. 38) have ever been printed. The latter boasts of the defeats that Lord Inchiquin had just inflicted on Parliament's forces, loyally prays for the return of Charles II, and violates the Treason Act in every stanza. More seditious still was the "Hymn to Cromwell" (No. 39), which deals with the same general subject as the "Gallant News." No licenser would have dreamed of giving his *imprimatur* to these songs, though Nos. 34, 35, 40, 61, and others—several of them Royalist at least by implication—were evidently passed by the censor.

A pamphlet called *The Independents' Loyalty* (1648) declares that "the *King* is kept from his Wife and Children, and scorned and reviled, and more Ballads made of him, and abuses put upon him, then ever King *David* had."[3] A specimen of the libelous songs here referred to, dated as early as 1645, can be seen in No. 13, which viciously attacks Charles I and his entire family. Only a few ballads of this type have survived. Even a diligent collector like George Thomason paid nearly all his attention to pamphlets and books: nobody seems to have attempted to make a complete collection of ballads. To

[3] P. 22.

be sure, John Selden was interested in them, and his collection at his death (1654) passed into the possession of Samuel Pepys, who augmented it to its present great size. But it is a striking fact that among Pepys's collection there are almost no political ballads, few of any other type, that date from the Commonwealth period.

Even on so important an event as the execution of the King, Thomason secured only two or three of the printed ballads. His failure to secure others is not surprising, for they were searched for ruthlessly and, when found, destroyed by agents of Parliament. Of the unlicensed ballads, one of the most interesting is preserved in a single imperfect copy and is here reprinted (No. 29). Another, with the striking title of "A Coffin for King Charles: A Crowne for Cromwell: A Pit for the People,"[4] represents the three as stating their views. From the throne Cromwell declares,

> Now Charles the I. is tumbled down,
> the second, I not feare;

but the reply of the people is ominous:

> To our revenge knee deepe in gore
> we would not feare to wade.

From heaven among the angels, Charles I predicts that "twelve moneths shall full conclude your power." But almost twelve years were required. An official account, as it were, is given in the ballad of "The King's Last Farewell to the World" (No. 28), which was licensed by Theodore Jennings on the very day of the execution; while "The Weeping Widow" (No. 30), undoubtedly without license, told of the personal sorrow of the Queen.

[4] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 117; Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 79.

Two daring ballads that followed shortly after are reprinted below (Nos. 32, 36). One, "The Royal Health to the Rising Sun," earnestly prays for the accession of Prince Charles to the throne; the other, "Gallant News from the Seas," gives the sentiments of a thoroughly loyal army and navy. Both are rhythmically pleasing, and both are noteworthy in bearing the initials of their printers. It is difficult to see how the printers escaped (if they did escape) detection and punishment. Possibly the initials were assumed. But loyal printers never lacked courage and daring: danger had no effect in stopping them from publishing flagrantly seditious broadsides. Thomas Raymond, in his *Autobiography*,[5] gives an incident that is characteristic of all the Royalists. He tells of hearing a sermon, soon after Charles I's death, at St. Mary Aldermary's,

> it being death then for any man and especially ministers to speak in vindication of that good King. The preacher fell to aggravate the great sins whereof we were guilty and having instanced in several great and crying ones, "Nay," said he, "we have put to death our King, our most gracious and good King"—at which he made a little pause (the people amazed and gazing about expecting the preacher should be pulled out of the pulpit) but he added—"the Lord Jesus Christ by our sins and transgression."

On September 20, 1649, Parliament passed the most repressive ordinance against printing up to that time known.[6] It put into effect all the existing statutes, increased all penalties, ordered all news-books to be licensed, and required every printer to make a bond of £300 not to print anything offensive to the government.

[5] Ed. G. Davies, Camden Society, 1917, p. 59.

[6] It is elaborately summarized in *Mercurius Elencticus*, September 24–October 1, 1649. Cf. Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, p. 120.

It also confined printing, except by special license, to London and the two Universities, prescribing for violations of this provision a fine of £10 and defacing of press and types. The only exceptions were that a press at Finsbury and another at York were permitted to print psalms and Bibles. A further provision was that no "hawkers shall be any more permitted; and that they and all ballad-singers, wheresoever they are or may be apprehended, shall forfeit all books, pamphlets, ballads and papers by them exposed to sale, and shall . . . be conveyed and carried to the House of Correction, there to be whipt as common rogues, and then dismissed." The Act was to expire in two years.

All licensed news-books, save for two or three official journals, were swept out of existence by this act, and by the end of the year only two unlicensed Royalist news-books survived. All the Royalist books were dead by June, 1650. Furthermore, strict application of the law brought many hardships to such hawkers and ballad-singers as dared venture openly on the streets. "Would You have thought," asked *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (*for King Charls II*), in its issue for October 9–16, 1649, "that the State-Rampant could have [been] so sensible of a little Malignant Inke, as should make them thunder out such Anathema's against the societies of Hawkers and Ballad-singers?" or that they "should find no fitter thing to triumph in, then trampling upon the necks of silly women and Children, for but crying Bookes and Pamphlets about the Streets, whereby to get their living, to avoid the Miseries otherwise attending them in these uncharitable times?"

The Man in the Moon for January 9–16, 1650, re-

ported that two women had been "committed close prisoners to *Old-Bridewell* this last weeke about that Paper, one of which hath her Husband Mr. *Edward Crouch* lying in *Newgate* about printing *The Man in the Moon*, and must there starve, unlesse God feed him as he did the Prophet *Elijah;* for being both he and his Wife imprisoned, all meanes of livelyhood is taken away from them: another poore Woman, named *Ratcliffe*, they have almost whipt to death, and kept this quarter of a yeare in *Newgate*, till she is scarce able to stand or goe." On March 18, John Teague, yeoman, of Whitechapel, was arrested and forced to give bond for his appearance at the next Sessions of the Peace on an indictment of "being a hawker and seller of scandalous and seditious pamphlettes &c."[7] The persecution of hawkers and singers was not confined to London but spread throughout the provinces. *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (*for King Charls II*)[8] waxed indignant over a "barbarous act" committed by the late Alderman Hoyle, M.P. (cf. No. 42), upon a minstrel, "one *Young*, who because hee was found playing to some Company upon a *Sunday* after Prayers; hee caused him to bee shut up in an ugly hole under one of the Arches of *Owse-Bridge* . . . where, by the extreame dampnesse and clossenesse of the Place, hee was suffocated within a few houres after." Whenever ballad-singers did venture on the streets, they sometimes ended their songs with a hypocritical prayer for the ruling powers. "At the close of something read by a ballett-monger in the streete," wrote Sir Nicholas L'Estrange,[9] "he cryed, 'God save the King

[7] J. C. Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, III, 194.
[8] July 17–24, 1649. See also *Mercurius Elencticus*, July 16–24, 1649.
[9] W. J. Thoms, *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 61 (Camden Society edition).

and the Parliament'; sayes a merry fellow that went by, 'God save the King, the Parliament will looke well enough to save themselves.' " A final prayer was so thoroughly a part of ballad-conventions that it could hardly be omitted even after the King was dead and an oppressive Parliament in his place. One witty writer took refuge in sarcasm:

> God bless our Noble Parliament,
> And rid them from all fears,
> God bless *all* th' *Commons* of this Land,
> And God bless *some* o' th' *Peers*.[10]

Another, more boldly still, declared:

> And now I would gladly conclude my Song,
> With a Prayer as Ballads are used to do,
> But yet I'le forbear, for I think er't be long,
> We shall have a King and a Parliament too.[11]

Whatever the difficulties experienced by ballad-singers, the law seems to have had no terrors for ballad-printers. John Playford's dance-collections belong to the year 1650; as do, also, "The Downfall of William Grismond"[12] and other journalistic ballads. On January 4, twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder stored in the house of Robert Porter, in Tower Street, exploded, killing some forty persons, injuring many others, wrecking houses for yards around, and resulting in the most disastrous fire London had known for years. The damage was estimated at £60,000. A not very sympathetic account of this catastrophe is given in *The Man in the Moon* for January 2–9. Francis Grove printed a pamphlet on it called

[10] *Merry Drollery*, 1661, ed. J. W. Ebsworth, p. 90. The ballad first appeared in 1633. [11] *Rump*, 1662 (reprint), I, 307.

[12] See Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 423, and *Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, 70.

Deaths Master-Peece,[13] and then, as printers had been accustomed to do since 1560, issued a ballad summarizing and advertising the pamphlet. The ballad itself, in a sorely mutilated copy, survives only in the Manchester Collection.[14]

A libelous ballad on the death of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (No. 42), of the year 1650, illustrates the daring of Royalist writers and the ease with which printers evaded the laws. Hardly any subject could have been handled more offensively than this. In 1651, a sensationally loyal ballad—"The Lady's Lamentation for the Loss of her Landlord" (No. 44) — was printed by Richard Burton. The Lady is a thin disguise for England, the Landlord an even thinner disguise for Charles II. Towards the end, all secrecy is thrown aside, and open regret is expressed for Prince Charles's defeat at Worcester, for his subsequent flight, and for the great dangers through which he was passing. "I'll find out my true love wherever he be," says the Lady boldly; yet her boldness was as nothing to that of the printer. The expiration of the Licensing Act in 1651 may have encouraged Burton to print the ballad, but it is hardly conceivable that he escaped some punishment or other. Just as daring was one A. E., the printer of "Articles of Agreement betwixt Prince Charles and Scotland" (No. 43), a loyal ballad in which the once-despised Scots are held up to the emulation of Englishmen for their acceptance of King Charles II. Perhaps it was difficult to find jurymen who would convict seditious printers. Thus when, on October 14, 1651, Robert Vaughan was tried on three indictments for engraving and selling a

[13] E. 589 (16). [14] II, 13.

portrait of Charles II bearing a traitorous inscription, he was promptly acquitted by the jury.[15]

In 1651 several of the former Royalist journalists, like John Crouch and Samuel Sheppard, resumed the publication of news-books, but these were licensed and for that reason expressed comparatively cautious opinions. Nevertheless, Crouch sometimes criticized the government severely: he was especially outspoken about the anti-stage laws and the arrests of actors.[16] Hawkers and ballad-singers, too, seem for a time to have done active street-selling. *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (June 15–22, 1652) observes that "when the Hawkers come roaring along the streets, like the religious ballad singers of *Bartholomew* fayre, the high Crowrd [*sic*] Citizen pricks up his ears and Cranes his neck over the bulk, till he look as blew under the gills as an Eelskin to hear whether there be any news."

Along with the news-books came a flood of prognostications and almanacs. William Lilly's predictions for 1652 were exceptionally fearful, and they were capably echoed in the ballad of "England's New Bell-Man"[17] and in Laurence Price's *Shepherds Prognostication.* All three prophets made much of an impending eclipse of the sun, which, when it occurred, frightened many worthy citizens almost out of their wits, as John Evelyn scornfully noted in his diary. A nameless scoffer printed a broadside "On Bugbear Black-Monday, March 29. 1652. Or, The London-Fright at the Eclipse proceeding from a Natural cause,"[18] inquiring of his readers:

[15] Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records,* III, 205 f.

[16] See my "Contribution to the History of the English Commonwealth Drama," *Studies in Philology* (XVIII, 267–333), July, 1921, *passim.*

[17] Lord Crawford's *Catalogue,* No. 156. [18] Luttrell Collection, II, 22.

Was't *Laurence Price's* Shepherd's Gnostication
With cunning *Will's* wise Astrologization,
That put ye in distemper, and such fits,
As if their folly practis'd on your wits?

To ridicule Lilly's work, Robert Eeles printed a ballad called "Strange Predictions."[19] Eeles had been imprisoned three or four times by order of Parliament for printing objectionable matter; but the "Strange Predictions" is wholly inoffensive. His name appears also in the colophon of the ballad called "A Total Rout, Or a Brief Discovery of a Pack of Knaves and Drabs,"[20] a tirade on contemporary vices, especially swearing.

After Prince Charles had been defeated at Worcester, Cromwell forced the Parliament to agree to an amnesty, which embraced certain malignant pamphlets.

You see how large this Pardon is,
It pardons all our *Mercuries*,
And poets too, for you know they
Are poor, and have not aught to pay,

wrote the mocking author of a ballad "Upon the General Pardon Pass'd by the Rump."[21] Liberty of the press was, however, far from being achieved. On January 7, 1653, the printing act of 1649 was made permanent, further restrictions were added to it, and Gilbert Mabbott was reappointed licenser. The greatest period of persecution ever known by the English press followed, at least eighteen printers being sent to Newgate within the space of two months.[22] Strangely enough, ballad-printing was but slightly affected by this law, though there are ample

[19] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 123. [20] *Ibid.*, p. 131 (1653).
[21] Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 98.
[22] Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, p. 151.

grounds for believing that in the streets ballad-singing practically ceased. In the provinces as well, the laws against singers and hawkers were often rigidly enforced. In 1655, for example, William Withers, of the Devizes, was sent to the House of Correction by the Mayor of Marlborough "for singing of ballets contrary to the statute, and was sharply puneshed for it, and soe delivered."[23] In 1656 various minstrels were whipped in Yorkshire.[24]

A vulgar satirical pamphlet by Sir John Birkenhead called *Bibliotheca Parliamenti* (June 23, 1653) advertises one of the "Books to be sold in Little-Brittaine" as "An excellent new Ballad, entituled *The life of a souldier* to the tune of *No body else shall plunder but I*, by Major General *Lambert*, together with an Appendix *de generatione hominum*, by Lieut. Gen. *Harrison*, a practitioner in that Science." The licensed news-pamphlets delighted in grotesque and sensational journalism: at no time had the ballad-writers furnished a greater strain on the credulity of readers. *Mercurius Democritus* for July 27–August 3, 1653, jeers at the *Parliament Scout* for its incredible stories of

> a man in the West arraigned and condemned for 27 Wives; and of another in the North, for broiling of her own Child on a Gridiron; and a Third Lie, of a Woman that chopt her own Child a pieces, and bak'd it in a Py; this strange *News* made the Ballad-makers run to the Carriers of those Places to know the truth of these things; but the poor Ballad-makers, after they had spent their stock on the *Carriers*, and found nothing of this true, returned home again cursing the *Grubstreet Newes-Mongers*, who had so basely deceived them.

[23] *Hist. MSS. Comm. Report on MSS. in Various Collections* (1901), I, 131.
[24] *North Riding Records*, V, 212, 218, 221.

These yarns appear also in *The Dutch Diurnall* for July 19–26, 1653.

There were "never more poetasters, versifiers, rhymers then this year," *Merlinus Anonymus* (sig. C 5^{v}) wrote in 1653. Nor was the statement exaggerated. Very many ballads dated 1653 are extant. Interesting as a purely journalistic work is "The Salisbury Assizes" (No. 48), which chronicles the crimes and execution of the witch, Anne Bodenham. Political ballads abound. One of them, the work of a melancholy Royalist, mournfully begins, "Have you the hungry bloodhounds seen?" (No. 49), symbolizing Parliament as a pack of hounds who have chased one king to death and are greedily pursuing another, Prince Charles. A second, by I. H., is "The Souldiers Sad Complaint"[25] for lack of pay. Another, "A Christmas Song,"[26] points out the lamentable changes made in England by the Long Parliament and prays for the restoration of

> All things that were undone before,
> That we may Christians be.

The Long Parliament was violently dissolved by Cromwell on April 20, 1653, and Royalist ballad-writers flooded the city with satiric songs. S. S. (possibly Samuel Sheppard, but more probably Samuel Smithson) wrote "The Parliament Routed: Or, Here's a House To Be Let."[27] Of a similar nature is the ballad of "The House out of Doors."[28]

The House of Commons took vigorous steps to crush this unlicensed printing. On August 6 it appointed a committee to examine into the printing of "scurrilous

[25] Lord Crawford's *Catalogue*, No. 703. [26] Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 117.
[27] *Ibid.*, I, 105 (cf. 111), Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 126.
[28] Wilkins, *op. cit.* I, 100.

Ballads and Pamphlets," to report on how the laws previously made against them had become so defective, and "to offer some further remedy for the Redress of that Abuse."[29] But the trade of the rhymers was not seriously damaged by this and other investigations, although individual offenders suffered severely at times. Libels abounded. George Thomason preserved a number, on one of which he wrote: "This Libell was printed and scattered vp and downe y^e^ Streets about y^e^ latter end of September, 1653."[30]

Official licensers, however, viewed ballads with not intolerant eyes, and permitted many to be published. "Joyful News for England" (No. 51) is a competent news-story of the treaty of peace signed at London in 1654 by English and Dutch commissioners, and is noticeable for its favorable attitude to the Lord Protector. Humphrey Crouch's broadside, "Lady Pecunia's Journey" (No. 54), too, must have been licensed. There is, indeed, a sanctimonious air about it that should have made for popularity. Far different is "Jack the Plough-lad's Lamentation" (No. 55), a ballad signed with the initials of Thomas Robins, and bearing the full name of its printer, Richard Burton. It is a Royalist song of the most barefaced and audacious type. The striking reference to Charles II in the refrain,

> Would God that my Master would come home again,

must have made the ballad enormously popular among adherents of the exiled prince; but it is difficult to under-

[29] *Several Proceedings of Parliament*, August 2–8.

[30] E. 714 (7). For an action against the author of a "trayterous paper of verses against his Highnesse the Lord Protector" in the courts on August 7, 1654, see Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, III, 229.

stand how Burton succeeded in printing songs like this without molestation. I have found no account of any action against him, but according to the law of probabilities most of his time should have been spent in prison.

VI

Throughout the interregnum, pamphlets helped to supply the absence of amusements that Parliament had forbidden. For example, after the theatres were closed, brief satirical plays in pamphlet form sprang up on every side and attained great popularity. So, too, when ballads were frowned on by the government and ballad-singers were flogged at sight, pamphleteers came to the rescue by inserting ballads regularly in their sheets. Especially in the weekly news-books issued by John Crouch, balladry held a prominent place.

The history of the Crouches is obscure.[1] There appear to have been at least two printers named John Crouch, to say nothing of Edward Crouch and a "Swallow" Crouch who are often mentioned in connection with Royalist Mercuries. John Crouch, the editor of *The Man in the Moon* during 1649–1650, was imprisoned in June, 1650, whereupon all unlicensed Royalist news-books came to an end. Securing his release sometime later, he betook himself to licensed journalism, and wrote a weekly news-book known successively as *Mercurius Democritus*, *The Laughing Mercury*, and *Mercurius Fumigosus* (April 8, 1652–October 3, 1655). These books are disgustingly coarse: they illustrate "a deliberate pornog-

[1] Cf. the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic,* for 1649–50, 1650, and 1651–52, *passim*; Williams, *A History of Journalism, passim.*

raphy impossible to match in English literature,"[2] though they were regularly licensed by the officials of Parliament.

In all, or nearly all, of his pamphlets, Crouch inserted ballads or snatches of ballads, some old and well known, others new, and still others that deserve the name of carols and lyrics. Many of the last are beautiful. Often, strange to say, they are printed in the form of prose. Customarily Crouch's sheets open with a stanza or two in doggerel verse—usually a mock-summary of the news—while a poem or ballad printed like prose follows. For example, *Democritus* for December 16–22, 1652, after four opening stanzas of verse prints the following delightful lyric:

> So cold, cold, cold, so wonderous cold, and through the *Bush* the *Winde* blowes cold; Where are our *Coals* ye young Knaves, old; for through the *Bush* the *Winde* blows cold? (But where be our great *Fleets* of *Coals?*) One Knave, two Knaves, three too old, and thorow the *Bush* the *Winde* blowes cold: cold, cold, cold, and wonderous cold, and thorow the *Bush* the Winde blowes cold.

Another issue preserves a charming Christmas carol (No. 47).

What principle of selection governed Crouch's choice of ballads does not appear. Perhaps he himself wrote some of them; others, like "A Dialogue between Floridus and Clorio; to a delightfull new Tune,"[3] which is signed with the initials of Humphrey Crouch, may have been written specifically for his paper. S. S.—no doubt Samuel Smithson—contributed to *The Man in the Moon* (1657) "An Item for honest men. The tune is, Ragged and

[2] Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 145.

[3] *Mercurius Fumigosus*, April 11–18, 1655, pp. 364 f.

Torne,"[4] a revised edition of the ballad reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads* (II, 409). Perhaps John Crouch simply printed any ballad of his own or anybody else's composition that happened to be available when his paper went to press. It is curious to find in *Democritus* for February 15–22, 1654, the well-known ballad beginning "In sad and ashy weeds" (traditionally attributed to James I as a lament for the death of Henry, Prince of Wales) printed with the following introductory note: "A sorrowfull, but loving Son of the *Muses*, for the untimely fall of his dear Father, penned this mournful *Dirge* or *Ditty* in the *Antipodes*, which being very pithy, I have here exposed to the view of all those that love their Fathers *Money* better then his *Person* or *Life*."

Mercurius Pragmaticus (June 1–8, 1652) openly taunted Crouch—"M. *Politick Man in the Moon*, alias *Democritus*, alias *Crouch Hukin*"—with having been imprisoned and having then turned to writing, borrowing without credit from Archy Armstrong's jests, John Taylor's poems, and the broadsheets of Smithfield balladists:

> How now *Democritus!* Were your brains warm last week, and so stoold at your mouth a lamentable Ballad of pitiful rhyme to eclipse me with your Moon-calves non-sense? . . . It seems your fortunes have crept to the full since your translation out of the Gate-house . . . to the Brokers in *Larg-lane;* and truly you are very naturally placed in such a Fraternity, for it is the only Feat in the Town to sell wit at second hand, or pimp an old greasie jest out of *Archy's* records, then brush it up with a little hackny language squeez'd out of scavengers frocks at your three peny ordinary. . . . But cry you mercy Sir, you are a Printer too, and upon that score have the liberty of your waste papers; yet look too't, for if *John Taylor* retrive you, and by letter of Atturney from the rest of the Choristers of *Smithfield*, require the

[4] E. 1620, pp. 10–12.

retribution of your *cac-a-mammee* stolen out of their nonsensical raptures, what a pitiful story wouldst thou be?

In its issue for June 8–15, 1652, *Pragmaticus* repeated this attack, devoting two pages to a denunciation of Crouch. *The Weepers* (1652), a poem by Samuel Sheppard, brings similar charges of plagiarism against him, and it is probable that they were true.

The fact remains that Crouch was fond of ballads and that his papers helped to supply the popular demand for them. Frequently he chose coarse songs for reprinting; yet among them are the earliest versions of "The Hasty Bridegroom"[5] and "Andrew and Maudlin,"[6] ballads that in later years enjoyed considerable vogue. The pious may have been scandalized by the ribaldry of Crouch's prose and verse, but the official licenser was not.

In addition to the ballads that he reprinted, many of Crouch's news-items are nothing but summaries of ballads. One rhymer, for example, wrote a ballad on a female warrior[7]; and, immediately after its appearance, Crouch included in *Fumigosus* (July 11–18, 1655) the following summary of it:

There was this Day Letters came by the *Foot-Post* of *West Smithfield*, Relating a strange and true story of a Woman Souldier; being the Wife of one *John Clarke*, who bravely adventured along with her Husband in Mans apparrell in the Armys service both by Sea and Land a long time together, no man all that time ever mistrusting her to be a Woman, till such time that she was delivered of a lusty chopping Boy in her Quarters at the *Black-Smiths Armes* in *East Smithfield*, neer

[5] *Mercurius Fumigosus*, May 16–23, 1655; licensed at Stationers' Hall on June 17, 1656; *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 458.

[6] *Democritus*, June 23–30, 1652, p. 99; *Wit and Drollery* (1656), p. 136; D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, II, 19.

[7] "The Gallant She-Souldier," *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 728.

unto the Famous *Tower* of *London*, this present *July*, 1655. . . . She being approved of all her fellow Souldiers, a very Valliant and able Souldier, that could very expertly Trayle a Pike, Order her *Musket*, and if need were, could beat a Drum, and was very active in all manner of manly Exercises; shee could Leap, Jump, Caper, Boxe, Wrestle, play at Foot-ball, Sing, Dance and be merry; being reported to be a rich mans Daughter of the City of *Lecester*, who undertook all this for the constant Love she bare her Husband and Country.

And therefore highly doth deserve her Name,
To ride triumphant on the Wings of Fame.[8]

Fumigosus for September 29–October 3, 1655, reported that "the last Letters from *Sutton Marsh* in *Lincolnshire* make *mention of a Shee-Divel*, *JENNIKEN* is her Name, you cannot finde such another, unless you finde the same; I shall reserve the rest of her Pranks for *a new ballad*, *to an ugly jadish Tune*." Such references to ballads abound in Crouch's papers. As another example: *Democritus* (April 13–20, 1653) after a scurrilous story adds, "but more of this the next week; because you shall then have the true relation in a *Ballad*, to the Tune of the 7 *Champions* of the *Pens* in *Smithfield*, written by *Lawrenc Price*." In the history of the ballad John Crouch holds a high rank.[9]

VII

Headed by Laurence Price and his able companions, Thomas Robins, Samuel Smithson, Thomas Joy, Charles

[8] Another striking summary of a ballad occurs in *Fumigosus* for April 11–18, 1655. See also No. 57.

[9] Cf. also "Cupid's Revenge. OR, Bad News for Poor Maids. . . . To the Tune of, Love's Mistriss" (11 six-line stanzas) added to *Now or Never: Or, A New Parliament of Women* (1656), printed by George Horton (Wood 654 A (17)).

Hammond, John Wade, Humphrey Crouch, and Thomas Lanfiere, the crew of balladists in 1655 wrote many rhymes and found no difficulty in getting them printed and circulated in spite of the laws on the statute-books. With pamphlets the case was altogether different. On August 28 a further printing act tried to sweep away the entire licensed press, put into effect all previous ordinances against printers, hawkers, and ballad-singers, and provided that nothing be published without license from the Lord Protector or his Council. It is said[1] that no license to any news-book was henceforth granted by Cromwell or his Council and that none appeared during the remaining years of his life except Marchamont Nedham's official *Mercurius Politicus* and *The Publick Intelligencer.*

But such comments do not apply to ballad-printing, whatever may be true of the hawkers and ballad-singers. In this book are reproduced eight or ten ballads dated 1655–1656 and almost a dozen others that seem to belong to these years. Each of them is openly signed by the printer, several of them by the author. It is significant, however, that none deals with political events. Just as in the time of the Spanish Armada printers published and the people of London read ballads "Deciphering the Vain Expense of Fond Fellows upon Fickle Maids" and "Which Doth Plainly Unfold the Grief and Vexation That Comes by a Scold,"[2] so in the stirring days of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate the ballads tell of a woman who was killed by the Devil, of a doleful tragedy in Bishopsgate where a girl and a brewer were

[1] By Williams, *A History of English Journalism*, p. 156.

[2] Arber's *Transcript*, II, 506, 509.

scalded to death, of the massacre of the Protestants in Savoy; two are "pleasant" love-songs by Samuel Smithson. The printers were Richard Burton, John Andrews, Francis Grove, and Thomas Vere. Evidently these ballads were licensed. That the licenser's standard of morals was not high is amply proved by three extremely coarse ballads from Richard Burton's press — Peter Fancy's "This is call'd Maids looke well about you," Charles Hammond's "The Birds Noats on May day last," and "The Maiden's Choice"—which are preserved in the so-called Book of Fortune.[3]

Meanwhile, the Stationers' Register is silent on the subject of ballads. From 1643 to 1656, it offers no aid, containing almost no entries besides those of licensed news-books, prognostications, orations, sermons, and other dry-as-dust religious works. If one judged only from the Register, he would inevitably decide that the Commonwealth had crushed real literature, and would readily agree to every harsh comment that has been made on the Puritans. But in 1653 a ray of good cheer lightens the gloom: then it is refreshing to find entries of such old favorites as *Adam Bell* and the *Jests* of Scoggin and George Peele. Fewer news-books, too, are entered, while literature returns with the play-books of Brome, Massinger, Fletcher, and Shirley. During the next two years, plays were published in swarms; but ballads never again, as in the years 1557–1640, dominated the Register. No ballads whatever were registered in 1655. That many were licensed is, as has been shown, indisputable; but the licenses came rather from Gilbert Mabbott than from the

[3] C. 20. f. 14. Equally coarse is "The Young Man's Tryal: Or, Betty's Denial" (Wood E. 25 (49)), printed by John Andrews in 1655.

Stationers' Company, and hence no indication of them is given in the Stationers' Register.

Mercurius Fumigosus[4] remarked in January, 1655, on the number of libels that were "flung about the *streets*, and thrust in at the *Doores*, by some . . . ill-affected to the Government Established." Some of these afterward found a place in printed collections of songs and ballads. It is curious that, in spite of the hostility of the government, London stationers should openly have ventured to print collections of coarse ballads and even coarser songs. Among the earliest of these collections was *Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery* (1654), the contents of which are bitterly anti-Roundhead; so much so that no printer's name appears in the book. Then appeared *Musarum Deliciae: Or, The Muses Recreation*, edited by Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith, and printed for Henry Herringman in August, 1655, the names or initials of both editors and printer being on the title-page. This work contains no ballad, song, or poem that is obviously disloyal, but is often extremely coarse and in several productions manages to say some unflattering things about the Parliament. It contains old ballads like Dr. Richard Corbet's "Journey into France," a few original poems, and several contemporary ballad-songs.

Wit and Drollery, a compilation by Mennis, Smith, Davenant, and others, appeared early in January, 1656. It is a collection of ballads, many of which are decidedly hostile to Parliament and loyal to the exiled prince. One

[4] January 24–31, p. 274. John Lock and George Horton gave bond on July 14, 1654, to appear at the next Sessions of the Peace on the charge of printing and publishing scandalous and libelous pamphlets (J. C. Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, III, 228).

of the most interesting tells of a raid by the soldiers on a surreptitious stage-play given in September, 1655, at the Red Bull Theatre. The seditious note of the ballads, to say nothing of their obscenity, made this volume most obnoxious to strict Puritans and to the government.

Choice Drollery, a series of ballad-poems compiled by "several eminent authors," was printed for Robert Pollard in February, 1656. It is thoroughly Royalist from beginning to end, though it adopts clever subterfuges for safety. For example, one song called "Jack of Lent's Ballat" dealt with the welcome given in 1625 to Queen Henrietta Maria, but brought up to date its satire on

> The Puritans that never fayle
> 'Gainst Kings and Magistrates to rayle.

Others deal with contemporary rope-dancers, or are old ballads on Queen Elizabeth and the Gunpowder Plot, or are simply voluptuous songs. Equally loyal in tone is *Parnassus Biceps. Or Severall Choice Pieces of Poetry Composed by the best Wits that were in both the Universities Before Their Dissolution* (1656). Very many of its ballads and poems satirize Parliament severely, and speak of the murdered King with evident affection.

Cromwell's government made attempts to suppress these books. On April 22, 1656, the Council appointed a committee to examine the authors and printers of *Sportive Wit*. Three days later the Committee reported that the book contained much scandalous, lascivious, and profane matter, whereupon the Council instructed the Lord Mayor and the other commissioners for the regulation of printing to seize all copies and, "with those already seized," to deliver them to the Sheriffs for public

burning. On May 9, a similar order was given in regard to *Choice Drollery*.[5] So far as these two books are concerned, the Council's instructions were effective. Ebsworth, in his edition of *Choice Drollery*, wrote that "probably not six perfect copies remain in the world," and that the British Museum had copies of neither *Choice Drollery* nor *Sportive Wit*.

Ballad-writers, however, were in the heyday of success. In 1656 one S. F. included a long burlesque elegy on Martin Parker in his *Sportive Funeral Elegies*, lamenting the passing of that master of balladry; but he recognized the fact that Parker had been followed by a "glorious three" in Smithson, Crouch, and Price. In an elegy "On the Death of Annyseed-water Robbin,"[6] an hermaphrodite, S. F. takes them to task for neglecting to write funeral verses on that personage:

*Samuel	Ye glorious* three
Smith-	Who grasp the Poles of Star-crown'd Poesie;
son.	Has som Cask-piercing †Youth poison'd your wine
Humphrey	With wicked *Læthe?* Did you ever dine
Crowch.	On Turnep-tops, without or Salt, or Butter,
Lawrence	That amongst all your Canzonets, or clutter
Price.	You fail'd to mention this deceased *Robbin,*
†Drawer	It seems you ne'r quaft *Nectar* in his Noggin,
Smal-beer	As I have done.

Eight ballads by Price, four by Crouch, and two by Smithson are included in the present volume.

The man of the streets has always been attracted by the quaint woodcuts that in nearly every instance adorned

[5] *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1655/6,* pp. 288, 298, 314.
[6] Sig. A 2v.

broadside ballads. "How many Ballads would sell without a formal wood cut?" *Mercurius Britanicus Alive Again*[7] shrewdly inquired in 1648. It seems strange to find in 1655 an irate Quaker condemning ballads—which evidently he saw in great numbers—not so much for their scurrility and licentiousness (the usual ground for attack) as for their woodcuts, which, in his opinion, violated the Second Commandment. This singular attack is made in "A Warning from the Lord to all Ballad-makers, and Image-makers," added to *A Declaration from the Children of Light (who are by the world scornfully called Quakers) against several false reports, scandals and lyes* (May 14, 1655). It runs:

Ye Ballet-makers, and ye Ballet-sellers, Stationers, and Printers of them, and buyers of them beware, for the Lord God of glory is arising, who saith, *Thou shalt not make any Image of Male or Female*, which you do amongst you, and are found upon your ballets, and so out of Gods councell, are amongst the heathen making Images: and your vain jesting books, which stirs up the heathen, which knowes not God, and such be out of his command, which makes Image of Male and Female, and other creatures contrary and out of Gods command, and because the Images and Ballads are cried against, it makes the Heathen to rage, and imagine vain things against them, who doth them crie against, shewing that these have their harts, and are their gods, yea, but saith them that be in the flesh, in the lust, and in the pride, *We shall loose our gain, and our calling, if we forsake our jesting-books, our ballads, our books of rimes*, which upon them is the Image of Males and Females, and that is to set them out: though God doth forbid them, it brings us in gain *Iupiter*-like which all his Tradesmen cries, *These are pestilent fellowes with cries against these things, which brings us in gain, we can professe Christ, and hold up these* things too, saith *Iupiter* who be in *Iupiter's* nature with his Images: but to you all professors of Christ Jesus, which be in the evill with your jesting-books, and ballads,

[7] May 16, 1648, p. 2.

and books of verse and rime, and vain songs, and your ballads with your Images of Male and Female, upon them to the light in your consciences, I speak: with that mind which you read your jesting-books and sing your ballads, you professe the Scriptures, and lives out of the obedience to them, so you are them that cry Lord, Lord, which enter not into the Kingdom of God, who doth not the will of God, for who doth his will knoweth his doctrine, and from all that which stirs up wantonnesse, and pleasures, and fables—followers are turned away from, which enters into the kingdome of God: so your jests and songs shall be turned into howling, as you may read *Amos*, & you that make songs & ballads upon wicked people, & so rejoice in iniquity which is contrary to Scripture, as you may read, oh how are the world in many places, & streets, and walls painted with ballads and fables, and yet now professe your selves to be Christians, and of the Church of Christ, oh stop your mouths, and cover your lips, where did any of Christs flock so, but this is the froth of the sea, and the foame of it, and here you are proved to be such who said; *they were Iews, but were not*, therefore I do warn all young and old people from the Lord God, give over your reading ballads your song-books, and rime-books, which are all for the fire.

For exactly the same reason as that here given, various persons have earnestly begged the present Secretary of State to abolish the requirement that photographs of the holders must appear on all American passports.

No Quaker, however, needed to apologize for loathing ballads—woodcuts, text, and all. In them his religion, his morals, and his personal character were subjected to incessant abuse and falsehood. Typical is the attack Laurence Price made on James Parnel (No. 62). Of the same nature were the half-dozen ballads about James Naylor that can still be traced. The barbarous treatment inflicted on both these Quakers has hardly yet been forgotten. Other disgusting anti-Quaker ballads were so popular as to be included in the *Rump*, in *Merry*

Drollery, and in all the editions of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*.

The year 1656 saw the ballad enjoy its own again: numbers as large as in the days of Elizabeth and James I were printed; and about one hundred and sixty-five were registered at Stationers' Hall. Not a few of those registered were traditional, instead of stall, ballads—six or seven Robin Hood ballads, "The Famous Flower of Serving-men" (by Price), "Sir Andrew Barton," and "Little Musgrave." In 1657 some forty-two were registered, including three about Robin Hood and one on "Tommy Pots"; but only nine (including "Johnny Armstrong") were registered in 1658, none in 1659. The appearance of so many "popular" ballads, many of them signed with their authors' initials, perhaps indicates that warfare in Scotland and the North had made the London ballad-writers acquainted with the songs known in that section of the kingdom through oral tradition. Fewer ballads, by the way, can be traced during the years 1657–1658 than in any other period of the interregnum, but this fact is hardly proof that fewer ballads actually were printed. Their distribution, however, was undoubtedly unfavorably affected by the Act against Vagrants of 1657, which provided that "persons commonly called fiddlers and minstrels" be treated as "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars." One striking ballad of the year 1657 is Richard Burton's "New Prophecy" of the imminent downfall of Oliver Cromwell (No. 74). Interesting, too, are "The Protecting Brewer" and Samuel Butler's "A Ballad,"[8] the latter satirizing the Parliament for tendering the Crown to the Lord Protector.

[8] Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 132, 135.

In the confusion that followed Cromwell's death on September 3, 1658, little or no attention was paid to ballad-writers, and the period of attempted suppression may be said to have ended. Cromwell himself had fared severely at the hands of the balladists. With his personal character, they could truthfully find little fault; but they heaped abuse on him for his pretension to the crown, ridiculing his supposed trade of brewing, and gloating over the redness of his nose. To them, King Cromwell's nose revealed the *bon vivant:*

> Thy nose and fiery face,
> Speak thee a babe of grace,
> And most regenerate,
> As sack did e'er create.[9]

So runs a ballad of the date 1647. Another of the same year pretends to be disappointed because Cromwell's effigy does not appear on "The State's New Coin":

> They have quite omitted his politic head,
> His worshipful face, and his excellent nose.[10]

Libelous to a degree are the ballads of "The Right Picture of King Oliuer" (beginning "Of Nolls Nose my Muse now sings")[11] and "O Brave Oliver" (No. 26). Compare also "A Hymn to Cromwell" (No. 39). Among the news-books, too, Cromwell's nose was a chronic joke. Says *Mercurius Elencticus* (April 24, 1649, p. 2), "surely *Subject* I shall not want, so long as *Noll's* refulgent Nose hath warmth in it." Says *The Parliament Kite* (June 29, 1648):

> Bear witnesse, I have not in verse nor prose,
> So much as mention'd *Cromwels* flaming *Nose.*

[9] Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 67. [10] *Ibid.*, I, 94. [11] E. 587.

A Case for Nol Cromwell's Nose,[12] a pamphlet in prose and verse, appeared in June, 1648. *The Blazing-Star; or, Nolls Nose newly revived*,[13] consisting of satiric verses by "Collonel Baker," was published as late as August, 1660.

In 1654 the balladists laughed heartily at the Protector. On one occasion he attempted to drive his own six-horse coach through Hyde Park — thinking, so a song runs, that three pairs of horses were as easily controlled as three kingdoms—only to have them run away, so that he was thrown from the driver's box and his pistol exploded in his pocket. "A Jolt on Michaelmas Day"[14] tells the story with this moral:

> His first reproach
> Is a fall from a coach,
> And his last will be from a cart!

Cromwell's wife and sometimes his daughter shared in the abuse directed at him, outrageous libels being written, with truth conspicuous by its absence. *The Court Career* (1659, p. 24) represents the dead Protector as grieving because writers continue "in base Ballad stuffe to bring in my *Ghost*, calling upon my Son Richard." After the Restoration his grief was surely more poignant, for then the scurrility poured upon his name in ballads equalled the indignities inflicted by Charles II upon his senseless body.

With Cromwell's death, censorship of ballads came virtually to an end. Dozens of the boldest and most seditious type were then printed, usually openly bearing the printers' names. Charles Gustavus, in particular, pub-

[12] E. 448 (9). [13] E. 1040 (3). [14] Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 121.

lished many such ballads both from London and Oxford presses. Naturally enough the ballad-writers now turned their attention almost exclusively to ridicule of the regicides and the Rump Parliament and to the praise of General Monk. Abundant specimens of this work are reprinted in the collections, often cited heretofore, of Wright and Wilkins and in the *Roxburghe Ballads*.[15] Chap-books and jest-books, too, sprang up like magic, coming from the press almost as rapidly as in the last decade of Elizabeth's reign, so that the satirical *Endlesse Queries: Or An End to Queries* (1659, p. 3) inquired:

> Whether it be no requisite that Printers and Stationers, that their trades may not decay, should hire the Universities to keep them from Idleness the next long Vacation, to pen some learned Commentaries upon the famous History of *Tom Thumb*, Dr. *Faustus*, *Guy* of *Warwick*, *Robin Goodfellow*, the *Pigmies*, the *Queen of Fiaries* [*sic*], and many more such gallant pieces of Art, that are frequently read amongst us, thereby to undeceive the good people of the Land, who are as confident of their truth, as if all were Gospel, and so blinded in their ignorance, notwithstanding all the great Lights that have been so lately set up.

To the same year belongs John Playford's ballad-compilation called *Select Ayres*. Playford printed various other editions of old madrigal and music-books, and did much to keep up the people's interest in balladry, a task in which he was ably seconded by John Hilton. Celebrated collections of catches and airs, often to old ballad-tunes, were issued by Hilton in 1651 and 1658.

With the return of Charles II to London, on May 29, 1660, nearly every verse-writer, like Dryden—whatever his previous actions and sympathies had been—busied his

[15] VIII, Pt. II, ix–lxviii, xci–cvii.

pen with a congratulatory poem or ballad. Such verses had no significance except as showing how poets trimmed their sails to the wind, and are too abundant and too well known to require space in this book. Ballads of the years 1640–1658 have genuine historical importance, and it has seemed best to reprint examples of them only. A single exception to this rule is the last ballad in the book —"England's Object"—which is included as a specimen, hitherto unreprinted, of the vindictive anti-regicide ballads that littered London streets in 1660–1661.

"The Cavaliers Complaint. To the Tune of *I tell thee, Dick, &c.*,"[16] of March 15, 1661, recounts the discontent certain Royalists felt at reaping no advantage from the Restoration. Speaking of the Court, it complains:

> But truly there are swarmes of those
> Who lately were our chiefest foes,
> Of pantaloons and muffes;
> Whilst the old rusty cavaleer,
> Retires, or dares not once appear,
> For want of coyne and cuffes.

But the ballad-writers expected no reward from the King, and hence suffered no disappointment. That Charles II enjoyed his own again and that their rhymes had assisted in this consummation was a sufficient reward. Henceforth there was almost no restriction on ballad-printing and ballad-singing. After some fifteen years of hostile legislation and attempted suppression, the ballad was free. Small wonder, then, that Cromwell and the Rump are customarily depicted in ballads as tyrants and Charles II as a king *sans peur et sans reproche.*

[16] Wright, *Political Ballads*, p. 258.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN

An Exact

Of the manner how his Maiestie and his Nobles went to th
to the comfortable expec

To the tune of

And now vnto my purpose streight,
I had a little helpe of thine
For now I haue intent
Vnto the world to sing and say
The prayses of our royall King,
Who hath on this present hopefull spring
Hath cal'd a Parliament.

This happy Aprill will, I trust,
Giue all true subiects reason iust
Of ioy to feele a pleasant gust,
To make them hearts content:
For we may be assur'd of this,
If any thing hath borne amisse,
Our King and State will all redresse
In this good Parliament.

The order how they rode that day
To you I will in briefe display,
In the best manner that I may,
For now my minde is bent
To publish what my selfe did see,
That all our (Loyall) hearts may be
Partakers as well as we
In ioy of th' Parliament.

In their rich coats, on horse-back tall,
Rode fearlesse as their places fall,
And ouer-ouer went
Some Gentlemen of quality,
That serue the King for annuall fee,
Thus euery man in his degree
Rode to the Parliament.

Heralds in rich coats did ride,
Whose proper office was to guide,
And range the throng on euery side
By place or by descent:
The Trumpets made a cheerfull sound,
Thus ioy did euery where abound. (round,
Heauen blesse King Charles, the world went
And guide the Parliament.

The Maisters of the Chancery
Then next presented themselues to th' eye,
The Counsell of his Maiestie,—
All learned and eloquent:
Next came the Iudges of the land,
In scarlet furr'd with Ermine white,
Thus euery one in order right
Rode to the Parliament.

The Master of th
Rode next along w
A sable Velvet ga
The wore for ord
The sons of our
Each one accordi
In rich apparell h
Did ride to th' P

The Barons of th
In Parliament (r
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The Bishops next
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Rode to the P

The Viscounts ne
In due decorum d
Thus every one, by
In th' accustom
Our Princely Ca
Did cause spectato
The peoples hearts
For ioy oth' Par

Printed at London, and are to be sold

ſcription

iament, on Munday, the thirteenth day of Aprill, 1640.
of all Loyall Subiects.

nd Ioy, &c.

The noble Marquesse Winchester,
Whose vertue doth on him conser
Such excellencies which all prefer
Most high and eminent,
Did ride alone with gallant grace,
As was indeed his proper place,
Thus all rode on with stately pace
Vnto the Parliament.

Earle Marshall with a Scepter of gold,
The Lord high Chamberlain brave and bold,
His staffe of office then did hold,
And thus in State they went:
Lord Treasurer, Lord Privie Seale brave,
Lord Keeper, and the Archbishop grave,
These next the Prince their places have
Ith' Court of Parliament.

Then Princely Charles (that hopefull Lad)
Whose sight made all true subiects glad,
Did ride (as he good reason had)
In place most eminent:
Thus doth the streame of honour bring
Her Rivolets all to the head Spring, (King
From Duke to Prince, from Prince to
In this high Parliament.

The next and last in honours seat
Was he who made the show compleat,
Our gracious King, our Charles the Great,
Our Isles sweet complement,
Did ride in state to open sight,
The royall band of Pensioners wait
About him with guilt Polaxes bright
Vnto the Parliament.

The Master of the horse did lead
On horse-backe) in his hand, a Steed,
A horse of State as call'd indeed:
And last behinde him went
The Noble Captaine, and the Guard,
All in rich coats (for this prepar'd)
Against this day no cost was spar'd
To grace the Parliament.

Besides all this which hath been told
(To speake the same I dare be bold)
Though corporall eyes could not behold,
A Legion did present
Celestiall service to attend
King Charles, and him from harm defend;
The King of Kings and's Angels send
T'assist our Parliament.

FINIS. M. P.

An Exact Description Of the manner how his Maiestie and his Nobles went to the Parliament, on Munday, the thirteenth day of Aprill, 1640. to the comfortable expectation of all Loyall Subiects.

To the tune of *Triumph and Ioy, &c.*

1 Come the merriest of the nine,
And now unto my aid incline,
I need a little helpe of thine
For now I have intent
Unto the world to say and sing
The praises of our royall King,
Who now this present hopefull spring
Hath call'd a Parliament.

2 This happy Aprill will, I trust,
Give all true subjects reason just
Of joy to feele a pleasant gust,
To yeeld them hearts content:
For we may be assur'd of this,
If any thing hath beene amisse,
Our King and State will all redresse
In this good Parliament.

3 The order how they rode that day
To you I will in briefe display,
In the best manner that I may,
For now my minde is bent
To publish what my selfe did see,
That absent (Loyall) hearts may be

Participants as well as wee
Ith' joy oth' Parliament.

4 The Messengers oth' Chamber all,
In their rich coats, on horses tall,
Rode formost as their places fall,
And next in order went
Some Gentlemen[1] of quality,
That serve the King for annuall fee,
Thus every man in his degree
Rode to the Parliament.

5 Heralds in rich coats did ride,
Whose proper office was to guide,
And range the show on every side
By place or by descent:
The Trumpets made a cheerfull sound,
Thus joy did every where abound,
Heaven blesse King *Charles*, the word went round,
And guide the Parliament.

6 The Masters of the Chancery
The next present themselves to th' eye,
The Councell of his Maiestie,
All learn'd and eloquent:
Next came the Iudges grave in sight,
In scarlet furr'd with Miniver white,
Thus every one in order right
Rode to the Parliament.

[1] *Text* Gentlement.

7 The Master of the Rols[2] in place
Rode next along with gentle pace,
A sable Velvet gowne that space
He wore for ornament:
The sons of our Nobilitie
Each one according to 's degree,
In rich apparell brave to see,
Did ride to th' Parliament.

8 The Barons of the Kingdome all,
In Parliament robes (as we them call)[3]
Each one iust as his place did fall,
In noble order went
By the antiquitie of blood;
The Bishops next made places good,
Each one in 's Scarlet gowne and hood,
Rode to the Parliament.

9 The Viscounts next in order past
As due decorum did fore-cast,
Clad every one, both first and last,
In fit acoutrement:
Our Princely Earles in rich attire,
Did cause spectators to admire
The peoples hearts were set on fire
For joy oth' Parliament.

10 The noble Marquesse Winchester,[4]
Whose vertue doth on him confer

[2] Sir Charles Caesar.
[3] In the text the first parenthesis comes before *robes*.
[4] John Paulet, fifth Marquis.

Such excellencie which all prefer
Most high and eminent,
Did ride alone with gallant grace,
As was indeed his proper place,
Thus all rode on with stately pace
Vnto the Parliament.

11 Earle Marshall[5] with a Scepter of gold,
The Lord high Chamberlain[6] brave and bold,
His staffe of office then did hold,
And thus in State they went:
Lord Treasurer,[7] Lord Privie Seale[8] brave,
Lord Keeper,[9] and the Archbishop[10] grave,
These next the Prince their places have
Ith' Court of Parliament.

12 Then Princely *Charles* (that hopefull Lad)
Whose sight made all true subiects glad,
Did ride (as he good reason had)
In place most eminent:
Thus doth the streame of honour bring
Her Rivolets all to the head Spring,
From Peer to th' Prince, from th' Prince to
th' King[11]
In this high Parliament.

13 The next and last in honours seat
Was he who made the show compleat,

[5] Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey.
[6] Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
[7] William Jaxon, Bishop of London.
[8] Henry Montagu, Earl of Manchester.
[9] Sir John Finch. [10] Laud.
[11] Each *th'* is joined to the word that precedes it.

Our gracious King, our *Charles* the Great,
Our ioyes sweet complement,
Did ride in state to open sight,
The royall band of Pensioners wait
About him with guilt Polaxes bright
Vnto the Parliament.

14 The Master of the horse[12] did lead
(On horse-backe) in his hand, a Steed,
A horse of State tis call'd indeed:
And last behinde him went
The Noble Captaine, and the Guard,
All in rich coats (for this prepar'd)
Against this day no cost was spar'd
To grace the Parliament.

15 Besides all this which hath been told
(To speake the same I dare be bold)
Though corporall eyes could not behold,
A Legion did present
Celestiall service to attend
King *Charles*, and him from harm defend:
The King of Kings did 's Angels send
T' assist our Parliament.

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed at London, and are to be sold at the Horse-shooe in Smithfield.

[12] James, Marquis of Hamilton.

2

A true subject's wish

Wood 401 (141), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts. The ballad has been reprinted by Professor Sir C. H. Firth in the *Scottish Historical Review*, III, 263–265 (April, 1906). It was registered for publication by Mrs. Griffin on April 24, 1640 (Arber's *Transcript*, IV, 508).

Here the devoted Royalist Martin Parker hopefully exhorts all true Englishmen to "freely disburse both person, purse, and all you may" to crush Jocky, the rebellious Scot. Parker had no doubts whatever of the divinity of Charles I's rights or of the true nobility of his every act: he devoutly believed that in every lawful thing Charles sought only the weal of the people. This loyalty is refreshing, and it is certain that songs like this did much to enable the King to hold up for a time his losing cause. It would be interesting to know why Parker contented himself with balladry and prayer, rather than with martial deeds: perhaps the answer is that he was too old for active service or that—like Milton apparently—he thought his pen likely to do more good than his sword.

Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland (1602–1668), was made general of the forces raised for the second Scottish war in February, 1640. Parker would not have spoken so flatteringly of him (cf. stanza 14) a few years later when he had turned to the side of Parliament and was acting as guardian of the imprisoned King's two youngest children. On the disloyal intrigues of the Scots with the King of France (stanzas 8–10), see the discussion in Gardiner's *History of England*, 1894, IX, 90 f.

For the tune cf. No. 3.

A true Subiects wish.

For the happy successe of our Royall Army preparing to resist the factious Rebellion of those insolent Covenanters (against the sacred Maiesty, of our gracious and loving king *Charles*) in *Scotland*.

To the tune of, *O how now Mars, &c.*

1 If ever England had occasion,
Her ancient honour to defend,
Then let her now make preparation,
Unto an honourable end:
the factious Scot
is very hot,
His ancient spleene is ne'er[1] forgot
He long hath bin about this plot.

2 Under the colour of religion,
(With hypocriticall pretence)
They make a fraction in that Region,
And Rise against their native Prince,
whom heaven blesse
with happinesse,
and all his enemies represse,
accurst be he that wisheth lesse.

3 Our gratious Soueraigne very mildely,
Did grant them what they did desire,
Yet they ingratefully and vildly,
Haue still continued the fire
of discontent
'gainst gouernment,

[1] *Text* neer'.

but England now is fully bent,
proud Iocky's bosting to preuent.

4 It much importeth Englands honour
Such faithlesse Rebels to oppose,
And eleuate Saint Georges banner,
Against them as our countries foes,
and they shall see,
how stoutly we,
(for Royall *Charles* with courage free)
will fight if there occasion be.

5 Unto the world it is apparent,
That they rebell ith' high'st degree,
No true Religion wil giue warrant,
That any subiect arm'd should be,
against his Prince
in any sence,
what ere he hold for his pretence,
Rebellion is a foule offence.

6 Nay more to aggrauate the euill,
And make them odious mongst good men,
It will appeare, that all their levell,
Is change of gouernment, and then,
what will insue,
amongst the crew,
but *Iocky* with his bonnet blew,
both Crown and Scepter would subdue.

7 Who of these men will take compassion,
That are disloyall to their king,

Among them borne in their owne nation,
And one who in each lawfull thing,
doth seeke their weale,
with perfect Zeale,
to any good man I'le appeale,
if with king *Charles* they rightly deale.

The Second part, To the same tune.

8 The Lord to publish their intentions,
Did bring to light a trecherous thing,
For they to further their inventions,
A Letter wrote to the French King,
and in the same,
his aide to claime,
with subtlety their words they frame,
which letter to our Soueraigne came.

9 Then let all loyall subiects iudge it,
If we haue not a cause to fight,
You who haue mony doe not grudge it,
But in your king and countries right,
freely disburse,
both person, purse,
and all you may to auoyd the curse,
of lasting warre which will be worse.

10 If they are growne so farre audacious,
That they durst call in forraine aide,
Against a king so milde and gratious,
Haue we not cause to be afraid,
of life and blood,
we then had stood,

in danger of such neighbourhood,
in time to quell them twill be good.

11 Then noble Country-men be armed,
To tame these proud outdaring Scots,
That Englands honour be not harmed,
Let all according to their lots,
couragiously
their fortune try,
against the vaunting enemy,
and come home crownd with victory.

12 The noble Irish good example,
Doth give of his fidelity,
His purse, and person is so ample,
To serve his royall maiesty,
and gladly he
the man will be,
to scourge the Scots disloyalty,
if Englands honour would agree.

13 Then we more neerely interessed,
Ith future danger that might chance,
If that against our soveraigne blessed,
Those rebels had got aide from France,
should not be slacke,
nor ere shrinke backe,
or let king *Charles* assistance lacke,
to tame in time this saucy Iacke.

14 We have a Generall so noble,
(The great Earle of Northumberland)

That twill (I trust) be little trouble,
Those factious rebels to withstand:
his very name
seemes to proclaime,
and to the world divulge the same,
his ancestors there won such fame.

The God of hosts goe with our army,
My noble hearts for you ile pray,
That neuer any foe may harme ye,
Nor any stratagem betray
your braue designe,
may beames divine,
upon your ensignes brightly shine,
Amen say I, and every friend of mine.

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed at London by E. G. and are to be sold at the Horse-shoe in Smithfield.

3

Britain's honor

Wood 401 (131), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

This loyal ballad, in which true Englishmen are urged to fight for Charles I, must have appeared early in September, 1640, after the rout at Newburn on August 28 and the loss of Newcastle to the Scots, as is described in the ballad next following, on August 30. It is a glorification of two brave Welshmen—a race at this time (though later their cowardice became almost proverbial among the Cavaliers) in high favor for their loyalty to the King. "There are," remarked the *Scots Scouts Discoveries*, 1642 (*Phoenix Britannicus*, 1732, p. 466), "a Kind of *Beadles* runs up and down, about the Town, yelping out your Destruction, crying; O the Valour of the *Welch-men!* who are gone to kill the Scots: Well, look you have *Leeks*, and *Causbobby*, and give them good Words, and call them bold *Britons*, and then you may do with them what you will." A long list of Civil-War works directed against Welshmen is given in W. C. Hazlitt's *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, IV, 323–325, and in his *Handbook*, 1867, pp. 637–639.

The incident here related has not, so far as I know, elsewhere been told, though there ought to be pamphlets on the subject. The engagement hardly seems to have been as impressive as M. P. believed, since only six men, all told, out of 15,000 were slain. From hearsay, Henry Townshend, of Worcester (*Diary*, ed. Bund, I, 6), reported that the Scottish army consisted "of about 20,000 men and 1000 women, with some light arms and 17 field pieces." The ballad has been reprinted by Professor Sir Charles Firth in the *Scottish Historical Review*, III (1906), 266–268.

The tune (also used for No. 2) comes from the first line, "Oh! how now, Mars, what is thy humour?" of "An English Challenge and Reply from Scotland," a ballad reprinted in *Ballads and Other Fugitive Poetical Pieces . . . from the Collections of Sir James Balfour*, pp. 29 ff.

Britaines Honour.

In the two Valiant *Welchmen*, who fought against fifteene thousand *Scots*, at their now comming to *England* passing over *Tyne*; whereof one was kill'd manfully fighting against his foes, and the other being taken Prisoner, is now (upon relaxation) come to Yorke to his Majestie.

The tune is, *How now Mars &c.*

1 You noble *Brittaines* bold and hardy,
That iustly are deriv'd from Brute,
Who were in battell ne're found tardy,[1]
But still will fight for your repute;
'gainst any hee,
What e'r a' be,
Now for your credit list to me,
Two *Welchmens* valour you shall see.

2 These two undaunted Troian worthies,
(Who prized honour more then life,)
With Royall *Charles*, who in the North is,
To salve (with care) the ulcerous strife;
Which frantick sots,
With conscious spots,
Bring on their soules; these two hot shots,
Withstood full fifteene thousand *Scots*.

3 The manner how shall be related,
That all who are King *Charles* his friends
May be with courage animated,
Unto such honourable ends;

[1] *Text* ta[]dy.

These cavaliers,
Both Musquetiers,
Could never be possest with feares,
Though the *Scots* Army nigh appeares.

4 Within their workes neere Tyne intrench'd
Some of our Soveraignes forces lay;
When the *Scots* Army came, they flinched,
And on good cause retyr'd away;
Yet blame them not,
For why the *Scot*,
Was five to one, and came so hot,
Nothing by staying could be got.

5 Yet these two Martialists so famous,
One to another thus did say;
Report hereafter shall not shame us,
Let *Welchmen* scorne to runne away;
Now for our King,
Let's doe a thing
Whereof the world shall loudly ring
Unto the grace of our off-spring.

6 The vaunting *Scot* shall know what valour,
Doth in a *Britains* brest reside;
They shall not bring us any dolour;
But first wee'll tame some of their pride.
What though we dy,
Both thee and I?
Yet this we know assuredly,
In life and death ther's victory.

The second part, to the same tune.

7 With this unbounded resolution,
These branches of *Cadwalader;*
To put their wills in execution,
Out of their trenches would not[2] stir,
But all night lay,
And would not stray,
Out of the worke, and oth' next day,
The *Scots* past o'r in Battell aray.

8 The hardy *Welchmen* that had vowed,
Like *Jonathan* unto his *David;*
Unto the *Scots* themselves they showed,
And so couragiously behaved
Themselves that they
Would ne'r give way,
But in despite oth' foe would stay,
For nothing could their minds dismay.

9 Even in the Iawes of death and danger
Where fifteene thousand was to two,
They still stood to 't and (which is stranger)
More then themselves they did subdue.[3]
Courage they cry'd;
Lets still abide,
Let *Brittaines* fame be dignifi'd,
When two the Scottish hoasts defide.

10 At length (when he two *Scots* had killed)
One of them brauely lost his life,

[2] *Text* wouldnot. [3] No period.

His strength and courage few excelled;
Yet all must yeeld toth' fatall knife.
The other hee,
Having slaine three,
Did Prisoner yeeld himselfe to be,
But now againe he is set free.

11 This is the story of these victors,
Who as they sprung oth' Troians race,
So they did shew like, two young Hectors;
Unto their enemies disgrace;
Hereafter may,
Times children say,
Two valiant *Welchmen* did hold play,
With fifteene thousand *Scots* that day.

12 His Maiesty in Princely manner,
To give true vertue its reward;
The man surviving more to honour,
Hath in particular regard.
Thus valiant deeds,
Reward succeeds,
And from that branch, which valour breeds,
All honourable fruit proceeds.

13 Now some may say (I doe confesse it)
That all such desperate attempts
Spring only from foolehardinesse; yet
Who ever this rare deed exempts,
From valour true,
(if him I knew)

I would tell him (and 'twere but due)
Such men our Soveraigne hath too few.

14 For surely tis a rare example,
Who now will feare to fight with ten,
When these two lads (with courage ample)
Opposed fifteene thousand men,
Then heigh for *Wales*,
Scots strike your Sayles,
For all your proiects nought prevailes,
True *Brittains* scorne to turne their tayles.

FINIS.

M. P.

London Printed by *E. G.* and are to be sold at the Horse-Shooe in Smith-field.

4

News from Newcastle

Manchester, I, 1, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts. Half of the first column, comprising the first three and a half stanzas, is torn away. These stanzas no doubt contained the bitterest part of Parker's denunciation of the Scots, though almost nothing of his account of the loss of Newcastle is missing. On Parker's anti-Scots ballads in general see p. 9.

Edward, Viscount Conway, commander of the Royalist Horse, was defeated at the Newburn ford of the River Tyne—the engagement in which the two Welshmen of the preceding ballad behaved so gallantly —on August 28, 1640. The victorious Scots pushed on to Newcastle, which Conway abandoned on August 29. The next morning they occupied that city, seizing the King's custom-house as well as the stores which the royal army had left behind. See the letter in which Sir Henry Vane informed Sir Francis Windebank of this disaster (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1640–41*, p. 248) and Gardiner's *History of England*, 1894, IX, 192 ff. Charles Porter (stanza 7) was the son of Endymion Porter, the friend of Herrick. Writing to a servant of Endymion Porter's, one Sergeant-Major George Shaw declared (November 6, 1640): "My dear comrade Charles Porter, I have no words to express my sorrow for that brave young cavalier of so great expectations" (*Cal. State Papers, Dom., 1640*, p. 645. For further information about Charles see the same, pp. 75, 231). Henry Wilmot (stanza 6) was Commissary-General of the Horse. Sir John Digby (stanza 6) is mentioned also in the ballad next following. Parker may have followed an oral account of the battle.

For the tune see No. 6.

Newes from *New-castle* with
An Advertisement,
To all English men that (for the safety of themselves, their King and Country) they would abandon the fond opinion, (which too many doe conceave) of the *Scots* good meaning to *England*, which our fore-fathers have ever experienced to the contrary; they having bin oftentimes found to bee circumventing Machiavillians, and faythles truce breakers. This ditty was written upon some occasion of newes from the *North*; containing the *Scots* surprizing of *New-Castle*, where they left three thousand men in Garison, with a briefe touch of some of our brave Cavaleirs who manfully fought in that conflict.

The tune is, *Lets to the Wars againe.*

1 How shall we dare to trust them now,
Unlesse old time hath tane a course,
To make them better and us worse?[1]
O let not faire words, &c.

2 How ever they for their owne ends,
Count some their foes, & some their friends,
If we into their hands should fall,
The sword no difference makes at all,
Deare Country men then credit not,
The promise of a flattering *Scot.*
O let not faire words, &c.

[1] *Text* wore.

3 They are you see already come,
To seeke us at our native home,
But sure (unlesse my wishes fayles)
They'le ne'r returne to tell more tales,
If God knit English hearts in one,
Jocky will wish that he were gone.
Then let not faire words, &c.

4 *New-Castle* they surprised have,
Where certaine of our gallants brave,
Both horse and foote yielding their breath,
Have (with their dying) conquered death,
Others likewise they prisoners tooke.
For a reward they soone must looke.
Then let not faire words, &c.

The Second part, To the same tune.

5 The illustrious vizcount *Conway* stout,
Did what man could to keepe them out,
His sword up to the hilts he ran,
In a *Scots* heart (some noted man,)
Yet he came off with little harme,
Only a little hurt i'th Arme.
Then let not faire words, make fooles faine,
But let us beate the Scots againe.

6 That valorous and worthy Knight,
(Whose fame through Christendome shines bright),[2]
Bold S. *John Digby's* horse dead shot
Became a prisoner to the *Scot*,

[2] Parenthesis not closed.

The noble Colonell *Willmot* shard,
With brave sir *Iohn;* both kept in ward.
Then let not faire words, &c.

7 That hopefull bud of chevalry,
Valiant *Charles Porter* manfully,
Being Cornet of a warlike troupe,
Ne'r yielded till death made him stoope,
He seal'd his honor with his blood,
Dying for's King and countries good,
Then let not faire words, &c.

8 His broken sword in's hand was found,
(When he lay grovelling on the ground)
His Cornet colors 'twixt his thighes,
Thus yielded he in sacrifice,
His life and blood in's Countries right,
Making his fame in's death shine bright.
Then let not faire words.[3]

9 Some other of our Cavaleirs,
Were slaine and hurt, as it appears,
About six hundred men outright,
(Of horse and foote) were kil'd i'th fight,
And of the *Scots* 'tis iustify'd,
As many if not more then dy'd;
Then let not faire, &c.

10 When they surprised had the Towne,
(Wherein their minds to us is knowne,)

[3] Comma.

Three thousand men in Garison:
They left the Towne to luke upon,
They seas'd and seal'd th' warehouses all,
Is this the thing you friendship call?
Then let not faire, &c.

11 The Country must the Army finde,
Such charge the *Scots*[4] have left behind,[5]
With bread, cheese, butter, drink, and smoke,
All this to doe they did provoke;
At their returne they will pay all,
But that I trust they never shall.
Then let not faire, &c.

12 Our Lord protect King *Charles;* and send,
This war may bring a peacefull end,
Let palms of victory deck his brow,
And having made his foes to bow,
Bring him in safety home againe,
Alwayes in peace heere to remaine,
Then let not faire words, &c.

FINIS.

M. P.

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62542

[4] Text *Stots.*
[5] Text has a parenthesis.

5

Good news from the north

Wood 401 (133), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts. The names at the end are arranged in three parallel columns, the first ending with the third name, the second with the twentieth. Edward Griffin registered "Good newes from the North &c" on September 29, 1640 (Arber's *Transcript*, IV, 521). It has been reprinted by Professor Sir Charles Firth in the *Scottish Historical Review*, III (1906), 269–272.

The ballad deals with a minor engagement of the war (though to Parker it seemed of great importance), and presents in efficient newspaper style news calculated to cheer the Royalists. At the end, a typical war-bulletin appears, showing how admirably seventeenth-century ballads were adapted to journalism. An account of the engagement is given also in Baillie's *Letters*, I, 261; in letters from Sir Henry Vane and Captain John Digby (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1640–41*, pp. 79–81, 178); and in the life of Sir Thomas Smith (Edward Walsingham's *Britannicae Virtutis Imago, or the Effigies of True Fortitude*, Oxford, 1644, pp. 7–8. Cf. Professor Firth's notes, *loc. cit.*, p. 269). Vane's letter to Secretary Windebank, as summarized in the *Calendar of State Papers*, runs:

> Lieutenant Smith, who commanded Sir John Digby's troop, with 60 horse surprised Sir Alexander Douglas, Major to Colonel Ramsay, that took Sir John Digby prisoner who came into Yorkshire over Tees with 60 horse and were plundering the house of a Mr. Pudsey, who gave our troops notice of their being there. Captain John Digby, the Earl of Bristol's son, with three or four troops cut off their passage at Croft Brigg, the great rains made the river not fordable, so that 10 of them offering to swim the river were drowned, 21 that resisted were killed on the spot, 37 taken prisoners, besides all the officers and the horses of the whole troop with such arms as they had, which are but mean and so are their horses.

Thomas Pudsey, at whose house the fight occurred, had been granted by the government on March 30, 1616, a pension of £160 per annum during the life of his wife Faith, in consideration of the fact that his

father had loaned to Mary Queen of Scots £1000 that was never repaid (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1611–18*, p. 359).

This is probably one of the ballads against the Scots to which Margery Marprelate referred (cf. pp. 8 ff.). It shows Parker, as always, bitterly disdainful of the Scottish rebels: he was so devoted to Charles I that he had no patience with rebellion, whatever its cause.

The tune, which comes from a ballad not extant, was used frequently, as for "The Seaman's Song of Captain Ward" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 423, 784; cf. I, 457).

Good Newes from the North,
Truly relating how about a hundred of the *Scottish* Rebels, intending to plunder the house of M. *Thomas Pudsie* (at *Stapleton* in the Bishoprick[1] of *Durham*.) Were set upon by a troupe of our horsemen, under the conduct of that truly valorous gentleman Leiutenant *Smith*, Leiutenant to noble Sr. *John Digby;* thirty nine of them (whereof some were men of quality) are taken prisoners, the rest all slaine except foure or five which fled, wherof two are drowned. The names of them taken is inserted in a list by it selfe. This was upon Friday about fore of the clock in the morning, the eightenth day of this instant September, 1640.

The tune is, *King Henry going to Bulloine.*

1 All you who wish prosperity,
To our King and Country,
and their confusion which falce hearted be,
Here is some newes (to cheare your hearts,)
Lately from the Northerne parts,
of brave exployts perform'd with corage free.

2 The *Scots* (there in possesion,) [2]
Almost beyond expression,
afflict the people in outragious wise;
Besides their lowance (which is much)
The cruelty of them is such,
that all they find they take as lawfull prise.

3 *Sheepe*, *Oxen*, *Kine* and *Horses*,
Their quotidiall course is,

[1] *Text* Bishopri[]k. [2] Parenthesis not closed.

to drive away where ever them they finde;
Money plate and such good geere,
From the Houses far and neere,
they beare away even what doth please their mind.

4 But theirs[3] an ancient adage,
Oft used in this mad age,
the Pitcher goes so often to the Well;
That it comes broken home at last,
So they for all their knavery past,
shall rue ere long though yet with pride they swell.

5 As this our present story,
(To the deserved glory,[4]
of them who were the actors in this play,)
Unto you shall a relish give,
Of what (if heaven let us liue;)
will come to passe which is our foes decay.

6 These rebels use to pillage,
In every country Village,
and unresisted romed up and downe;
But now at last the greedy *Scot*,
Hath a friday's breakefast got,
few of such feasts wil pull their courage down.[5]

7 At foure o'th clock i'th morning,
(Let all the rest take warning)
about a hundred of these rebels came;
To M.[5] *Pudseys* house where they,
Made sure account to have a prey,
for their intention was to rob the same.

[3] I.e., there's. [4] Period. [5] No period.

8 Of no danger thinking,
To eating and to drinking,
the *Scots* did fall, but sure they said no grace,
For there they eat and drank their last,
With ill successe they brake their fast,[6]
most of them to disgest it had no space.

9 An English troope not farre thence,
Had (it seemes) intelligence
of these bad guests at Master *Pudseyes* house,
And with all speed to *Stapleton*,
With great courage they rode on,
while *Jocky* was drinking his last carouse.

10 The house they did beleaguer
And like to Lions eager,
they fell upon the *Scots* pell-mell so fast,
That in a little space of time,
Byth' Rebels fall our men did clime,
they paid them for their insolencies past.

The second part. To the same tune.

11 In briefe the brave Lieutenant,
With his men valiant,
so plaid their parts against the daring foes,
That quickly they had cause to say,
Sweet meat must have sowre sauce alway,
for so indeed they found to all their woes.

12 Thirty nine are prisoners taine,
And all the rest outright are slaine,

[6] Period.

except some foure or five that ran away,
And two of those (as some alledge)
Were drown'd in passing o're Crofts bridge,
so neer they were pursu'd they durst not stay.

13 Of them who are in durance
(Under good assurance)
some officers and men of quality,
Among them are, 'tis manifest,
To them who will peruse the List,
Wherein their names are set down orderly.

14 Thus worthy *Smith* his valour,
Hath showne unto the dolor,
of these proud Rebels, which with suttle wiles,
Came as in zeale and nothing else,
But now deare bought experience tels
those were but faire pretences to beguil 's.

15 But th' end of their intention
Is if (with circumvention)
they can make us beleeve what they pretend,
They'll hold us on with fained words,
And make us loath to draw our swords,
to worke our ruine, that's their chiefest end.

16 But God I trust will quickly
Heale our Kingdome sickly,
too long indeed sick of credulity;
And their blind eyes illuminate,
Who bring this danger to the State,
by trusting to a friend-like enemie.

17 Ile dayly pray and hourely,
As it doth in my power lye,

to him by whom Kings reigne; that with successe,
King *Charles* goe on and prosper may,
And (having made the *Scots* obay,)
rule o're[7] his Lands in peace and happinesse.[8]

18 *Septemb.* 1640 being Fryday morning.

At Stapleton 3 miles beyond Pearce bridge wee met with the Scots at 4 of the Clocke in the morning at Master Pudseys house in the Bishopricke of Durham, at breakfast, when wee made our Skirmish. Lieutenant Smith had the day, five or six of them escaped by Croft bridge, where they say they make their Randevous, the prisoners that were taken, are these that follow, viz.

1 *Sir Archibald Douglasse, Sergeant Maior to Collonel.*
2 *Iames Ramsey.*
3 *Iohn Leirmouth,* Lieutenant to Captaine Ayton.
4 *Hopper Cornet* to the Maior *Duglasse.*
5 *Ia. Ogley,* Sarjeant to the said Major.
6 *Patricke Vamphogie troup.*
7 *Iames Colvildell.*
8 *Iames Levingston.*
9 *Hector Mackmouth.*
10 *Iohn Cowde.*
11 *Iohn Hench.*
12 *Alexander Paxton, wounded.*
13 *William Ridge.*
14 *David Buens wounded.*
15 *Adam Bonnyer.*
16 *Rob. Ferrony.*
17 *Io. Milverne.*
18 *David Borret.*
19 *Rob. Leisley.*
20 *Ia. Ramsey.*
21 *Allen Duckdell* a dutch boy wounded.
22 *Alexander Fordringham.*
23 *Io. Cattricke.*
24 *Allen Levingston.*
25 *George Harret.*
26 *Andrew Tournes.*
27 *Robert Watts.*
28 *Alexander Watts.*
29 *William Anderson.*
30 *Io. Layton.*
31 *Alex. Dick.*
32 *Patricke Cranny.*
33 *William Simpson.*
34 *Tho. Husband* neere dead.
35 *Io. Hill.*
36 *Thomas Ferley.*
37 *Andrew Whitehall.*
38 *Iames Vianley.*

FINIS.[8]

M. P.

London Printed by *E. G.* and are to be sold at the signe of the Horse-shooe in *Smithfield.* 1640.[8]

[7] *Text* or'e. [8] No period.

6

The great Turk's terrible challenge

Manchester, I, 2, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts. The colophon is mutilated. Punctuation marks are used sparsely.

The only ballad entered in the Stationers' Register on a theme similar to this was Henry Gosson's "The Turkes denouncing of warr against ye Christians," May 21, 1640 (Arber's *Transcript*, IV, 512). Soloma Hometh is better known as Murad IV, the most cruel of all Turkish sultans, who ruled from 1623 to 1640. According to stanza 2, Murad was thirty-three years of age at his death. This assertion is supported by various authorities, who place his birth in 1607; others give the date 1609; while in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, eleventh edition, it is said to be 1611. Murad was succeeded by his brother, Ibrahim, who was murdered in 1648. For a pamphlet which repeats some of the details given in the ballad see the *Harleian Miscellany*, 1809, IV, 37–38.

The tune of *My bleeding heart* comes from the first line of Martin Parker's "A Warning to All Lewd Livers. To the tune of *Sir Andrew Barton*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 23). It is not known, but *Let us to the wars again* (cf. Nos. 4, 59)—named from the refrain of a ballad reprinted in my *Pepysian Garland*, No. 73—is equivalent to *Maying Time*, the music for which is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 377.

The Great Turks terrible Challenge, this yeare 1640. Pronounced against the Emperour of Germany and the King of Poland by *Soloma Hometh* who lately deceased, but continued by his brother *Ibraim*, the first of that name.

To the tune of *My bleeding heart*, or *Lets to the wars againe.*

1 You that desire strange newes to heare,
Unto my story now give eare,
Great warres there is pronouncd of late,
By him who doth all Christians hate:
Gainst Romes Imperiall Maiesty,[1]
And King of Poland[2] joyning nigh,
By the great Turk who would devoure,
Each Christian kingdome by his power.

2 *Soloma Hometh* called so,
This Tirant grat and Christians foe,
At three and thirty yeeres of age,
Death finisht up his dayes and rage:
Yet for all that their Turkish hate,
Gainst Christian kings doth naught abate,
But God deliver Christians all,
That they by such do never fall.

3 Though death did happily prevent,
The cruell Tirants bad intent,
Yet hee which doth him now succeed,
More terrors to the world doth breed:
Whose bloody purpose is inclinde,
To prosecute as twas designd,

[1] Frederick III. [2] Wladislaus IV.

The Christian kingdomes to devoure,
But God confound the Pagans power.

4 With fearfull sentence challenging,
Romes Emperor, and Polands king,
Their Princes, Peeres, and Pope[3] also,
With all that there adjoynes unto:
For by their kingdomes crownes they sweare,
To come before their Cities there,
But God deliver Christians all,
That they by such do never fall.

5 And will with thirteen kingdomes rise
The Christian world for to surprise,
Full thirteen hundred thousand strong
Of Turkish powers to march along,
With full intention to subdue,
The Christian princes with this crew,
But God deliver Christians all,
That they by such do never fall.

6 Nay more say they, behold at length
With all our great Imperiall strength,
Such as by you was never seen,
Nor yet in any kingdome been:
Weell come your nations to destroy,
Which you shall never more injoy,
But God, &c.

7 With mighty power for to subdue,
The Germane Emperor, and pursue

[3] Urban VIII.

Him to the end with fire and sword,
And tiranny to be abhord:
Also the Polanders devoure,
With force of armes and Pagans powre,
But God deliver Christians all,
That they by such doe never fall.

The second Part to the same Tune.

8 They give them for to understand,
How they will terrifie each land,
To rob to murther and destroy
With burning all they do injoy,
And put them to the cruellest death,
That ever was devizd on earth:
But God deliver Christians all,
That they by such do never fall.

9 Their bloody minds they thus reveale,
The golden scepter and the seale,
Of Rome say they wee will suppresse,
And fill your nations with distresse,
And those say they we prisners take
More worse then dogs of them weele make.[4]
But God &c.

10 The Turke against the Polands King
Five hundred thousand strong doth bring
And of Tartarians by him sent
To Wallachy Seventy thousand went
Which puts the country in great fear

[4] No period.

To see their enemies so neere:
But Lord &c.

11 The king of Poland for this end
Lord Palatine[5] to Rome did send
Embassadors to certifie
There enimies aproached nigh,
In the meane time the Polander
Great preparation makes for warre,
But Lord &c.

12 The Turkes of Tunnis and Argier
To aggravate the peoples feare
With sixty saile of galleys goes
The Christian kingdomes to oppose,
Such preparation there is still,
As may the world with rumours fill.
But God, &c.

13 A greater navy there is more
Providing neere the Turkish shore,
Of ships and Gallies sixscore sayle,
Least they should of their purpose fayle.
The Knights of *Malta* they likewise,
For to prevent their enemies,
The landing of the Turks to stop,
Have strongly blockt their Harbors up.

14 Within five leagues the enemies,
From the Polonian frontiers lies,
Where unawares they chancst to fall,
On the Polonians Generall.

[5] Charles Lewis.

Who with foure hundred men and horse,
Went to discry the Turkish force,
But most part of his men are slaine,
And he with hurt return'd againe.

So that in *Poland* there is bred,
By them great terror and much dread,
For to behold their enemy,
So strong against their frontiers ly,
For which they have proclaim'd[6] a fast,
That God in mercy at the last,
May rid them of these Pagans all,
That they by them may never fall.

FINIS.[7]

Printed for *Richard Harper at* the Bible [and Harp in Smithfield.][7]

[6] *Text* prolaim'd. [7] Sheet torn.

7

Beggars all a-row

Manchester, II, 34, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts, slightly mutilated. Brackets indicate tears in the text.

The date is about 1640–1641. On Humphrey Crouch, the author, see No. 12, and observe that in stanza 15 as well as in No. 54 he speaks of his personal poverty. In both cases, of course, Crouch may have been jesting, but one suspects that in his remarks there was actually more truth than poetry. Ballads seldom brought money to the pockets of their authors. The tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 341. The ballad from which it is derived and which is referred to in the first line below was registered for publication on June 9, 1637 (Arber's *Transcript*, IV, 385), and is preserved in *Wit and Drollery*, 1661 (cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, 668).

The opening stanza (9) of Part Two is a very good specimen of the popular bacchanalian.

A pleasant new song that plainely doth show,
that al are Beggers, both high and low,
A meane estate let none despise:
for tis not Money that makes a man wise.

To the tune of *Cuckolds all a row.*

1 Come cease your songs of Cuckolds row
for now tis somthing stale,
And let vs sing of Beggers now,
For thats in generall,
In City and in Country,
men from high to low,
In each degree or quality,
Are Beggers all a row.

2 How many men are there that liue,
and doe no good at all?
And such had rather spend, then giue
to them that liue in thrall,
Lose a hundred at a cast,
as much at the next throw,
But what comes of them at the last,
Beggers all a row.

3 Some countrey Lads that backward thriues,
left with a large estate,
Weary of those countrey liues,
they haue enough of that:
The countrey then the City courts,
a countrey life's too low,
For here are many tricks and sports,
makes Beggers all a row.

4 First for a Coach and horses,
theres one reuersion flies,
[The se]conds [for] new Fashions,
[and all such va]nities,
[Another goes for] Maid and Man,
[his fortune soon]e growes low,
[He sells his Co]ach for a Sedan,
[*with Beggers all a row.*]

5 I saw a handsome proper youth,
and he was wonderous fine,
But when I vnderstood the truth,
his case was worse then mine,
On wine and Drabs, he did all spend,
which wrought his ouerthrow,
So fortune plac'd him in the end,
with Beggers all a row.[1]

6 I haue a Mistris of mine owne,
that beares a lofty spirit,
Though gold and siluer she hath none
nor any good demerit,
Yet will she braue it with the best,
where euer she doth goe,
And be at euery Gossips feast,
with Beggers all a row.

7 But of all Beggers he's the worst,
that doth complaine he's poore:
And euermore shall be accurst,
that starues in midst of store,

[1] Comma.

Let Usurers therefore take heed,
least to the Deuill they goe,
That doe complaine before they neede,
with Beggers all a row.

8 Gilbert loues the Ale-house well,
Dick will not be behind,
Iane and Tib, and bonny Nell,
are to each other kind,
For two full pots, come let vs joyn[e]
although our states be low,
My money still shall goe with thin[e,]
Begge[rs all a r]ow.

The second part, To the same tune.

9 In faith my Landlord is not paid,
and what care I for that,
My Grannam she hath often said,
that care will kill a Cat,
Come fill vs tother Pot good Boy,
and then introth weele goe,
Come neighbour why are you so coy,
we are Beggers all a row.

10 Ione hath paund her band of Lawne,
and Tom his fudling Cap,
Ralph hath laid his Cloke to pawne,
for to maintaine the Tap,
The Ale-house thriueth best I see,
this all the world doth know,
So here good fellow here's to thee,
Beggers all a row.

11 I haue another Teaster yet,
and cannot be content,
I cannot rest nor quiet sit,
till all my money be spent,
Too much money makes men mad,
the prouerb plaine doth show,
And want of mony makes men sad,
and Beggers all a row.

12 The bloudy fight moues me to wrath,
between [the] Dutch and Spaine,
I gladly [now] would know the truth,
who ['twas the] fight did gaine,
The D[utch a]ttempted as its knowne,
the S[pania]rd's ouerthrowe,
Now bo[th o]f them may make their moane,
w'are [Be]ggers all a row.

13 A Country man did sell his Nagge,
three Heafers, and a Bull,
And brought to towne a Canuas bag,
with writings filled full,
But all the money that he had
the Lawyer puld it too,
Alasse poore man thy cause is bad,
Beggers all a row.

14 Two men did passe their words of late
for a Knaue as I did heare,
They paid the debt, and broke their state
for he would not appeare,

Let others take example then,
lest they themselues ouerthrow,
Today they may be gentlemen,
then Beggers all a row.

15 I that made this song of late,
haue well obserued the time,
Ide rather liue in meane estate,
then higher seeke to climbe,
My money is my lackie-boy,
I send him too and fro,
Sweet content I doe inioy,
with Beggers all a row.

16 He that begges an almes of heauen,
cannot complaine he's poore,
His daily Bread is daily giuen,
what can he wish for more?
Thus all are Beggers euery day,
all both high and low,
In this we may conclude and say,
w'are Beggers all a row.

FINIS.

Humfrey Crowch.

[Pr]inted[2] by *M. F.* for *R. Harper*, and are to be sold at the Bible and [Harp][2] in Smithfield.[3]

[2] Torn.
[3] No period.

8

The life and death of Sir Thomas Wentworth

C. 20 f. 2 (8), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

Whatever may have been Laurence Price's sentiments during the Civil War, here he expresses great devotion to the King and the royal family, and shows hearty approval of the execution of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford—consent to which is generally regarded as one of the most discreditable of Charles I's acts. As Price chronicles, Strafford was made President of the Council of the North in 1628, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1629, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1640, Knight of the Garter and commander of the army against the Scots in 1640. He was impeached by the Long Parliament on twenty-eight counts, which dealt with his conduct in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and was condemned by a bill of attainder. His melancholy fate has attracted poets as widely separated in genius as Price, John Cleveland, John Denham, and Robert Browning.

Professor Trent remarks that "one might legitimately claim for Price's ballad a distinct Draytonian quality despite the homeliness which distinguishes the later poet." Not so much can be said for a poem in heroic couplets written by one of Price's rivals—"*An Elegie Vpon The Death of Thomas Earle of Strafford, Lord Lievtenant of Ireland. VVho was beheaded upon Tower-Hill, the 12 of May, 1641.* By Thomas Herbert. Printed *Anno. Dom.* 1641." Herbert (who is discussed on pp. 18 f., above) writes in this vein:

> O let Lord *Wentworths* fall, which once was wise,
> Cause us repent, that by it we may rise:
> The quintessence of valour he accounted was,
> But yet the Devill was too strong, alas!
> Who can deride him? and not rather weep,
> That he by Satan should be layd asleep
> In vain securitie. *Ireland* forget his sinne,
> Only forsake those steps which he trod in.

An account of the execution is given in a pamphlet called *The Two Last Speeches of Thomas Wentworth*, 1641. In the same year verses, beginning, "Go, empty joys," said to be of Strafford's own composition were published in broadside-ballad form.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 174.

The true manner of the life and Death of Sir *Thomas Wentworth*, late Lord-Liebtenant Deputy of Ireland, Lord Generall of his Majesties Army, Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, who was beheaded the 12. day of this present moneth of *May*, *1641*.

The tune is *Welladay Welladae*.

1 Country men list to mee
patiently patiently,
And you shall heare and see,
As time giues leasure,
The obiect of mishap,
Caught fast in his owne trap,
Cast out of fortunes lap,
Through his owne folly.

2 Sir *Thomas Wentworth* hee,
At the first at the first
Rose to great dignitie,
And was beloved,
Charles our most gratious King
Grac't him in many a thing,
And did much honour bring,
On his proceedings.

3 Fames Trumpet blasoned forth
His great name, his great name
Lord president of the North,
So was he called,
And as I understand,
Hee had in Ireland,
A place of great command,
To raise his fortunes.

4 More[1] honour did befall,
Unto him unto him,
He was Lord generall,
Of the Kings army,
These titles giuen had hee
By the Kings Maiestie,
And made assuredly
Knight of the Garter.

5 But here's the spoyle of all,
Woe is mee, woe is mee,
Ambition caus'd his fall,
Against all reason,
Hee did our lawes abuse,
And many men misuse,
For which they him accuse,
Quite through the kingdome.

6 New lawes hee sought to make,
In Ireland in Ireland
If he the word did speake,
None durst withstand him,

[1] *Text* Mo[]e.

Hee rul'd with tyranny,
And dealt most cruelly,
To men in misery,
The like was neare heard of.

The Second part, To the same tune.

7 He hath done thousands wrong
As 'tis knowne as 'tis knowne
And cast in prison strong,
Our King's liege people,
Such cruelty possest
His black polluted brest,
Hee thought himselfe well blest,
In acting mischiefe.

8 But those that clime highest of all
Oftentimes oftentimes,
Doe catch the greatest fall,
As here appeareth,
By this unhappy wight,
Who wrong'd his Countryes right,
And over came by might,
Our good king's subiects.

9 To London Tower at last,
He was brought, he was brought,
For his Offences past,
And just deservings,
And after certainely,
He was condemn'd to dye,
For his false trechery,
'Gainst King and Country.

10 It being the twelfth[2] day
In this moneth of May,
As true reports doe say,
Hee came to his tryall,
The Nobles of our land,
By Iustice Iust command,
Past sentence out of hand,
That he should suffer.

11 When the appointed time,
Was come that he should dye,
For his committed crime,
The ax being Ready,
Up to the scaffold hee,
Was brought immediately,
Where thousands came to see,
Him take his death.

12 After some Prayers said,
And certaine speeches made,
O' th' block his head he layd,
Taking his farewell.
The heads-man bloodily,
Divided presently,
His head from his body,
With hees[3] keene weapon.

13 Heauen grant, by his downefall
That others may take heed,
Lord send amongst us all,
True peace of conscience,

[2] *Text* twel[]th. [3] *I.e.*, his.

And may our King and Queene,
Amongst us long be seene,
With all their branches greene,
To all our comfort.

L. P.

London, printed for *Richard Burton*, and are to be sold at the horse shooe at the Hospitall gate in Smithfield.

9

Keep thy head on thy shoulders

Manchester, II, 48, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

This ballad was written shortly after May 12, 1641, the date on which Lord Strafford (stanza 1) was beheaded. Laurence Price saw fit to celebrate Strafford's execution in a woeful good-night (No. 8); John Lookes, in lighter vein, airily dismisses him, ridicules the adherents of the King who, to escape Strafford's fate, have fled from England, and declares that, while beer and wine are obtainable, he will scoff at this "running disease" and will stay at home to carouse.

Sir Francis Windebank, Secretary of State, and John, Lord Finch, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, in 1640 set the fashion of running away: the former, when summoned before the House of Commons early in December to give an account of his interference in the army, the court, and elsewhere in favor of Roman Catholics, was afraid to face the interrogators and, on December 10, fled to France, carrying letters of introduction written by the Queen; the latter, impeached as a traitor in December, fled to the Hague in a vessel of the royal navy. Both gentlemen were the subject of numerous satirical ballads and pamphlets—for example, *Times Alteration; or, A Dialogue betweene my Lord Finch and Secretary Windebancke, at their meeting in France*, 1641 (669. f. 4 (4))—and many passing scornful allusions are made to them in such works as the well-known *Stage-Players' Complaint* (1641).

The "running disease" was soon contracted by Henry Percy, Henry Jermyn, Sir John Suckling, and Sir William Davenant (stanzas 6, 7), who were implicated in the Army Plot of May, 1641. All fled: Jermyn and Suckling reached France in safety, but Davenant was captured, brought before Parliament, tried, and acquitted. His subsequent career is, of course, familiar to everybody. Satirical references to Suckling's flight are too numerous and too well known to need citation here.

John Lookes writes with complete detachment about the tragedy

underlying the death of Strafford and the self-inflicted exile of the King's adherents. Evidently (cf. stanza 8) he sympathized with Parliament rather than the King. But too few of his ballads are preserved for one confidently to speak of his political affiliations. In any case, he continued to write ballads at least until 1648. In that year, his name is familiarly linked with Martin Parker's as if the two men were the leading balladists of the time. Says *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (No. 12), in speaking of Francis Rous's translation of the Psalms: "the more *discerning spirits* charge him with a *Combination*, as if he had taken *John Lookes*, *Martin Parker*, and such *high flying wits* of this *Reformation*, to be partners in the *work*. I wonder the Company of *Stationers* would deprive the Corporation of *Ballad-mongers* of such a *choice peece*." But I have found no other allusion to him, and oblivion has almost engulfed his work. In the Manchester Collection, Lookes is represented by: (1) "A famous Sea-fight: OR, [A Bloo]dy Battell, which was fought between the *Spaniard* [and th]e *Hollander*, beginning on the sixth day of this present month of *September*, 163[9] being Friday . . . To the Tune of *Brave Lord Willoughby*" (II, 36), slightly mutilated; (2) a fragment of a ballad printed by Francis Grove, of which the refrain is "O thou Projector whither wilt thou stray?" (II, 52); (3) another fragment, printed by Francis Grove and dealing with the execution at Winchester of one William Annall for murdering Alice Vinson (II, 54); and (4) "The Ragman" (I, 46), which is reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 78; VIII, 777. The first of these ballads, "A famous Sea-fight," deals with the episode referred to in No. 7, stanza 12.

The tune is named from the refrain of the ballad itself and requires a measure different from that of the *Cherrily and Merrily* given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 285. Rhythmically the ballad is very good, and the lilting refrain almost sings itself.

Keepe thy head on thy shoulders,
And I will keepe mine.

OR,

A merry health drunke in Wine and Beere,
Not to them that flyes for 't,
But to those that stayes heere.

To the tune of, *Merrily and cherrily, &c.*

1 Though Wentworths beheaded,
Should any Repyne,
Thers others may come
To the Blocke besides he:
Keepe thy head on thy Shoulders
I will keepe mine;
For what is all this to thee or to mee?
Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drink off our Beere,
Let who as will run for it
Wee will stay heere.

2 What meanes our brave gallants
So fast for to flye:
Because they are afraid
That some danger might be,
They car'd not for seeing
The Deputy dye,
But what is all this to thee or to me:
Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drink off our Beere,
Let who as will run for it,
We will stay heere.

3 Since that Finch and Windebanke
First crost the Seas,
To shun some great danger
Its thought they fore-see;
Ther's many hath catched
The Running Disease,
But what is all this to thee or to mee?
Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drinke off our Beere,
Let who as will run for it,
We will stay heere.

4 Although some by running,
To scape had the hap,
Which formerly feared
They punisht should be
Yet others as cunning,
Were catcht in the trap,
But what is all this to thee or to mee,
Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drink off our Beere,
Let who as will run for it,
We will stay heere.

5 A man to doe evill
And have too much Grace,
Me thinkes its a wonder
Most strange for to see,
So little in person,
Yet great by his place:
But what is all this to thee or to me,

Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drinke off our wine
Keepe thy head on thy shoulders,
I will keepe mine.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

6 What strength hath an infant
To doe any harme
So long as the keeper
Doth it over see
Its fit that a Sucklin
Were led by the arme
But what is all this to thee or to me?
Then merily and cherily
Lets drink off our wine
Keepe thy head on thy shoulders
I will keepe mine.

7 Though *Iermin* and others
Were loath to rehearse,
What they thought in *England*,
Here acted should be,
Let *Davinant* write downe
Their travells in verse,
But what is all this to thee or to me,
Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drinke up our Beere,
Let who as will run for it,
VVe will stay heere.

8 Since no *Canterbury*,
Nor old womans tale,

Or dissimulation
Will credited be,
The Popish Supporters
Begin for to faile,
But what is all this to thee or to me?
Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drinke off our wine,
Keepe thy head on thy shoulders,
I will keepe mine.

9 Though some with much patience
Hath suffered long:
Who[1] after much tryall
[Are la]tely[2] set free:
And others be punish't
Which did them such wrong,
But what is all this to thee or to me?
Then merrily and cherrily, &c.

10 Suppose that the Masse-Priests
And Iesuits all,
Which troubled our Nation
Should banished be;
Weel never be danted
At *Babylons* fall,
For what is all this to thee or to me?
Then merrily and cherrily, &c.

11 Lets never be sorry
For that which is past,

[1] *Text* wꝙo. [2] Torn.

That each man ins calling
Most Iocond may be,
Still hoping long look't for
Will come at the last,
And times at more certaine,[3]
We shortly shall see,[3]
Then merrily and cherrily
Lets drinke of our wine, &c.

12 If that all false Traytors,
Were banisht our Land,
And that from all Popery
It once might be free,
Then *England* and *Scotland*
Might joyne hand in hand
Then times will prove better to thee & to me.
So merrily and cherrily
Weel drinke wine and Beere,
Let who as will run for it,
We will stay heere.

FINIS.

Iohn Lookes.
LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Lambert*, 1641.

[3] These two lines properly form only one line.

10

The bishops' last good-night

669. f. 4 (61), roman and italic type, two columns, two woodcuts. The first cut represents Laud seated at his table and saying, "Only Canonicall prayers no afternoon sermons." A group of bishops on his right are saying, "So we desire it," while two citizens, evidently representing Parliament, reply, "Then no Bishops." In the second cut, the Pope, wearing a triple crown, carrying a large sceptre, and riding a many-headed beast, addresses three men—a "Jesuit" with a knife in his hand, a "Fryer," and a "Papist"—with the words "Estote proditores Betraye your Country." Across the top of the sheet above the cuts is the legend,

> Where Popery and Innovations doe begin, There Treason will by degrees come in.

Under them is,

> If they had ruld still, where had we been? God keepe us from Prelates, Popish Prelates.

A heavy lace border encloses the entire sheet, and the two columns are separated by a lace rule of another design. The printing is very good, and the sheet itself striking and pleasing. The colophon, it will be observed, is in the same stanza-form as the text. Thomason simply dates the sheet (which is described in the British Museum *Catalogue of Satirical Prints*, I, 166) "February" (1642). Another copy of it was formerly in the Huth library.

The occasion was this: On December 28, 1641, the House of Lords debated on a motion to declare that, "in consequence of the continued presence of the rabble, Parliament was no longer free." By a majority of four votes, the Lords on the following day voted that Parliament *was* free. Only two of the bishops, however—Goodman and Pierce—had been bold enough in the face of the hostile London mob, to take their seats in the Parliament; so that on the same day (December 29) Archbishop Williams presented to Charles I a protest signed by himself

and eleven bishops for presentation to the House of Lords. "The bishops, it declared, having been violently assaulted in coming to the House, and lately chased away and put in danger of their lives, could find 'no redress or protection.' They therefore protested that all laws, orders, votes, resolutions, and determinations made in their absence were null and void; or, in other words, that the vote of the 28th, declaring Parliament to be free, was to be set aside as irregular." The King turned the protest over to the Lords, who sent it to the Commons as "containing high and dangerous consequence" and as encroaching upon the fundamental privileges of Parliament. On December 30, all twelve bishops were impeached as guilty of high treason "by endeavouring to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom, and the very being of Parliament. One member indeed said that 'he did not believe they were guilty of treason, but that they were stark mad; and therefore desired that they might be sent to Bedlam.' No other voice was raised in their favour."[1] Before night, ten of the signers were sent to the Tower; two—Wright and Morton—because of their age and infirmity, to the House of the Usher of the Black Rod.

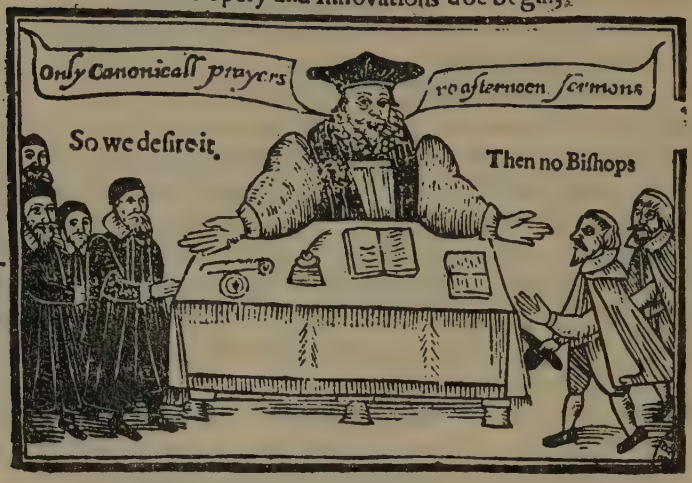
The protest can be seen in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, II, 362, and the *Journals of the House of Lords*, IV, 496. (Cf. also Robert Lemon's *Catalogue of . . . Printed Broadsides*, No. 323.) The signers were John Williams (Archbishop of York), George Coke (Hereford), Geoffrey Goodman (Gloucester), Owen Morgan (Llandaff), Thomas Morton (Durham), William Pierce (Bath and Wells), Robert Skinner (Oxford), John Towers (Peterborough), Matthew Wrenn (Ely), Robert Wright (Lichfield and Coventry), Joseph Hall (Norwich), and John Owen (St. Asaph's). Most of them were released from prison after a comparatively short time, though Wrenn remained in confinement until the Restoration.

The present ballad is a very unsympathetic song of triumph on the downfall of these men by a rabid hater of the episcopacy. He wished the latter to be destroyed root and branch, and no doubt he lived to see this wish temporarily accomplished.

[1] S. R. Gardiner, *History of England, 1603–1642*, 1894, X, 118–125.

THE BISHOPS LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

Where Popery and Innovations doe begin.



If they had ruld still, where had we been?

I.

Come downe Prelates, all arow,
Your Protestation brings you low,
Have not we alwayes told you so;
You are too sawcy Prelates,
Come downe Prelates.

II.

Canterbury your Armes from the Steeple high,
The stormes have caused low to lie,
You know not how soone your selfe may die,
Prepare your selfe *Canterbury;*
Downe must *Canterbury.*

III.

Yorke, when you were *Lincolne* of late,
You were in the *Tower*, yet still you will prate,

How dare you Protest against the whole State,
You are too bold *Yorke*,
Come downe proud *Yorke*.

IV.

Durham, how dare you be so bold,
To have the Parliament by you contrould,
'Twere[2] better you to the *Scots* had been sold,
You are deceived *Durham*,
Come downe old *Durham*.

V.

Coventry, and *Lichfeild*, your Popery is knowne,
'Twere[2] better you had let the Parliament alone,
But now it's too late to make your moane,
You are fast *Coventry*,
Come downe *Coventry*.

VI.

Norwich, is your Remonstrance[3] come to this,
We now see what your humilitie is;
Were you removed from *Exeter* for this,
You are led away *Norwich*,
Come downe *Norwich*.

VII.

Asaph, what a change is here,
You that even now was so great a Peere,
And now a Prisoner this new yeare;
You must lie by it *Asaph*,
In the Tower *Asaph*.

[2] *Text* T' were.

[3] *An Humble Remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament* (1640 and 1641), the subject of virulent attacks by John Milton.

There Treaſon will by degrees come in.

God keepe us from Prelates, Popiſh Prelates.

VIII.

Bath and Wels, where is now thy hope,
Canst thou not get a pardon from the Pope,
To passe away without a Rope?
Where art thou *Bath and Wels?*
Down must *Bath and Wels.*

IX.

Hereford, was never so promoted,
Since out of the Convocation he was rooted,
To hasten this project it was well footed,
To bring thee down *Hereford*,
Down must *Hereford.*

X.

Oxford, the Students will curse thy fact,
For doing of such an ungodly Act,

Thy credit now is utterly cract:
You are not for *Oxford*,
But the Tower *Oxford*.

XI.

Ely, thou hast alway to thy power,
Left the Church naked in a storme and showre,
And now (for't) thou must to thy old friend
ith' Tower;
To the Tower must *Ely*,
Come away *Ely*.

XII.

Gloster, go tell old *William*[4] now,
That thou art made perforce to bow,
Meerly drawn in, thou knowst though how,
You must away *Gloster*,
To prison poore *Gloster*.

XIII.

Peterborough, *England* knows thee well,
Where is thy candle, book, and Bell?
Thy Pardons now will never sell,
There's no help *Peterborough*,
Go must *Peterborough*.

XIIII.

Landaff, provide for St. *Davids* day,
Lest the Leeke, and Red-herring run away,
Are you resolved to go or to stay?
You are called for *Landaff*,
Come in *Landaff*.

FINIS.

[4] *I.e.*, Archbishop Laud.

London Printed in the yeer that ended,
When the Prelates Protestation against the *Parliament* was vended,
And they were sent to the Tower, as the old yeer ended,
By a dozen together,
In frosty weather.

Anno Dom. 1642.

II

Thanks to the Parliament

Luttrell Collection, III, 61, roman and italic type, two columns, no woodcuts.

The author sings a paean of rejoicing over the attitude and achievements of the Long Parliament. He had in delight, for more than a year following its opening on November 3, 1640, watched its gradual assumption of the reins of government. Pointing out that only the Parliament enables men to live in peace, free from the tyranny of ship-money, monopolies, and papists, he fails to mention directly any action of the King's, though on the King his poem throughout is a veiled attack. The Parliament, he says, goes in terror of its life, but will nevertheless act courageously. Evidently he was a devout Puritan. Few ballads with this point of view are known, and for that reason this ballad is a welcome addition to our general knowledge of the period.

The printer Underhill was himself an author. He died about 1660 (cf. G. E. B. Eyre's *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*, II, 243, 320).

Thankes to the PARLIAMENT.

1 Come let us cheere our hearts with lusty wine,
Though Papists at the Parliament repine;
And Rattle-Heads so busily combine
That thou canst call thy Wife and Children thine,
Thanke the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsells.

2 Like silly Sheepe they did us daily sheare,
Like Asses strong our backes were made to beare,
Intollerable burdens, yeare by yeare,
No hope, no helpe, no comfort did appeare,
But from the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

3 With taxes, and Monopolies opprest,
Ship-mony, Souldiers, Knighthood, and the rest,
The Coate and Conduct-mony was no jest,
Then think good neighbour how much we are blest
In the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

4 Were not these plagues worse then a sweeping rot,
O how unkindly did they use the *Scot;*
But those bould blades did prove so fiery hot
This swinging Bowle to them, this other Pot
To the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

5 Who did regard our povertie, our teares,
Our wants, our miseries, our many feares,
Whipt, stript, and fairely banisht as appeares;
You that are masters, now of your owne eares

Blesse the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

6 Great paine to till the land ere it be sowne,
And yet the bread we eate was not our owne,
So greedy were those Catterpillers growne,
But now the nest of filthy Birds are flowne
From the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

7 At Country men, they had a deadly sting
They would have pul'd us bare both taile and wing,
And all for sooth for profit of the King,
Are they not found false knaves in every thing
By the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

8 Had not these theeves an Ore in every Boate,
And still their wicked mallice is afloate,
Would they not now perswad's to cut our throate,
By printed Proclamations against the Vote,
Of the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

9 See how this wise Assembly they abuse,
And fill their heads with tittle tattle Newes,
As if they were farre worse than Turkes and Jewes,
Because they are the men whom we did chuse,
For the great Councell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

10 *Simion* and *Levy*,[1] Twins together joyn'd,
In Alter-worship, let their flockes be pin'd,

[1] See Genesis, xxxiv.

Why should men preach that have so little minde?
This makes these Wolves so easily inclin'd
'Gainst the great Counsell[2] *of the King,*
And the Kings great Counsell.

11 Now[3] tell me *Tom*, shall we thus cheated be,
By Papists, Athiests, and the Hirarchie
To fall from those who faine would set us free,
And undergoe such care for thee and me,
That great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

12 The bloody Papist act their Tragicke part,
Though covered close with Subtilty and Art,
The Prelates have their Spoke in the same Cart,
Both ayming now to wound us to the heart;
In the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

13 Where's our defence if we cut off our hand,
Shall we to fire our houses light a brand,
And joyne with those who would destroy the Land,
For my part I resolve to fall or stand,
With the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

14 They goe in feare of poyson and of knives,[4]
Are slaves themselves to free our feete from gyves,
Neglect their owne to save us and our wives,
Ile loose them all, had I a thousand lives,
For the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

[2] Text *Conusell.* [3] *Text* New. [4] Period.

Come Drawer quickly bring us up our score
We will not pay in Chalke behind the doore,
The Sun is sleeping on the Westerne Shore,
Meete me to morrow I will tell thee more
Of the great Counsell of the King,
And the Kings great Counsell.

FINIS.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Underhill*, at the Signe of the Bible
in Woodstreet, 1642.

I 2

A godly exhortation

669. f. 6 (87), roman and italic type, two columns, no woodcuts. Thomason's date is November 9, 1642.

It is difficult from this sheet to determine Humphrey Crouch's political affiliations. He seems to have been much distressed at the turmoil into which godlessness, sectarianism, and quarrels between King and peers have thrown England, and in the second and third stanzas he comments on the overthrow of the Established Church as if he were an adherent of it; but to no party does he definitely commit himself. Perhaps his poem is a fair reflection of the state of mind of ordinary men in the streets: such persons always find themselves vaguely distressed by wars, which interrupt their business and happiness for causes that are obscure or inexplicable. The condition of London, with its streets full of armed men and with cannon at every gate, is presented graphically.

Crouch was a voluminous writer of chap-books and ballads. Several of the latter are reprinted in this volume (Nos. 7, 23, 54); another is in the Manchester Collection (II, 52); still others are scattered through the *Roxburghe Ballads* (I, 469; II, 154; VI, 542, 560). Like John and Edward Crouch, Humphrey printed ballads and broadsides; for example, "A Whip for the back of a backsliding Brownist" (*ca.* 1640), a verse sheet in the Luttrell Collection, II, 237. Among his works may be mentioned also *Loves Court of Conscience*, 1637, a group of mediocre amatory poems (reprinted by J. P. Collier in 1866); *The Compleat Bell-Man*, a series of short poems, *ca.* 1640, on the various saints' days (Bodleian, Wood 110 (7)); *The Parliament Of Graces, Briefly shewing The banishment of Peace, the farewell of Amity, the want of Honesty, the distraction of Religion, etc.*, a prose pamphlet dated 1642 (Wrenn Library, The University of Texas); *The Welsh Traveller, or the Unfortunate Welshman*, 1655, a highly popular book, a later edition of which is reprinted in Hazlitt's *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, IV, 329 ff.; and *A New and Pleas-*

ant History of unfortunate Hogd of The Sovth, 1655, a collection of twenty-three short prose jests (Bodleian, Wood 259 (6)). For further works by Crouch see the catalogue of the Thomason tracts and the Stationers' Registers for November 9, 1638, and April 5, 1655. Complimentary verses by him and by the dramatist Thomas Heywood were printed in Randolph Mayeres's "catalogue of his disasters" called *Mayeres His Travels* (1638).

I have found a few contemporary references to him. *Mercurius Britannicus* for July 11, 1648, p. 69, remarks that "the late *Franticke Triumvirate*, that were met together in the name of the *King* at *Hampton Court*. . . . commanded a Secretary . . . to write a *Declaration*, and two *Epistles generall* to the *Parliament* and *City* (who, had *Humphrey Crouch* presented them with a *Ballad*, would have accepted it with as much reverence)." In its calendar for February, *Merlinus Anonymous*, 1655, sig. A 6^{v}, notes: "*Humphrey Crowch* printed his famous, & long expected Romance called *Vnfortunate Jack*, 1650." Finally, in *Sportive Funeral Elegies*, 1656, Crouch is ranked with Samuel Smithson and Laurence Price as one of the "glorious three" of balladry (cf. p. 67). It would be gratifying if Crouch were the poet addressed in the jocular verses "To Mr. *Humphrey C.* on his Poem entitled *Loves Hawking* Bag" that appear in the *Choice Poems* (1669, p. 104) of Sir Aston Cokaine. But I can find no trace of such a poem and fear that it was the work of one Humphrey Cumberford, to whose memory on a later page (193) Cokaine contributed a satirical epitaph.

A Godly EXHORTATION To This DISTRESSED NATION. Shewing the true cause of this unnaturall Civill War amongst us. Psal. L. Verse XV.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, so will I heare thee, and thou shalt praise me.

1. When pride aboundeth in the City,
And peoples hearts are void of pity;
When little children learne to sweare,
And wickednesse abounds each where.
Then let Gods people crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

2 When as Gods service is neglected,
And able Ministers rejected:
When Popery resteth in the land,
And strives to get the upper hand.
Then let Gods people crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

3 When people they have itching eares,
Desturb our Church, and grieve our Peers:
When men despise good government,
And spurne against the Parliament.
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

4 When as the Kingdome is divided,
And by the sword the cause decided:
When Law and Justice take no place,
And people lose their hold of grace.

'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

5 When people stumble at a straw,
And make their own selfe will a Law:
When people maketh sanctity
A cloake to hide hypocrisie.
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

6 When people for meer trifles quarrell,
And make a Pulpit of a barrell:
When people run from place to place,
Unreverently Gods Church deface,
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

7 When some that cannot read nor write
Shall tell us of a new-found light,
And Scripture unto us expounds,
True learned Discipline confounds.
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

8 When people are distracted so,
Distressed England fil'd with woe:
When people for the common good,
Unnaturall shed each others bloud,
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

9 When dire destruction runs before,
And brings bad tidings to our door:

When arme, arme, arme, is all the crie,
To adde griefe to our misery.
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

10 When armed men each day we meet
In every lane and every street:
When as our streets are chained streight,
And Ordnance plac'd at every gate.
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

11 When London is entrenched round,
When feare our senses doth confound;
When men with griefe behold those works,
As if we were besieg'd by Turks.
'Tis time for us to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

12 Now since we are distressed thus,
Good Lord make haste to succour us;
On wofull England cast thine eye,
And ease us of this misery.
For now 'tis time to crie and call
Good Lord have mercy on us all.

13 When King and Peers agree in one,
And cause a blessed union;
When all imbrace, and throw downe arms,
And we be freed from publick harms.
Then shall we finde when we do call
That thou dost heare and helpe us all.

When they shall fall that doe oppose
Thee in thy way, O Lord, and those
That wish well to thy Church encrease,
Then shall betide a happy peace.
Then shall we finde when we doe call
That thou dost heare and helpe us all.

FINIS.

Humphrey Crouch.

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper*. 1642.

13

A satire on James I and Charles I

E. 267 (2). This ballad, or libel, is preserved in three quarto pages of manuscript copied, presumably from a printed sheet, by George Thomason. He dated it April 1, 1645. It has no title. In this reprint, most of the contractions have been expanded, and punctuation has been supplied.

Beginning with a caustic denunciation of James I, his patentees, and his minion Buckingham, the balladist makes some rather indelicate comments on Queen Anne and Queen Henrietta Maria, sneers at James I's grandson, Prince Rupert, and declares that the Duke of Buckingham poisoned James—"rewarded him with a fig." (Cf. Gardiner, *History of England*, VI, 101; George Eglisham, *The Fore-Runner of Revenge*, 1626, and *A Strange Apparition, or the Ghost of King James, with a Late Conference between the Ghost of That Good King . . . and George Eglisham, Doctor of Physick . . . Concerning the Death and Poisoning of King James*, 1642. These two pamphlets are reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, 1809, II, 69; IV, 528). He then turns to Charles I, of whose life and errors a very hostile sketch is given, and warns his readers that under no circumstances is Charles to be trusted. Some disrespectful comments are made about the King's family, his friends, and his favorites. The author's references to himself, in stanzas 7 and 9, are not intelligible.[1] Indeed, throughout the libel the language is vague, the meaning hard to make out. Especially puzzling is the fourth line in the last stanza.

[1] With stanza 7 compare this stanza from a four-page pamphlet, *The Citie Letany* (*ca.* 1646), preserved in the Harvard College Library (Gay 184. 166):

> From being beaten and stript to the skin,
> The case that we once in *Cornwall* were in,
> Which we confesse was a scourge for our sin,
> *Libera nos.*

A SATIRE ON JAMES I AND CHARLES I

[A Satire on King *James I* and King *Charles I*]

1 Queene Bettie kept warres with France and
with Spaine,
And after, Good People, you felt who did Raigne.
King Iames was the ist, as you well may remember,
That should haue beene blowne vp the 5^{t} of
November,
Which might haue made some afraid
Ever hereafter,
And not wedd, as he did,
God knowes whose Daughter.

2 He was both cunning and fearefull, wee find,
And loose in his Pockets before and behind;
He kept on with Pattents to make the State Poore,
And still Kept a Minion in stead of a whoore;
yet his Wife all his Life
Made him not Vary,
Though his Nan was a Span
Longer then Mary.

3 His match made with Denmarke our Hornes did
advanc,
But nothing like those were brought vs from
France:
To blame 2 such Ladies none have a Pretence,
Who found it their Fortune for many Dissents;
For them that swears that their Heirs
Came from a Norman
May sooner bee out then Hee
Came from a German.

4 The Palsgraue[2] He would not allow for a King,
Presaging what mischiefe his offspring would bring,
That Plundering Rupert should keepe from Reliefe,
That burn'd Townes that helpt him to many a Briefe.
This Plague we haue though we gaue
Money to Saue him
From the Rope that we hope
One day will haue him.

5 When George[3] had rewarded King Iames with a Figge,
His Sonne, being crowned, began to looke bigge,
And Iosled downe Parliaments, casting the Men
Into th' Starchamber; his Counsellors then,
Who all did Erre, some concurre,
But in the Conclusion
So they wrought as they brought
All to Confusion.

6 The Scots he proclaimed his Enemies First,
As Further from Purpose he thought them the worst;
The Rebels in Ireland he had then their Votes,
With Ample Commission to cut all our Throates,
Though they stare and they sweare,
On their Salvation,
This Base Fry they Imploy
For Reformation.

[2] Frederick, Prince Palatine, husband of James I's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, and father of the celebrated "Plundering Rupert."
[3] Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

7 When with Honest Iocky[4] few English would fight,
The word of a King would passe for the Right;
But when vnto London they backward returned,
They with their owne officers caus'd it be burned.
His word's a Ioy, for at Foy[5]
After faire Quarter,
In's gracious Sight I was quite
Stripped soone after.

8 Let no man belieue him what euer he sweares;
Hee's so many Iesuits hangs at his Eares,
Besids an Indulgence procured from Rome
To Pardon his Sinnes both past and to come;
Which is more then the whore[6]
Ere would haue granted
But to see Poperie
Here againe Planted.

9 The clashing of officers yield vs such scorne
To those that thus make vs push Horne against Horne;
Whosoeuer were knaues or fooles at the best,
Yet I would Vnkle William[7] had gone for the West,
Where i' th' Nooke wee were Tooke
Makes them so merrie,
They say, since our Excellence
Lay in a wherrie.

[4] *I.e.*, with the Scots.
[5] Fowey, Cornwall (cf. Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, II, 14).
[6] The Church of Rome.
[7] Laud († January 10, 1645)?

14

A common observation

669. f. 10 (31), roman and italic type, three columns, no woodcuts. Thomason's date is May 4, 1645.

The author of this broadside sympathized with the Parliament's abolition of the episcopacy,—"God gave no warrants for such toys," he says,—with its remission of the fines and other penalties the King had laid upon Bastwick, Prynne, and Osbaldeston, and with its inimical actions against prominent Royalists. Peace, however, was what the author wanted, and he was evidently not convinced that all the acts of Parliament were directed toward that end. In the fifteenth stanza he takes a fling at the Princess Royal Mary (1631–1660), who, to the chagrin of her suitor Charles Lewis, Elector Palatine, was married to William II, Prince of Orange (1626–1650), on May 2, 1641, but who because of her extreme youth assumed her conjugal position only at the beginning of 1644. Such an instance of hostility towards a member of the royal family has real significance.

A Common Obseruation upon these TIMES.

1 As I about the towne did walke,
I heard the People how they talke,
Of the brave Parliament.
Some praise the *Lords*, and some the *Scots*,
Some thinke that they have further plots,
Some blame the Government.

2 Cause *Oxford Lords* can sweare and rore,
And breake a Lance halfe broke before,
They talke of mighty Fights.
But when they come to *Leshlyes*[1] hand,
Hee made them quickly understand,
They were but Carpet Knights.

3 The Caluinists may plainly see,
That all election now is free,
Yet Schismaticks complaine:
Though *Canterbury*[2] to their Face,
Hath prov'd a Man may fall from grace,
And never rise againe.

4 Poore *Prin*[3] and *Bastwick*[4] now appeares,
And *Osbaston*[5] may shew his Eares,
The Iustice being knowne:
Of that high Court where plannets rul'd,
Who too long had the World befoold,
With knavery of their owne.

[1] Alexander Leslie, General of the Scotch army..
[2] Archbishop Laud. [3] William Prynne (1600–1669).
[4] John Bastwick, theological controversialist.
[5] Lambert Osbaldeston (1594–1659), master of Westminster School.

5 Yet some of them did keepe a stir,
And said they onely did concur,
With those were wiser knowne.
Twas *Rhetorick*[6] betraid their eares,
And he hath none *Long Philip*[7] sweares,
Were it to save his owne.

6 *Thom Trevor*[8] made a iust complaint,
That he in Lawes was ignorant,
How far they would encroach:
But *Spanish Franck*[9] cannot say so,
Nor some tunns else that I do know,
VVhich are not yet abroach.

7 There is a new Lord Keeper[10] in,
And for to pray can be no sinne,
To keepe his Conscience free:
And not grow greazy like his Purse,
Who had no Wife to make him worse,
As had old *Coventrey*.[11]

8 Our Secretary knavery,[12]
Hath left his Brother Vanity,[13]
VVho is of prattle full:
And yet he could not find a speech,
For to protect the *Reverend Breech*,
Of *Tom* the great *Mogull*.[14]

[6] Text *Rhetorcick*. [7] Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
[8] Sir Thomas Trevor (1586–1656). [9] Who?
[10] Edward Littleton, made Lord Keeper in January, 1641.
[11] Text has a comma. Thomas, Lord Coventry served as Lord Keeper from 1625 to 1640.
[12] Windebank.
[13] Sir Henry Vane the Younger.
[14] Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Fairfax.

9 Some say her ioyncture made the Queene,
So oft at *Westminster* to be seene,
Though *Carlile*[15] shew her Face,
To steele the forehead of that Lord,[16]
For whom the State proclam'd accord,
More proper then such grace.

10 And *Heath*[17] they say might safely sweare,
He never did a bribe forbeare,
VVhat ere was the condition;
VVhen he was iudge with theeves he shard,
And yet tis knowne that he was spard,
His sonne brought the Petition.

11 Although that *Goring*[18] have a stroke,
In tavernes and the *Indian*[19] smoke,
Let *Dorset*[20] scape for one.
Though he approves of *Venus* play,
I never yet heard mortall say,
He lov'd the *Whore of Rome.*

12 The *Popes* did never keepe such stirs,
As his late Grace[21] and Officers,
For every small offence.
For *Venery* was in their dayes,
Which I remember to their praise,
at most but sixteene pence.

[15] Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle. [16] Lord Strafford?

[17] Sir Robert Heath, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who was impeached for high treason by the Commons in July, 1644.

[18] George, Lord Goring, Royalist commander. [19] Tobacco?

[20] Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, Royalist statesman. [21] Laud.

13 Let *Arundell*[22] be punisht then,
That plagud all were not Gentlemen,
VVhich makes me much affraid,[23]
That he or his Posteritee,
VVill prove as poore as thee or mee,
VVhen all his debts be paid.

14 Our Churches now are purged cleane,
From Prelats, Chapters, and the Deane,
VVho long have liv'd like Hogs.
God gave no VVarrants for such toyes,
Nor can he but abhor the noise,
they made like masty Doggs.

15 *Will* the *German*[24] may reioyce,
To heare that *Mal*[24] that hath such choise,
Doth place him by her side.
Nor can the State be counted free,
Vnlesse they set up Monarchy,[25]
to gratifie the Bride.

16 Here is no roome for *Conaway*,[26]
Nor many more that run away,
Of pardon that dispaire:
Nor *Hopton*[27] that no charge refus'd
VVho hath already beene abus'd,
Sufficient for his share.

[22] Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel († 1646), who presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of Strafford. [23] Period.

[24] William II and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange.

[25] *Text* Monarthy.

[26] Edward, Lord Conway, leader in Waller's plot of 1643.

[27] Ralph, Lord Hopton, Royalist general.

17 I may be thought an *Heritick*,
Although I speake it in this fit,
I sinne in that and wine.
Because I creepe not to the Cope,
But hold the Bishops from the Pope,
But not by right Divine.

18 If that the House continues still,
To punish those that have done ill,
and these our warres doe cease,[28]
The purer sort ile celebrate,
To whom I owe both Life and State,
I say God send us peace.[29]

FINIS.

Printed in the yeare, 1645.

[28] Period.
[29] Colon.

15

The world is turned upside down

669. f. 10 (47), roman and italic type, two columns, no woodcuts. Thomason's date is April 8, 1646.

Here a Royalist—to the tune, taken from Martin Parker's celebrated ballad, of *When the King Enjoys His Own Again* (Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 434)—laments the passing of Christmas festivities and the decay of charity, both of which, in his opinion, were slain at the battle of Naseby in 1645. His comments on hospitality were anticipated in "A Songe bewailinge the tyme of Christmas, So much decayed in Englande" (Rollins, *Old English Ballads*, p. 372; *Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 154) that was written much earlier in the century. The ballad is symptomatic of the unrest that resulted all over England from the prohibition of Christmas festivities. Riots in protest against the law occurred everywhere. Gardiner (*History of the Great Civil War*, IV, 45–46) shows that the riots at Canterbury during Christmas, 1647, were especially severe, 3000 of the trained bands being required to suppress them. Printed satires abounded. One pamphlet inquires "whether the *Parliament* had not cause to forbid *Christmas* when they found their printed Acts under so many *Christmas Pies*?" (*Harleian Miscellany*, 1812, IX, 413). *The Arraignment, Conviction and Imprisoning of Christmas. Printed by Simon Minc'd-Pye for Cissely Plum-porridge* (1646), John Taylor's *The Complaint of Christmas* (1646), and *A Ha! Christmas* (1647), "a sound and good perswasion for Gentlemen, and all wealthy men, to keepe a good Christmas" (a pamphlet printed by Gilbert Mabbott, on whom see pp. 13, 54), are worthy of mention. In 1656, Laurence Price took up the subject with his book called *Make Room for Christmas*.

THE WORLD IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

To the Tune of, *When the King enioys his own again.*

1 Listen to me and you shall hear,
News hath not been this thousand year:
Since *Herod*, *Caesar*, and many more,
You never heard the like before.
Holy-dayes are despis'd,
New fashions are devis'd.
Old Christmas is kickt out of Town.
Yet let's be content, and the times lament,
You see the world turn'd upside down.

2 The wise men did rejoyce to see
Our Saviour Christs Nativity:
The Angels did good tidings bring,
The Sheepheards did rejoyce and sing.
Let all honest men,
Take example by them.
Why should we from good Laws be bound?
Yet let's be content, &c.

3 Command is given, we must obey,
And quite forget old Christmas day:
Kill a thousand men, or a Town regain,
We will give thanks and praise amain.
The wine pot shall clinke,
We will feast and drinke.
And then strange motions will abound.
Yet let's be content, &c.

4 Our Lords and Knights, and Gentry too,
Doe mean old fashions to forgoe:
They set a porter at the gate,
That none must enter in thereat.
They count it a sin,
When poor people come in.
Hospitality it selfe is drown'd.
Yet let's be content, &c.

5 The serving men doe sit and whine,
And thinke it long ere dinner time:
The Butler's still out of the way,
Or else my Lady keeps the key,
The poor old cook,
In the larder doth look,
Where is no goodnesse to be found,
Yet let's be content, &c.

6 To conclude, I'le tell you news that's right,
Christmas was kil'd at *Nasbie* fight:
Charity was slain at that same time,
Jack Tell troth too, a friend of mine,
Likewise then did die,
Rost beef and shred pie,
Pig, Goose and Capon no quarter found.
Yet let's be content, and the times lament,
You see the world is quite turn'd round.

16

The zealous soldier

669. f. 10 (50), roman and italic type, two columns, one woodcut. Thomason's date is April 16, 1646.

This sheet, with the following number, presents the zealous Presbyterian's point of view. It speaks, in distinctly literary terms, of the abolition of Popery and Established Forms, declaring that internecine war is a small price to pay for such a blessing and predicting a return to peace in the near future of a united and bettered nation. In 1643, the author says, there was cause for depression: in 1646 towns and armies daily fall into the hands of the Parliament's forces, and the end of the war is in sight. In his *Popular Music* (II, 414), William Chappell quoted a Civil-War tract which said of the soldiers of Parliament, "on their first visit to Canterbury, they slashed the service books, surplices, &c., and 'began to play the tune of *The Zealous Soldier* on the organs, . . . which never were in tune since' "—possibly a reference to the present sheet.

THE ZEALOVS SOVLDIER.

I

For God, and for his cause, I'le[1] count it gaine
To lose my life; o can one happier Die,
Then for to Fall, in Battaile, to maintaine
Gods worship, truth, extirpate Popery:
I fight not, for to venge my selfe, nor yet,
For coine, but Gods true, worship up to set.

II

Those Mercinary Souldiers that doe Fight
Onely for pay, are most Degenerate.
Not worthy to enjoy the subjects Right
Not worthy loue of God, of Church or State,
Though I Denie not, but They usefull are,
Yet should not, with the Good, in honnor share.

III

The Ancient Heathen, on their Foes would Runne,
Their Naked Brests, would offer, to their swords
Cause for Their Countrey, then should Christians shun,
To Fight for Theirs, and what more joy afford[2]
For Their Religion, curst for aye be Hee,
Beares Such a minde, and His Posterity.[3]

IV

Whoo'd bee Dejected, though a while hee beare
Adversitie, who would some three years past

[1] *Text* 'Ile. [2] *Read* affords. [3] Comma.

Have thought,[4] that God, So high, our cause would
rear
And with such *Numerous*[5] victories have grac'd
His Righteous[6] Cause,[7] when wee then thought
to be
A Prey to the Mallicious Enemie.

V

Who in Their height of Glory, were brought low
And made to Stoope to Those They did despise,
And made that Power above them for to know
Which erst They wretched wormes, in monstrous
wise
Blasphem'd, swearing God Damne them as They
stood
And sure on many was that wish made good.[8]

VI

But here me thinks, I heare some say we buy
And purchase our Religion at deer rate;
Thou impious fool, had we lain still perdie,
Thou hadst not been alive the truth to rate,
For thou and we I think had sure been slain,
Had we sate still, as now we wars maintain.

VII

Forbear to utter your Malignant spleene,
And marke the end how God his cause will crown
With glory, how oft have you lately seen
Our Armies have the Foemen overthrown:

[4] *Text* though. [5] Text *Nemerous*. [6] *Text* Righteuos.
[7] Period. [8] No punctuation.

Towns each day are surrendred, and we take
Prisoners enough, an Armie strong to make.

VIII

God hath no doubt a purpose to bring on
A work both for his glory and our good,
You'l say it hath been the confusion
And cause of shedding many thousands bloud:
'Twas for our sins that God this war did bring,
But know we may have cause rejoyce and sing.

IX

Some few years since when we behold and see
The fruits of our hard labours and behold,
This Kingdom flourish in tranquility,
And Gods true worship as it ought extold:
Then shall we say[9] o praised be the Lord,
That we attained peace have by the sword.

X

Sing to the Lord a Psalme of thanks and praise,
And to his holy Temple let us bring
An heart unspotted, let's an eccoe raise
With our loud voyces may to Nations ring,
Far distant from us, chaunting loudly thus,
Prais'd be the Lord that hath assisted us.

[9] *Text* says.

17

The mercenary soldier

669. f. 10 (49), roman and italic type, two columns, one woodcut. Thomason's date is April 16, 1646.

This sheet, a sequel to the foregoing, sticks closely to its subject. It was written evidently by a friend of the Parliament who hoped to shame his soldier-readers into a cleaner and nobler attitude towards life and war. The diction is purely literary, altogether unlike that of the average ballad. A reprint of the broadside will be found in John Ashton's *Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century*, p. 293.

The pay of a soldier, never high, hardly seems a matter of such importance as the two broadsides make it appear. According to Professor Sir Charles Firth's *Cromwell's Army*, 1912, p. 185, during the years 1645–1649 foot-soldiers got 8*d*. a day, dragoons 1*s*. 6*d*., and troopers in regiments of horse 2*s*. (This information is given also in *The Souldiers Accompt. Or, Tables Shewing the Personall Allowance of Pay to all Officers and Souldiers*, 1647, where, by the way, the pay of a Lord General is said to be £10 a day, of a Captain 15*s*., of a Lieutenant 4*s*., and of an Ensign 3*s*.) Some years later, however, the official news-book, *The Moderate Intelligencer* (June 27–July 4, 1653, p. 66) remarked:

> Hey boyes, *its poecunie that makes the souldiers merry.*

The remark is no doubt still applicable.

THE MERCENARY SOVLDIER.

I

No money yet, why then let's pawn our swords,
And drinke an health to their confusion,
Who doe instead of money send us words?
Let's not be subject to the vain delusion
Of those would have us fight without our pay,
While money chinks my Captain I'le[1] obey.

II

I'le[1] not be slave to any servile Groom,
Let's to the Sutlers and there drink and sing,
My Captain for a while shall have my room,
Come hither *Tom*, of Ale two douzen bring,
Plac'd Ranke and File, Tobacco bring us store,
And as the pots doe empty, fill us more.

III

Let the Drum cease, and never murmure more,
Untill it beat, warning us to repair,
Each man for to receive of Cash good store,
Let not the Trumpet shril, ere rend the ayre,
Untill it cite us to the place where we
May heaps of silver for our payment see.

IV

I came not forth to doe my Countrey good,
I came to rob, and take my fill of pleasure,
Let fools repell their foes with angry mood,
Let those doe service while I share the treasure:

[1] *Text* 'Ile.

I doe not mean my body ere shall swing
Between a pare of crutches, tottering.[2]

V

Let thousands fall, it ne'er[3] shall trouble me,
Those puling fools deserve no better fate,
They mirths Apposers were, and still would be,
Did they survive, let me participate,
Of pleasures, gifts, while here I live, and I
Care not, although I mourne eternally.

VI

I laugh to think how many times I have
Whiles others fighting were against the foe,
Within some Thicket croucht my self to save,
Yet taken for a valiant Souldier tho,
When I amongst them come, for I with words
Can terrifie, as others can with swords.

VII

Canes qui
saultum la-
rant raro
mordent.

Damne me you Rogue, if thou provoke my wrath,
*I'le[4] carve thee up, and spit thee, joynt by joynt,
There's none that tasted of my fury hath,
But fear and tremble least I should appoint
A second penance for them, when my brow
Is bent, marke how the rascalls to me bow.

VIII

Thus menacing I'm taken for to be
A man indeed, when I should fear to fight
With coward *Thersites*, and if that he
Were my Antagonist, but I delight

[2] Comma. [3] *Text* nee'r. [4] *Text* 'Ile.

To fight, and to pash dame *Ceres* treasure,
To quaffe *Lyens* bloud I take great pleasure.

*All manner of Victuals.
*Wine.

IX

Proceed yee brethren, doe each other hate,
And fight it to the last, *I wish the Wars*
May ever untill doomsday properate,
And time ne'er[5] see a period of the jars:
For I before like to a slave did live,
Now like unto a *Lurdain* doe I thrive.

*An ignominious name given the Danes, by English men, for their sloth-full and lasie living.

X

Fill us more Ale, me thinks thy lazie gate
Is slower then the Tortoise, make more speed,
And tha'st[6] a Female of an easie rate
Let's see her, for my flesh doth tumults breed:
Run on, thou'lt[7] *wish when that day comes thou must*
Give an account, that thou hadst been more just.

[5] *Text* nee'r. [6] *I.e.*, If thou hast. [7] *Text* thoul't.

18

The anabaptists out of order

Manchester, II, 28, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts. The first two stanzas—that is, the first column—are almost completely torn off. Only a few words of the opening stanza remain: it began something like "[You gallants all a w]hile give eare." The second stanza, as printed below, is irregular, having thirteen instead of the customary twelve lines. The ballad is a bit unusual in having no colophon. Directed as it was at a despised sect, the sheet should have met with no difficulty at the hands of the licensers.

In 1645–1646, Samuel Oates (1610–1683), father[1] of the notorious perjurer Titus, created a stir in East Anglia as a "dipper," or anabaptist. The "danger in his dipping" is gleefully related by the ballad-writer; but Oates surmounted this danger, and in 1649 was chaplain in Colonel Pride's regiment. From this position, he was expelled by General Monk in 1654 for stirring up sedition. Afterwards he was rector of All Saints' Church, Hastings.

Oates is vehemently denounced in the three parts of Thomas Edwards's *Gangraena* (1646), a book directed at the "Errors, Heresies, Blasphemies, and dangerous Proceedings of the Sectaries of this time." He and one Lam (or Lamb), who had an anabaptist church in Bell-Alley, Coleman Street, London, were viciously attacked by Edwards for presuming to travel "up and down the Countreys to preach their corrupt Doctrines, and to Dip" (Part I, p. 35). "After one of his private Exercises amongst the weaker vessels," says Edwards (Part II, p. 17), "one *Wades* wife of *Stisted* in *Essex*, seemed to be so affected with him, that she said she would never hear Minister again: and it may be God intends to make her as good as her word; for upon this she was taken mad, and remaines in a sad distracted condition."

[1] It may be worth noting that Sir Roger L'Estrange's *Observator* (No. 365, June 28, 1683) denies this relationship and asserts "that *Titus'es Father* was *Prebend* of *Pauls*," not "*Samuell Oates*, that Lodg'd at the *Pye-Womans* in *King-street-Bloomsbury*, the *Dipping-Weaver*."

In *The Second Part of Gangraena* (pp. 121–122) appears the following passage on the incidents mentioned in the ballad:

There is one *Samuel Oats* a Weaver[2] . . . who being of *Lams* Church, was sent out as a Dipper and Emissary into the Countreyes: Last summer I heard he went his progresse into *Surrey* and *Sussex*, but now this yeare he is sent out into *Essex* three or foure months ago, and for many weeks together went up and downe from place to place, and Towne to Towne, about *Bochen, Braintry, Tarling*, and those parts, preaching his erroneous Doctrines, and dipping many in rivers; this is a young lusty fellow, and hath traded chiefly with young women and young maids, dipping many of them, though all is fish that comes to his net, and this he did with all boldnesse and without all controul for a matter of two moneths: A godly Minister of *Essex* coming out of those parts related, hee hath baptized a great number of women, and that they were call'd out of their beds to go a dipping in rivers, dipping manie of them in the night, so that their Husbands and Masters could not keep them in their houses, and 'tis commonly reported that this *Oats* had for his pains ten shillings apeece for dipping the richer, and two shillings six pence for the poorer; he came verie bare and meane into *Essex*, but before hee had done his work, was well lined, and growne pursie. In the cold weather in *March*, hee dipped a young woman, one *Ann Martin* (as her name is given in to me) whom he held so long in the water, that she fell presently sicke, and her belly sweld with the abundance of water she took in, and within a fortnight or three weeks died, and upon her death-bed expressed her dipping to be the cause of her death. There was another woman also whom he baptized, . . . whom after he had baptized, he bid her gape, and she gaped, and he did blow three times into her mouth, saying words to this purpose, either *receive the holy Ghost*, or now *thou hast received the holy Ghost*. At last for his dipping one who died so presently after it, and other misdemeanors the man was questioned in the Countrey, and bound over to the Sessions at *Chensford* [= *Chelmsford*], where *Aprill* the seventh, 1646. this *Oats* appeared. . . . *Oats* being brought before the Bench, the Coroner laid to his charge, that in March last, in a verie cold season, hee dipping a young woman, shee presently fell sick and died within a short time, and though the Coroner had not yet perfected his sitting upon her death, all witnesses being not yet examined, nor the Jurie having brought in their verdict (so that the full evidence was not presented) yet the Bench, upon being acquainted with the case, and other foule matters also being there by witnesses laid against him, committed him to the Jaile at Colchester: It was laid to his charge then, that hee had preached against the Assessments of Parliament, and the taxes laid upon the people, teaching them, that the Saints were a free people, and should do what they did voluntarily, and not be compelled. . . . Since *Oats* commitment to Colchester Jaile, there hath been great and mightie resort to him in the prison, many have come downe from London in Coaches to visit him.

[2] He is called "Oates a Button-maker" in *Tub-preachers overturn'd*, 1647 (E. 384 (7)).

The ballad was written before Oates was tried and acquitted. Edwards (Part III, pp. 105–106) says that after he had been found not guilty of the death of Ann Martin he "was bound by the Judge to his good behaviour, and made to find Sureties that hee should neither preach nor dip; and yet notwithstanding the very next Lords day hee preached in *Chensford*, and goes on still in *Essex* preaching his errors. The people of *Wethersfield* hearing that *Oats* and some of his companions were come to their Town, seased on them (onely *Oats* was not in the company) and pumped them soundly. And *Oats* coming lately to *Dunmow* in *Essex*, some of the Town hearing of it where hee was, fetched him out of the house, and threw him into the river, throughly dipping him." The following note, too, from Wood MS. D. 7 (2), fol. 79 (cf. Andrew Clark, *The Life and Times of Anthony Wood*, II, 417), in spite of its inaccuracies deserves reprinting:

> Old Oats was originally a silke weaver in the citty of Norwich where for many years he followed his trade, and marryed, and amongst other his children had Tytus Oats the informer, and was ever there justly esteemed as a moste turbulent and factious ffellow. And then in the tyme of Oliver's usurpacion removing his residence to Yarmouth, he became an annabaptist preacher and proceeded therein with great applause of the factious rabble, till haveing perswaded a woman great with childe and neare her time of delivery to be dipt or rebaptised, who instantly dyed in the water under his hands as he was performing his wickedly pretended function, it being in a cold season of the yeare; for which his villainous cryme he was there (being within the jurisdiccion of the Sinque-Ports) tryed for his life, but the jury, consisting (as it was believed) of the pickt rascalls of his owne gang, found him not guilty. And now finding himselfe somwhat ympayred in his reputacion amongst his brethren, he quitted Yarmouth and betooke himselfe to the fleete at sea till, about his majestie's restoracion, by his cunning suttle tricks and beheavor he became incumbent of a church in Hastings by the sea side in Sussex. . . .

The name of Samuel Oates does not occur in any of the county or city records of Norfolk or Essex that I have been able to consult, but a thorough search of the hundred or more pamphlets in the Thomason Collection that deal with the Baptists would probably bring more facts about Oates (and certainly more abuse of him) to light. Some incidental account of Oates is given in Louise F. Brown's *The Political Activities of the Baptists During the Interregnum* (1912). Three pamphlets expressly written against him were John Stalham's *Vindiciae Redemptionis, in the fanning and sifting of Samuel Oates his Expo-*

sition upon Mat. 13, 44. Endeavoured in severall Sermons (1647), John Drew's *A Serious Address to Sam. Oates for a Resolve Touching Some Queries about his New Baptism* (1649), and John Spittlehouse's *A Confutation of the Assertions of Mr. Samuel Oates, in relation to his not practising the laying on of hands on all baptized Believers* (1653). Oates himself is a picturesque and important figure, and this paean of rejoicing on his trouble with the law is a document of great interest and real value.

On the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 306.

The Anabaptists out of order, OR [T]he[3] Relation of *Samuel Oates*, who lately Seduced divers people in the County of Essex, where he rebaptiz'd thirty-nine and drowned the fortieth for which offence he now lies imprisoned at Colchester, tell his tryall.

To the Tune of, *Goe home in the Morning Early.*

1 From London City lately went,
A brother of your Sect;
To Essex with a full intent,
To visit the Elect;
Where nine and thirty or above,
He to himself converted:
Of which he onely seem'd to love,
the meeke and tender hearted.
To court and kis they will not mis,
Each other to be cliping;
Yet Seperatists beware by this,
There's danger in your diping.[4]

2 The Female Sex he hath misled,
And much abused their carriage;
By oft dishonouring the Bed,
Due onely unto marriage;
With maids and wives,
Sometimes he strives,
And many hath infected;
So that they mean to lead their lives,[5]
As he hath them directed.

[3] Torn. [4] Comma. [5] Period.

To court and kis they will not mis,
Each other to be cliping,
Yet Separatists take heed of this,
There's danger in your diping.

The second part, To the same tune.

3 He much commending of the streame,
Of Iordan's new found River,[6]
As if the dipping in the same,
Would make them live for ever:
Where naked they must stand and pray,[6]
Ith middle of the water;
Whil'st he some certain words doth say,
According to the matter.
Shall Maidens then before yong men,
(Their Garments of be striping;
No) Separatists take heed of this
There's danger in their diping.

4 Both *Besse* and *Nan* with this yong man,
Desire to be acquainted;
Which to the River after ran,
Thinking they should be Sainted;
For why quoth they if that he pray,
According to the spirit;
Our faults shall all be washt away,
He is so full of merit.
To court and kis they will not mis,
Each other to be cliping, &c.

[6] Period.

5 Thus thirty-nine being over past,
As he had them deluded;
The fortieth coming at the last,
With whom he then concluded;
His Argument he made so strong,
Where on her hope she grounded
At last he held her in so long,
That she poore heart was drowned.
The question is if she would kis,
Or with him then be cliping;
Then Seperatists be warn'd by this,
There's danger in your diping.

6 This youth was taken at the last,
And carried to Colchester;
Where now he lies in prison fast,
For drowning that sweet Sister;
The place where he is next to preach,
They thinke will be the Gallous;
His recantation there to teach,
All other factious fellowes.
They court and kis and will not mis,
Each other to be cliping, &c.

7 *Samuel Oates*, he's call'd by name,
Which hates both Church and Steeple;
And therefore into Essex came,
For to deceive the people;
Let foe or friend his Iudgment spend,[7]
In what he hath deserved,

[7] Period.

For if the halter proves his end;
He is but justly served.
You court and kis and will not mis,
Each other to be cliping, &c.

8 And thus my story to conclude,
Take warning by this ditty;
How you poore people now delude,
In Country Town or City;
For I hope an order will be tane,
That such shall all be punisht;
Or if they will not you refraine,
From England quite be banisht.
Whose custome is to court and kis,
Before their deep expounding;
Then Separatists be warn'd by this,
Since diping turnes to drowning.

19

Alas, poor tradesmen

Manchester, I, 38, B. L., four columns, three cuts, margins slightly torn.

This ballad, dating about 1646, expresses the feeling of many people that the wars between Parliament and King were responsible for all the evils of the time, that the success of the King was impossible, but that nothing could restore peace and prosperity except the actual return of Charles I to the throne. As the Parliament itself was at this time careful to do nothing that would reflect on the title of the King—blaming his advisers rather than him—there was nothing disloyal in the ballad, and Grove could hardly have had trouble in securing a license for it. In February, 1644, one I. B. wrote *The Merchants Remonstrance* (E. 32 (16)), dealing with the decline of trade. Two years later—on January 22, 1648—appeared a broadside called "The mournfull Cryes of many thousand Poore Tradesmen, who are ready to famish through decay of Trade" (669. f. 11 (116)); and on February 14, the House of Commons held an investigation of the author and printer of this broadside (E. 427 (6)). In his *Mixt Contemplations in Better Times* (1660, p. 24), however, Thomas Fuller lightly swept aside complaints like these. "I have known the City of London almost forty years," he commented shrewdly; "their shops did ever sing the same tune, that trading was dead. Even in the reign of King James (when they wanted nothing but thankfulness) this was their complaint."

The tune comes from a ballad registered as "Ha ha my ffancy &c" on December 30, 1639 (Arber's *Transcript*, IV, 494), and perhaps preserved rather accurately in the Percy Folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall, II, 30). The printed copy, called "Bedlam Schoolman," was sung "To Its Own Proper Tune, *Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 450 ff.; VIII, 769). It was imitated by the ballad of "Alas, Poor Scholar" which is discussed on p. 19, above.

Alas poore Trades-men what shall we do?
OR,
LONDONS **Complaint through badnesse of Trading,**
For work being scant, their substance is fadeing.

To the Tune of, *Hallow my Fancy whether wilt thou goe?*

1 Amidst of melancholly trading,
out of my store,
I found my substance fading
all my houshold viewing,
which to ruine
Falls daily more and more:
Forth then I went
And walkt about the City,
Where I beheld
What mov'd my heart with pity:
And being home returned
I thought upon this ditty,
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we doe.

2 Shops, Shops, Shops, I discry now
with Windows ready shut,
They'l neither sell nor buy now,
Whilst our Lords and Gentry,
are ith Countrey,
the more is our griefe god wott:
Woe to the causers
Of this seperation
Which bred the civill
Wars in this Nation.
It is the greatest cause
Of *Londons* long vacation,

Alas poore Trades-men,
What shall we doe.

3 Forts in the fields new erected
where multitudes do run,
To see the same effected:
All their judgement spending,
and commending
the same to be well done:
But yet I feare,
Our digging and our ramming,
Scarse can defend
The poorest sort from famine,
For all the rich may have
As much as they can cramme in,
Alas poore trades-men
What shall we doe.

4 One may perhaps have large
whil'st thousand more complaines
Oppressed with their charge:
All this care and toyling,
with formoyling,
affords but little gains:
In hopes of peace
Our selves have deluded,
That on our store
So far we have intruded,
Except a happy peace
Amongst us be concluded,
Alas poore trades-men
What shall we doe.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

5 Corn God be thank't is not scant yet,
and yet for ought we know
The poorer sort may want it.
In the midst of plenty,
more than twenty
have found it to be so:
For if they have not
Money for to buy it,
The richer sort they
Have hearts for to deny it,
If that you'l[1] not beleeve me,
You'l[1] finde it when you try it,
Alas poore trades-men
What, &c.

6 Whilst we were wel imploied,
and need not for to play,
We plenty then enjoyed:
Every weeke a Noble
clear without trouble,
is better than eight pence a day:
Yet on the Sabbath day
We used to rest us,
And went to th'[2] Church
To pray, and God hath blest us.
But since the civill wars
Begun[3] for to molest us,
Alas poore trades-men
What, &c.

[1] The apostrophe has dropped out of the text. [2] *Text* 'th. [3] *Text* begnn.

7 All things so out of order,
the Father kills the Son,
Yet this they count no murder
Wars are necessary
oh no, but tarry,
I wish they'd not bin begun,
For where a Kingdom
Is of it selfe divided,
And people knows not
By whom they should be guided
It is too great a matter
By me to be decided.
Alas poore trades-men
What, &c.

8 Now to conclude my ditty,
the Lord send *England* peace
And plenty in this City:
Grant the land may flourish,
long for to nourish
us with her blest increase.
Our Gracious King,
The Lord preserve and blesse Him
With safe return
To them that long do misse him,
And send him to remain
With them that well do wish him,
Alas poor trades-men
What shall we doe.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *Francis Grove.*

20

Lex talionis

669. f. 11 (74), italic type, with an occasional word in roman letter, two columns, no woodcuts. Thomason's date is September 3, 1647.

In accordance with his title, the author points out that the law of retaliation—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—will bring the Parliament to its downfall; for just as Charles I gave power to a Parliament that has basely betrayed him, so that body has found in servants, like Sir Thomas Fairfax, to whom it has granted power and favor, opponents determined to undo it. *Lex Talionis: or, God paying every man in his own Coyn* (E. 294 (13)) was, it is interesting to note, the subject of a sermon preached before the House of Commons by Francis Woodcock in July, 1645. The tune, named from the first line of the ballad of "Bacchus against Cupid," is printed along with the words in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, IV, 79.

LEX TALIONIS: OR, LONDON REVIVED

To the Tune of, *Prethy friend leave off this thinking.*

1 The Cavaliers are vanquish'd quite,
The King took from that wicked train,
That would deprive him of his rights,[1]
And bring in Popery again:
The Army and the Parliament,
Must now dispute what Government

2 Shall be establish'd in this Nation,
Protestants are out of date,
Where is that glorious Reformation
We contested for of late?
Not having forme nor order now,
We would serve God if we knew how.

3 The Papist and the Protestant
The Round-head and the Cavalier
Can neither act nor yet prevent
Those dangers which doe now appeare:
The Presbyter and Independent,
Now are Plaintiffe and Defendant.

4 The Parliament gave a Commission,
To their Troops to ketch their King,
Not limiting on what condition,
So they alive or dead did bring:
But now they have him none do know
How they his person shall bestow.

[1] *Read* right.

5 The Countrey can no longer beare,
The City which this War fomented,
Must with their neighbours sufferings have,
And at their losses be contented:
The Apprentices next Tuesday may
Conclude a peace to crown their day.

6 The *Londoners* will fetch their King,
The Parliament proclaim'd it so,
Sir *Thomas* would him fain home bring,
From whence do these distractions grow?
How come the holy Brethren
Thus erre, alas they are but men?

7 This Citie who advanced High,
A Parliament above their God,
Like dust into their faces fly,
And for themselves have made a Rod
They covenanted to mayntain
What priviledge they now disdain.

8 The King who once did rule Supream,
Gave power to a Parliament
To settle things, but they have clean
Depriv'd him of his government:
He put a Sword into their hands
For which his life in danger stands.

9 Such power the States gave to Sir *Thomas*,
Still presuming he would be
Their servant, and perform his promise
To serve his Majestie:

But he requites them in each thing,
As they before have serv'd the King.

And thus you see the Heavens were just
Who renders every one his due,
He that deceives his Masters trust,
Shall never finde a servant true:
Let each one learn from hence to doe,
Even as you would be done unto.

21

A harmony of healths

Manchester, II, 38, B. L., four columns, two woodcuts.

Here a devoted Royalist expresses the joy he, with many others, felt when, in 1647, it seemed likely that Charles I and the Parliament would reach an amicable agreement. The title of the ballad gives a toast not only to the King but to all other members of the royal family, naming Queen Henrietta Maria, Princess Mary (afterwards Princess of Orange), Prince Charles, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and James, Duke of York (afterwards James II). The refrain omits "the rest o' th' Posterity," the young Princesses Elizabeth and Henrietta; but the omission was probably due only to the exigencies of metre, not to a lack of enthusiasm for royalty.

The Queen (cf. stanza 3) landed in France for the second (and last) time after the outbreak of the Civil War on July 16, 1644. She wrote continually to the "Prince of the Mountaines," Charles, urging him to join her there, but he deferred doing so until June 26, 1646 (Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, III, 67, 110, 164).

On November 16, 1647, Charles I sent a conciliatory message to the Houses of Parliament, asking to be admitted to a personal treaty in London. A few days later, the Lords drew up Four Propositions and sent them to the Commons, recommending that when these Propositions had passed both Houses as bills they be sent to the King, whose acceptance or rejection of them should determine whether or not he should be given liberty to come to London to treat with the Parliament in person. On November 27, the Commons accepted the suggestion of the Lords. The ballad was written between this date and December 14, when the Four Propositions became the Four Bills. A complete misunderstanding of the political situation and of the real impotence of the King is exhibited by the balladist, who in the last stanza exults at the thought that the King's return will involve a full restoration of the royal power, with axes and halters to behead or hang the leaders of the rebellion. Far different, however, was the sequel. The Four

A HARMONY OF HEALTHS

Bills were presented to Charles at Carisbrooke Castle on December 24, and four days later he rejected them (Gardiner, *op. cit.*, IV, 24, 32–41).

The tune is not known to me.

A Harmany of Healths,
To the Kings happy Vnion,
With the Parliaments Communion,
To the Princes comming heither,
To the two Dukes together,
To th' two *Maryes* prosperity,
And the rest o' th' Posterity.

The Tune is, *Give the Word about, &c.*

1 Come honest Neighbours all,
sith we are met here,

For the best Wine let's call,
that we can get here:
Let's in a merry vaine
all cares abandon,
King *Charles* will come againe,
shortly to *London.*
Here's[1] *to our Royall King,*
in Spanish *Fountaines,*[2]
And to the blest off-spring,
Prince of the Mountaines:
I neither dread rebukes,
nor aduersaries,
Here's a Health to both the Dukes,
and the two Maries.

2 They who are Subjects true,
faithfull and loyall,
Will yeild obedience due,
t'our Soveraigne Loyall:[3]
The King of Heaven did
o're us instate him,
I would the Land were rid
of all that hate him.
Here's to our Royall King, &c.

3 With sad and heavy cheare,
we all have smarted,
Since *Charles* our Soveraigne deare,
from us departed:

[1] Text *Her's?* (Blurred.)
[2] Text *Fouutaines.* [3] *Read* Royall.

And since his Consort mild,
sayl'd to her Brother,
And *Charles* their princely Child,
went to his Mother.
Heres a health[4] *to our royall king &c.*[5]

4 I wish with all my Soule,
that the first Movers,
Of this Distraction foule,
those mischiefe Lovers:
May have their due deserts,
pray all good Fellowes,
That they in severall Carts,
may ride to th'[6] Gallowes.
Here's a Health to our royall King,
in Spanish *Fountaines,*
And to the blest off-spring,
Prince of the Mountaines:
I neither dread rebukes,
nor aduersaries,
Here's a Health to both our Dukes,
and the two Maries.

The second part, To the same tune.

5 When royall *Charles* doth come,
to's old abiding,
To make him welcome home
running and riding:
Will thought too little be,
hees so desired,

[4] Text apparently *health.* [5] No period. [6] *Text* to' th'.

His comely face to see,
our hearts are fired.
Here's a Health to our Royall King,
in Spanish *Fountaines*
And to the blest off-spring,
Prince of[7] Mountaines:
I neither dread rebukes,
nor aduersaries,
Here's a Health to both our Dukes,
and the two Maries.[8]

6 Sure Heaven ow'd a Scourge,
unto this Nation,
And her foule sinnes to purge,
rais'd this occasion:
Many an Innocent,
in to[9] th' Grave thrust is,
Yet King and Parliament,
both pretend[10] Iustice.
Here's a health to our royall king &c.

7 Let's leave our luxerie,
pride, wrath, and malice,
And we shall shortly see,
in White-Hall-Paliace,
Our gracious King and Queene,
with the Royall Issue,
And the Court as it hath beene,
in Silkes and Tisue.
Here's a Health to our Royall King,
in Spanish *Fountains,*

[7] Read *of the.* [8] *Text* Manies. [9] *Text* to'. [10] *Text* protend.

And to the blest off-spring,
Prince of the Mountaines:
I neither dread rebukes,
nor aduersaries,
Here's a Health to both our Dukes,
and the two Maries.

8 If Heaven a Iudgement had,
long layd up for us,
And after sorrowes sad,
will now restore us:
Unto our joyes againe,
sending our King home,
Let us him entertaine,
and bravely bring home.
Here's a Health to our royall king, &[*c.*][11]

9 His gracious Majesty,
(though he had forces,)
Would not come heither by
indirect courses:[12]
Heel to the Parliament,
keepe just Conditions,[13]
And in time yeeld consent,
to th' Propositions.
Here's a Health to our royall king [*&c.*][14]

10 If the King comes to towne,
(as it is likly,)
VVith honour and renowne,
you shall see quickly:

[11] Text & (torn). [12] *Text* couses. [13] *Text* Conditious. [14] Margin torn.

Ropemakers, Carpenters,
Hangmen, and Iaylors,
More us'd then Shoo-makers,
VVeavers or Taylors.
Here's a Health unto our Royall Ki[*ng,*][15]
in Spanish *Fountaines,*[16]
And to the blest off-spring,
Prince of the Mountaines:
I neither dread rebukes,
nor aduersaries,
Here's a Health to both our Duk[*es*][15]
and the two Maries.

FINIS.

Printed by John Hamm[ond.][15]

[15] Margin torn.
[16] Text *Fountaies.*

22

Strange and wonderful predictions

Manchester, II, 40, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

This ballad is an outspoken production printed by the "learned Presbyterian printer, Mr. Hammond" (cf. p. 45), and allowed by the official licenser of printing, Gilbert Mabbott. It seems doubtful that the Commons could have approved of the comments attributed to Saltmarsh on the army and Fairfax, of the burst of joy with which the dissolution of the army is welcomed, and of the ardent wish expressed for the restoration to power of Charles I. Saltmarsh wrote many pamphlets (several of them directed at Thomas Edwards, the author of *Gangraena*, and at Thomas Fuller), and the authorship of others was foisted on him (cf. the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII, 400). The ballad is a summary of *Wonderfull Predictions declared in a Message, as from the Lord, to Sir Thomas Fairfax and the Councell of His Army. By John Saltmarsh. His severall speeches and the manner of his Death*, a pamphlet licensed by Mabbott and printed by Robert Ibbitson on December 29, 1647 (E. 421(16)). These "Predictions" were included in a volume of twenty-two prophecies printed in 1648, but the title-page of the Harvard copy (Gay 648. 897.5), the only one I have seen, is badly mutilated. Further information about Saltmarsh's opinions and his predictions is given in *England's Friend Raised from the Grave, giving seasonable advice to the Lord General, Lieutenant General, and the Council of War*, three letters edited in 1649 by Mary Saltmarsh, John's widow.

For the tune cf. No. 48. In a ballad printed in my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 432, it is called *Bragandary downe, &c.*, not *Bragandary round.*

Strange and wonderfull Prodictions:[1] **Declared in a Message, (as from the LORD) to his Excellency Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, and the Councell of his Army. By *John Saltmarsh* Preacher of the Gospell, with his severall speeches, and the manner of his death.**

To the Tune of, *Bragandary round.*

1 The Wonders of the Lord are past
all Peoples finding out,
Which you shall understand at last,
to put you out of doubt:
Master *Saltmarsh* did Prophesie,
Told iust the time himselfe should die.
Oh wonder wonderfull wonder,
The like hath not bin knowne.

2 He Prophesies the Armies fall,
except they do repent,
He said that they should perish all,
Gods wrath on them is bent,
One Souldier shall destroy another,
The brother shall rise against the brother,
Oh wonder wonderfull wonder,
The like hath not bin knowne.

3 This *Saltmarsh*[2] was a Minister,
a man of blamlesse Life,
That preached to the Army oft,
and sought to end all strife,

[1] *Sic.* [2] Text *Salmarsh.*

In midst of warre he preached peace,
And daily pray'd our woes might cease.
Lord open the Armies hearts,
For to consider this.

4 Like one was risen from the dead,
he to the Army went,
His eyes were sunck within his head,
as though his life were spent,
He told them he from God was sent,
To move the Army to repent,
Lord open the Armies hearts,
For to consider this.

5 He said he in a Trance had bin,
and saw a Vision strange,
That he was sent from God above,
that he their minds might change,
For leaving their first principall,
God would send wrath upon them all.
Lord open the Armies hearts,
For to consider this.[3]

6 He told Sir *Thomas* to his Face,
things were not right among them
That those that were the Saints of grace,
they daily sought to wrong them,
Keeping them in Prison still,
Quite against the Almighties will,
Lord open the Armies hearts,
For to consider this.

[3] *Text* t[]is.

7 Those[4] that did stick unto them most,
they most of all do slight,
Though for a while they heare are crost,
the LORD will them requite.
These words he to the Generall said,
Which made him and the rest dismai'd,
Lord open the Armies hearts,
For to consider this.

8 He told Sir *Thomas* thus much too,
hee'd honour him no more,
But he and his should suffer woe,
as he had said before:
'Cause he had lost his former Love,
And so unconstant now doth prove,
Lord open the Armies hearts,
For to consider this.

9 They asked him if he thought best,
the Army should disband,
He bid them set their hearts at rest,
God had more worke in hand.
Some of the Army should remaine,
Would do for conscience more then gaine,
Lord open all their hearts,
For to consider this.

10 He wished some he well did love,
to leave the Army then,
And from the quarters soone remove
from all such factious men,

[4] The third column (really "The Second Part") begins here.

Least of their Plagues they do partake,
His mind to them he thus did breake,
Lord open all our hearts,
For to consider this.

11 He said the day of Doome was neare,
and God his Saints would call,
Christ in the Clouds will soone appeare,
(quoth he) to judge you all:
Let no men then my words condem,
Lest suddaine vengence light on them,
Lord open all our hearts,
For to consider this.[5]

12 When he his charge delivered had,
he went home to his Wife,
And seemed to be very glad,
that he must end his life:
He had instructed every Friend,
Soone after that his life did end.
Oh wonder, wonder of wonders,
The like hath not bin known.[5]

13 Now God so much our friend hath stood
that our Parliament,[6]
Disbands the Army for our good,
to give the Land content,
This present Moneth the fifteenth day
With promise they shall have their pay,
God give us thankfull hearts,
Who still doth stand our friend.

[5] Comma. [6] Period.

After this time no longer they,
free-quarter are to have,
'Twill be indeed a happy day,
what more now can we crave,
But that our King with full consent,
Returne unto his Parliament.
Lord open all their hearts,
For to consider this.

Finis.

Printed at *London* by *Iohn Hammond*.
Imprimatur *Gilbert Mabbott*.

23

Come buy a mouse-trap

Manchester, I, 52, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

One of the woodcuts shows Peters, the lustful postman, with his hand caught under the door in a springtrap so large that it might better have been intended for foxes than for rats. The trap is well inside the bedroom: the husband and wife, lying in bed, look at the trapped hand, and the wife says, "The Rat is catch't." On the other side of the door Peters is crying out, "Oh, my finngers."

The date of the ballad cannot be exactly determined, but may be assumed to be about 1647, for John Hammond came into prominence as a ballad-printer (cf. Nos. 21, 22, 24) in that year. The author, Humphrey Crouch (cf. No. 12), too, was certainly writing ballads in 1647. The plot of his ballad had long been a favorite and, with some unimportant modifications, is used also for No. 35. Even most Puritans, one suspects, would not have objected to the coarseness of the story, but would have heartily applauded the "honesty" of the wife.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 123.

Come buy a Mouse-Trap, Or, a new way to catch an old Rat: Being a true relation of one Peters a Post of Roterdam, who tempting[1] an honest woman to leudnesse, was by her and her husband catch't[2] in a Mouse Trap, by what meanes the following Story shall relate.

To the tune of, *Packingtons Pound.*

1 This Nation long time hath bin plagued with
old Rats,
And bin at great charges to keepe them good Cats,
[And][3] one great black Rat now as it doth appeare,
[Did][3] put a Faire Woman in bodily feare,
But he being in hast,
Was taken at last,
[The][3] Woman was glad when the danger was past,
But certaine you shall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouse-Trap to catch an old Rat.

2 Good morrow faire Mistrisse, good morrow
(quoth she)
I would we were better acquainted (quoth he)
You may if you please Sir, the Woman reply'd,
For why, my poore Spirit is free from all pride:
He gave her a Shilling,
The woman seem'd willing.
Then straight the old Rat, and the Mouse fell a
billing,
But certaine you shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

[1] *Text* temping. [2] *Text* catch. [3] Torn.

3 Then unto the Taverne they went with all speed,
And there they were wonderous merry indeed:
The old Rat was hungery, and aim'd at her fall,
The Woman was honest and crafty withall,
He call'd her his Honny,
And proffer'd her Money,
What should an old Mungrell doe with a young Conny?
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

4 He praised her Foot and he praised her Hand,
And faine he would have her now at his command,
She told him her Husband was gone out of Town,
And he should lye with her all Night for a Crown.
A Crowne he did give her,
Which well did relieve her,
And so the old Doatard was forc'd to believe her.
but certaine you shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

5 Ile lay the Key under the Doore Sir (quoth she)
And then about mid-night you may come to me,
Alas Mistrisse sweet Lips you doe me great wrong,
For I am not able to tarry so long:
My Neighbours (quoth she)
Takes notice of me,
When they are a sleep, then the businesse must be,
but certaine you shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

6 Then by much perswasion at length they did part,
And she took her leave of her old new Sweet-heart,
She went to her husband & straight did declare it,
Who laughed most[4] heartily when he did heare it,

[4] *Text* m[]st.

He highly commends her,
And thus much befriends her,
That he with assistance behold now attends her,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

7 Husband (quoth she) if by me you'l be ruled,
By me this old Doatard again shall be fooled.
When he at night comes for to make me his whore,
He'l grope with his hand for the Key of the doore,
A Mouse-Trap their set,
O doe not forget,
And there you may catch him, & teach him more wit,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouse-Trap to catch an old Rat.

8 He did then according as she him advised,
A better Project was never devised,
Peters the Post then[5] came posting with speed,
And there he was catcht by the Fingers indeed,
His Fingers were toare,
Which made him to roare,
The old Rat was never so plagued before,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouse-Trap to catch an old Rat.

9 He call'd to the Woman to shew him some pitty,
And there he sung forth a most pittifull Ditty,
The Man he made answer, & call'd him sweet-hony,
Quoth he art thou come for to bring me more mony,
Some money Ile give thee,
If thou wilt relieve mee,

[5] *Text* theu.

And for my offences now freely forgive mee,
But certaine you shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

10 Five pounds he did give him, and fell on his knees,
He askt him forgivenes, which when the man sees,
He draws out his sword then & makes him believe,
He'd cut off his head now, which made him to grieve,
But I did heare[6] say,
This Rat run away,
And did through feare his Breeches bewray,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

11 *Peters* the Post-man next day did lament,
And all the sweet Sisters were much discontent,
He might have had any of them at command,
Without any trouble, the case so did stand:
These sweet babes of Grace,
Told him to his face,
For hunting strange flesh, they would him displace,
but certaine we shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

12 All you married men now, rejoyce you and say
Our wives are all honest, and teach us a way,
If they so continue, to keep our heads cleare
From hornes, which a many do causelesly feare,
And you that make Traps,
'Twill be your good haps
To flourish, if women doe scape private claps,
but certaine you shall have no need of a Cat, &c.

[6] *Text* hearo.

13 Now all you good women that lead honest lives,
And wou'd be accounted to be honest wives,
If you in the Street doe meet such a Knave,
Tell him at home Sir a Mouse-Trap you have,
'Twill make them a shamed,
When they heare it named,
And you for your modesty ever be famed,
But certaine we shall have no need of a Cat,
Come buy a new Mouse-Trap to catch an old Rat.

Humphery Crouch.

LONDON, Printed by Iohn Hammond.

24

The good-fellow's complaint

Manchester, II, 23, B. L., four columns, two woodcuts. The first three stanzas are badly mutilated, the gaps being filled in between square brackets more or less by guess. Stanzas 3 and 9 are irregular. The date is about 1647.

On March 28, 1643, John Pym proposed to Parliament an excise on all commodities bought and sold, but as a result of strong opposition was induced to change his proposal to a tax on superfluous commodities. This motion was lost. On July 22, however, "the excise ordinance, which had long been under discussion, and which was in reality an ordinance for increased customs as well, was issued by the authority of both Houses" (Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, I, 101, 179). All classes of people were affected alike, for the excise was levied "not only on food and drink, but on goods of almost every other description," and in the years 1647-1649 brought in an average revenue of £330,000 (*ibid.*, III, 194).

Popular feeling ran high against the ordinance. All tradesmen opposed it. For example, in 1650 the soap-makers twice petitioned the government to remove the excise, which amounted to 4*s.* 8*d.* a barrel, on materials used in soap-making (E. 615 (2); 669. f. 15 (62)). In February, 1647, officers who attempted to collect the excise from a man who had bought an ox at Smithfield were cudgelled, their office was burned, their books torn, and £80 in money scattered or carried off, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs being called upon to restore order (Gardiner, *op. cit.*, III, 216). On November 8, 1651, Cromwell issued a proclamation ordering all under his command "speedily to suppress all tumults attempted against the Commissioners of Excise" (669. f. 16 (33)).

Many satires on the excise were written: for example, *The good Women's Cryes against the Excise of all their commodities. Written by Mary Stiff, chair-woman, in vineger verse* (1650, E. 589 (1)), and *The Excise-mens Lamentation: or, An Impeachment . . . against their*

insulting Publicans and cruel Oppressors (1652, E. 683 (9)). See also *The Brewer's Plea: Or, A Vindication of Strong-Beer and Ale*, 1647 (*Harleian Miscellany*, 1811, VII, 329 ff.). The ballad-writer, however, frankly admits that he shouldn't care how great the taxes were on other commodities, even wine, if his beer and ale (for which the "enormous" price of twopence a quart is asked) were free from taxation.

In connection with stanza 2 the following comment in Thomas Forde's *Faenestra in Pectore. Or, Familiar Letters* (1660, p. 147) is apropos:

> Since I began with the Excise in *England*, I will waft you over into *Holland*, where it first began, and was invented; there you shall see how ill the *Dutchmen* at first relished this Tax upon their drink: It occasioned this Libel in Dutch, which you shall read in English:
>
> *I wish long life may him befall,*
> *And not one good day therewithal;*
> *And Hell-fire after this life here,*
> *Who first did raise this Tax on Beer.*

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 265 f.

The good Fellowes Complaint: Who being much griebed strong Licquor should rise[1] In paying a Farthing a Pot for Excise.

To the Tune of, *Raged and torne and true.*

1 Come[2] hither my jovall Blades,
and listen unto my Song,
[Yo]u that of severall Trades,
have borne the burthen long:
[S]o long as the Patentees,
in *England* kept on foot,
[S]ome Knaves got by there feese,
the Devill and all to boote:
[*O*] *fie upon this Excise,*
[*'tis pitty*] *that ever 'twas paid,*
[*It makes*] *good Licqour to rise,*
[*and pu*]*lls downe many a Trade.*

2 [Like the pox] it first began,
[from *Fran*]*ce* to crosse the Seas,
[And many an] *English* man,
[had th]en the same disease:
[The war b]egot it at first,
[its burthen] then to maintaine,
[By] an old *Duch* woman nurst,
[and rock]'t in the Cradle of *Spaine.*[3]
[*O fie upo*]*n this Excise,*
[*that ever i*]*t first was paid,*
[*It makes goo*]*d Licqour to rise,*
[*and pull*]*s downe many a Trade.*

[1] *Text omits* rise. [2] *Text* []ome (*torn*). [3] Comma.

3 ['Tis a fit] Companion for Warre,
[it fi]lls a whole Kingdom with care,
[Good Fell]owes where ever they are,
[be]ar a great part for their share:
[It] never should grieve me much,
[t]hough more Excises were,
The thing I onely grutch,
is that of Ale and Beere:
I never would vex nor pine,
what ever you say or thinke,
To dubble the price of Wine,
for that I seldome drink.
But fie, &c.

4 How ever it came to passe,
that drinke is growne so deare,
The Tradesman is the Asse,
which must the burthen beare,
What though the Brewer pay,
mine Hoast payes him againe,
Whilst that good Fellowes they,
do all the losse sustaine:
O fie upon this Excise,
that ever it first was paid,
It makes good Licqour to rise,
and pulls[4] *downe many a Trade.*

5 The Blacksmith which doth get,
his living through the fire,
And being throughly het,
to drinke hee'l[5] then desire,

[4] Text *pull.* [5] *Text* heel'.

He calls to another man,
with him to spend his groat,
For't was not a peny Can,
could squench the sparke in's throat.
Oh fie upon this Excise,
'tis pitty[6] *that ever 'twas paid,*
It makes good Licqour to rise,
and pulls downe[7] *many a Trade.*

The second Part, To the same Tune.

6 The Shoomaker and the Glover,
the Taylor and the Weaver,
When they meet one another,
they go to drinke together:
But for the od Farthing losse,
the Taylor deepely swore,
Hee'd ne're layes his Leggs a crosse,
to worke for Ale-wives more.[8]
Oh fie upon this Excise,
that ever it first was paid,
It makes good Licqour to rise,[9]
and pulls downe many a Trade.

7 If any Good Fellow doth want,
and calls for a pot on trust,
Now Charity's growne so scant,
that out of the door he's[10] thrust:
The Brewer he must be paid,
the Hostis she will not score,
Yet drinke is smaller made,

[6] Text *pitry*. [7] Text *dowue*. [8] Comma. [9] Period. [10] *Text* he.

then't was in times before.[11]
O fie upon this Excise,
'tis pitty that ever 'twas paid,
It makes good Licqour to rise,
and pulls downe many a[12] *Trade.*

8 The Tinker which doth ring,
his Kettle through the Towne,
He merrily us'd to sing,
the Tune of Malt's come downe,
But what is the meaning of this,
which grieves[13] me at the heart,
To see how good Ale is,
for two pence sold a Quart:
O fie upon this Excise,
'tis pitty that ever 'twas paid, &c.

9 No marvell the female Sex,
so much do scould and brawle,
They'le never cease to vex,
tell that good Licqour fall:
I heard an Old Woman to say,
who'd never a Tooth in her head,
She'd[14] liv'd this many a day,
onely with Ale and Bread:
With that she began to weepe,
and sadly thus complaine,
Her pention would never keepe
her, till th'[15] pay day comes againe:
O fie upon the Excise,
'tis pitty that ever 'twas paid,[16] *&c.*

[11] Comma.
[12] Text omits. [13] *Text* whichgrieves. [14] *Text* See'd. [15] *Text* 'th. [16] Text *piad.*

Good Fellowes both great and small,
then pray that warres may cease,
That no Excise at all,
may be in the time of peace:
For now to conclude in the end,
and cast up the reckoning eaven,
Considering what they spend,
they loose a full pot in seven:
O fie upon this Excise,
'tis pitty that ever 'twas paid,
It makes good Licqour to rise,
and pulls downe many a trade.

Finis.

Printed at *London* by *Iohn Hammond*, and are to be sold over-against Saint *Andrews* Church in *Holborne*.

25

England's monthly predictions for 1649

Manchester, II, 44, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

The ballad is summarized from one section of William Lilly's seventy-one-page pamphlet called *An Astrologicall Prediction of the Occurrences in England, part of the Yeers 1648, 1649, 1650*, a copy of which George Thomason bought on September 4, 1648 (E. 462 (1); cf. Bulstrode Whitelock's *Memorials*, 1732, p. 334). Presumably ballads summarizing his predictions for 1648 and 1650 also appeared, for there is in the Manchester Collection (I, 48) a very badly mutilated sheet which was apparently identical with the present ballad in title (except for the year, the date of which is torn off), tune, and printer.

The astrologer Lilly (1602–1681) printed his first almanac, *Merlinus Anglicus Junior, the English Merlin Revived*, in April, 1644, and his first pamphlet of prophecies, *The English Merlin Revived, or his Predictions upon the affairs of the English Commonwealth*, in the same year. Many such pamphlets and an annual almanac from his pen appeared until the year of his death. Sir John Birkenhead's *Two Centuries of Paul's Churchyard*, 1649 (*Harleian Miscellany*, 1812, IX, 409), includes in its list of books: "*Merlinus Anglicus.* The Art of discovering all that never was, and all that never shall be, by *W. Lilly*; with an *Index* thereunto, by *John Booker*" (a rival astrologer).

Though professedly an adherent of the Parliament, Lilly nevertheless aided Charles I to escape from Carisbrooke Castle in 1648 and, according to his own story, gave him still further aid. At the Restoration, he was rigidly examined on his knowledge of the execution of Charles I, but he escaped with a brief imprisonment and a small fine. Lilly's predictions, as summarized in the ballad, were strikingly fulfilled in the execution of Charles I and the three gentlemen of No. 31.

For the two tunes see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 319 and 234.

Englands Monthly Predictions for this present y

and Accidents that will happen this year in the kingdo
who is the prime Astrologian of our Nation

England repent, and call to God for Grace,
Thy Bell doth Toll, Death stares thee in thy face,

To the Tune of Faire Angell of E

FAir England, the Garden of Europe was call'd
Who once had her freedom, but now she's inthrall'd,
Her woes and her sorrows they now doe begin,
And Heaven is angry with us for our sin

Great Schollers and Artsmen this year doth presage,
Strange things there shall happen in this same sad age:
Let all men take warning and unto God pray;
Then listen and hear what the learned doth say.

January.

Now sad January beginneth the year,
Cedars shall be shaken; great men fill'd with fear,
Now Scotland and England they both will aspire
And Taxing Receivers be payed their hire:

Bad actions of Officers now come to light,
Both Country and City sees they did not right,
If men in authoritie luskly did deal,
Sweet peace would ensue unto this Common-weal.

February.

And now February strange things it will shew,
It pronuseth bloud-shed with sorrow and woe,
Some headed, some hanged and some to death shot,
And Noblemens Honours be almost forgot:

Now sorrow aboundeth in every place,
And thus is poor England in pittifull case,
For now amongst most men there is no true-love,
And West-wards or South-west the Army will move.

March.

When March comes in blustring, roaring aloud
Great men from his furie and wrath cannot shoud,
Such strife in Religion amongst us is bred,
And some will be shorter this Month by the Head.

'Tis doubted an Army comes from the North-C
The which unto England will be a bold guest;
When Easter-day sitteth in Lady-dayes lap,
The Proverbe bids England beware of a clap.

Aprill.

This Aprill now weepeth on Earth for her sin.
And now restlesse spirits new quarrells begin,
London look about thee and have a great care,
For feare that calamity fall to thy share:

One of Royall blood is in danger most great,
And fortune is fickle not keeping her seat;
The Irish intendeth their valour to try,
And hopeth against us to have victory.

May.

In May we may hope to have Peace for a while
But tumults and uproares our hopes will begui
Some great ones sick, or in a worse case,
Plots, envy, and furie in every place:

A principall Souldier or great Officer,
Will be in great danger and breed a demur,
Strang rumors will fright us from the Northren
And I doe feare Citizens will have sad hearts.

June.

This Month of June more effects come to passe,
With some of great honour tis not as it was.
Things fresh are remembred almost out of date
And mischeifes is threatned such is cruell fate:

Sad are the Petitions of Rich and of Poor,
And strong evidence against some will be bore,
The Law's are in action but what they will doe
Time it will discover as it will insue.

ng collected from the Works of a worthy Gentleman and Schollar,
times, as it is knowne to many thousands, &c.

Yet doe not faint, though thou hast lost much blood,
The Lord will stanch thy wounds when he sees good.

Or, Bonny sweet Robin.

July.

In this Month of July the Dog-daies begin,
Take heed that they bite not, for now they do grin;
Debates about Prideledge now they are rife,
And many are questions being Authors of strife:
Some Scotch Insurrections againe will appeare,
And yet it is hoped they will not come neare:
And Denmarke like wise they do threaten us sore,
The Heavens with thunder this Month they will roare.

August

Newes from Forreigne Nations this August is lent,
Which to some in England will give small content.
The Clergy now stirreth, divisions now made,
Designes are a hatching which makes us afraid:
Receivers and Treasurers cal'd to account,
That have bought such Lordships, & do in wealth mount,
Miraculous Tokens are seed in the Skyes.
And strange Apparitions be seene with our eyes,

September.

September now tells us Tyrannicall Lawes
They shall be abolisht and par'd by the clawes,
And Customes unnecessary be put downe,
With good reconcilement in Country and Towne:
The Scots are at variance in their owne Clime,
And now on the Seas is a boysterous time,
Great Tempests ariseth, and many Ships drownd.
Both Merchants and Mariners it doth confound.

October

October now taketh strange matters in hand.
A great alteration will be in this Land
New Lawes be establisht what ever they be,
New Government moded, as many shall see.
Varieties many this time will present.
There's some will be pleas'd, and some discontent,
And thus the world alters, because it is Round,
No certainty here on the earth may be found.

November.

Some blood shed this Month of November doth crave,
And some Sequestrators their ust deserts have,
Grave Councel'ors meeteth and taketh a care,
For good of our Kingdome, and all our welfare.
Now the Civill Magistrate Justice doth doe,
And so doth the Souldier where Justice is due,
Some Tumults may happen amongst the Army,
And God preserve London from a Mutiny.

December.

December now bringeth the Yeare to an end,
Sedition and Heresie stil doth contend.
Most lamentable are the eyes of the Poore,
Of turbulent Spirits there still are great store:
At impartiall Justice some Grandees now rayes,
And being discovered they prove arrant knaves.
Some hopes time will mend, but betwixt hope and feare,
Let us pray to God to mend this fatall Yeare.

Then mercy Lord Jesus of thee we do crave,
Who for our sinnes dyed our soules for to save.
Let's still be prepared, how ere goes the Yeare,
My Authour thinkes truely that Domes day is neare.

FINIS.

Englands Monthly Predictions for this present yeare 1649. Wherein is related all the chiefe Observations and Accidents that will happen this year in the kingdome: Being collected from the Works of a worthy Gentleman and Schollar, who is the prime Astrologian of our Nation at these times, as it is knowne to many thousands, &c.

England repent, and call to God for Grace,
Thy Bell doth Toll, Death stares thee in thy face,
Yet doe not faint, though thou hast lost much blood,
The Lord will stanch thy wounds when he sees good.

To the Tune of *Faire Angell of England.* Or, *Bonny sweet Robin.*

1 Fair *England*, the Garden of *Europe* was call'd
Who once had her freedom, but now she's inthral'd,
Her woes and her sorrows they now doe begin,
And Heaven is angry with us for our sin.[1]

2 Great Schollers and Arts-men this year doth presage,
Strange things there shall happen in this same sad age,
Let all men take warning and unto God pray;
Then listen and hear what the learned doth say.

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3 Now sad *January* beginneth the year,
Cedars shall be shaken; great men fill'd with fear,
Now *Scotland* and *England* they both will aspire
And Taxing Receivers be payed their hire:

[1] No period.

4 Bad actions of Officers now come to light,
Both Country and City sees they did not right,
If men in authoritie justly did deal,
Sweet peace would ensue unto this Common-weal.

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5 And now *February* strange things it will shew,
It promiseth blood-shed with sorrow and woe,
Some headed, some hanged and some to death shot,
And Noblemens Honours be almost forgot:

6 Now sorrow aboundeth in every place,
And thus is poor *England* in pittifull case,
For now amongst most men there is no true-love,
And West-wards or South-west the Army will move.

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7 Then *March* comes in blustring, roaring aloud,
Great men from his furie and wrath cannot shroud,
Much strife in Religion among us is bred,
And some will be shorter this Month by the Head.

8 'Tis doubted an Army comes from the North-East,
The which unto *England* will be a bold guest;
When Easter-day sitteth in Lady-dayes lap,
The Proverbe bids *England* beware of a clap.

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9 This *Aprill* now weepeth on Earth for her sin.
And now restlesse spirits new quarrells begin,
London look about thee and have a great care,
For feare that calamity fall to thy share:

10 One of Royall blood is in danger most great,
And fortune is fickle not keeping her seat;
The *Irish* intendeth their valour to try,
And hopeth against us to have victory.

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11 In *May* we may hope to have Peace for a while
But tumults and uproares our hopes will beguile,
Some great ones sick, or in a worse case,
Plots, envy, and fury in every place:

12 A principall Souldier or great Officer,
Will be in great danger and breed a demur,
Strang rumors wil fright us from the Northren parts.
And I doe feare Citizens will have sad hearts.

June.

13 This Month of *Iune* more effects come to passe,
With some of great honour tis not as it was,
Things fresh are remembred almost out of date:
And mischeifes is threatned, such is cruell fate:

14 Sad are the Petitions of Rich and of Poore.
And strong evidence against some will be bore,
The *Scots* are in action, but what they will doe
Time it will discover as it will insue.

July.

15 In this Month of *July* the Dog-daies begin,
Take heed that they bite not, for now they do grin;
Debates about Priviledge now they are rife,
And many are questiond being Authors of strife:

16 Some *Scotch* Insurrections againe will appeare,
And yet it is hoped they will not come neare:
And *Denmarke* likewise they do threaten us sore,
The Heavens with thunder this Month they will
roare.

August.[2]

17 Newes from Forreigne Nations this *August* is sent,[3]
Which to some in *England* will give small content.
The Clergy now stirreth, divisions now made,
Designes are a hatching which makes us afraid:

18 Receivers and Treasurers cal'd to account,
That have bought such Lordships, & do in wealth
mount,
Miraculous Tokens are spred in the Skyes,
And strange Apparitions be seene with our eyes.[4]

September.

19 *September* now tells us Tyrannicall Lawes
They shall be abolisht, and par'd by the clawes,
And Customes unnecessary be put downe,
With good reconcilement in Countrey and Towne:

20 The Scots are at variance in their owne Clime,
And now on the Seas is a boysterous time,
Great Tempests ariseth, and many Ships drownd,
Both Merchants and Mariners it doth confound.

October.

21 *October* now taketh strange matters in hand,
A great alteration will be in this Land

[2] No period. [3] *Text* issent. [4] Comma.

New Lawes be establisht, what ever they be,
New Government molded, as many shall see.

22 Varieties many this time will present.
There's some will be pleas'd, and some discontent,
And thus the world alters, because it is Round,
No certainty here on the earth may be found.

November.

23 Some blood-shed this Month of *November*
doth crave,
And some Sequestrators their just deserts have,
Grave Councellors meeteth and taketh a care,
For good of our Kingdome, and all our welfare.

24 Now the Civill Maiestrate Iustice doth doe,
And so doth the Souldier where Iustice is due,
Some Tumults may happen amongst the Army,
And God preserve *London* from a Mutiny.

December.

25 *December* now bringeth the Yeare to an end,
Sedition and Heresie stil doth contend.
Most lamentable are the cryes of the Poore,
Of turbulent Spirits there still are great store:

26 At impartiall Iustice some *Grandees* now raves,
And being discovered they proove arrant Knaves.
Some hopes time will mend, but betwixt hope and
feare,
Let us pray to God to mend this fatall Yeare.

27 Then mercy Lord Iesus of thee we do crave,
Who for our sinnes dyed our soules for to save,
Let's still be prepared, how ere goes the Yeare,
My Authour thinkes truely that Doomes-day
is neare.

FINIS.

26

O brave Oliver

E. 548 (28). Copied in Thomason's own hand on four quarto pages. The date is December, 1648, immediately after the army under Sir Thomas Fairfax occupied London. The capitalization at the beginning of the lines has been normalized, contractions are expanded, and punctuation is supplied.

The ballad—which has no title—is a parody of the ever-popular "Arthur of Bradley" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 312 ff.), itself often burlesqued in Civil-War pamphlets. The present ballad is referred to in *Mercurius Pragmaticus* for September 5–12 and December 19–26, 1648: "Oh brave *Olliver*, oh stout *Olliver*, oh ever refulgent Nose;" "And then (as the *new Song* sayes) *Who but* Oliver? *O brave* Oliver! *O rare* Oliver! *Dainty fine* Oliver, O!" Note the comment in the fourth stanza on Oliver's nose, and cf. the notes given on pp. 71–72, above. Written (as its title indicates) after the model of this ballad is "Private Occurrences; Or, The Transactions of the Four Last Years, Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad of *Hey, brave Oliver, Ho, brave Oliver*," 1688 (Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, I, 271; *Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, 760).

[O Brave Oliver.]

1 The army is come vp, hay hoe,
The army is come vp, hay hoe!
to London it is brought,
and who would haue thought
It euer would haue proued soe?
for the indipendants
ar superindendants[1]
Ouer kingdome and Cyty also.
Then O fine Olliver, O braue, O rare Olliver, O,
Dainty Olliver, O gallant Olliver, O!

2 There quarters ar here, what then?
Ther quarters ar here, what then?
you shall be my Judge,
you may see on the brige
The quarters of honester men;
and roome they can spare
for Sir Thomas[2] there,
For Lilborne[3] and Ireton,[4] to.
A roome for Olliver, O fine Olliver, &c.

3 For Olliver is all in all,
For Olliuer is all in all,
and Olliuer is here,
and Olliuer is there,
And Olliuer is at whitehall.
And Olliuer notes all,
and Olliuer voats all,
And claps his hand vpon his bilboe.
Then O fine Olliver, O braue Olliuer, &c.

[1] *Sic.* [2] Fairfax.
[3] Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburne († 1657), the fiery political agitator.
[4] Henry Ireton (1611–1651), regicide.

4 Now Olliuer must be he,
Now Olliuer must be he,
for Olliuer's nose
is the Lancaster rose,
And thence comes his souerainety.
For Olliuer teaches,
and Olliuer preaches,
And prayeth vpon his tip-toe.
Then O fine Olliuer, O rare Olliuer, &c.

5 You shall haue a Kinge, but whome?
You shall haue a Kinge, but whome?
That you cannot tell,
nor neuer shall well
Perhaps to the day of doome;
for good Sir Thomas
great matters did promise.
Was euer Kinge serued soe?—
To make roome for Olliuer, O fine Olliuer, &.

6 But doe you not heare? what news?
But doe you not heare? what news?
The Prince they say
will come thys way,
And the Scots will him not refuse.
I wish he may[5] enter
this Land to the Center,
And winne it, and giue a right blow.
Then O base Olliuer, O s—— Olliuer, O,
Stinking Olliuer, O Trayter Olliuer, O,
Damned Olliuer, O!

[5] *MS.* my.

27

The honest man's imaginary dreams

Manchester, II, 42, B. L., two columns, two woodcuts. The entire second part of the ballad (half of the sheet) is torn away. It was printed about 1648.

Here a Royalist, under the pretence of describing a dream, reveals his discontent with the deposition of the King and with the government set up by Parliament. The ballad gives a vivid picture of the typical Royalist attitude. Perhaps still bolder views were expressed in the lost second part.

For the ballad from which the tune of *Honour invites you to delights* is derived, see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 327.

The Honest Mans immaginary Dreames: And his good wishes for the prosperity, Of the KING, and his posterity.

To the Tune of, *Honour Invites, &c.*

1 You that desire for to be inriched
who by a new fashion have long been made poore,
By them who perhaps have hedged and ditched,
or begg'd a meales meate at your fathers doore
Come listen a vvhile and I shall you tell,
I dreamed last night that all vvould be vvell.
Then come amaine,
You that would faine
See England now in her glory againe.

2 I dreamed likewise all men would be willing,
the King once more should governe and reigne,
Love one another and give over killing:
and people injoy their freedome againe,
The souldier returne to his former life,
the Kingdom quiet and free from all strife,
Then come amaine,
You that would fain
See England now in her glory againe.

3 [I dr]eamed that Conscience was now returned,
and all things in matters of State was well:
I dreamed that men at dis-loyalty spurned,
and there was none that would rebell,
Now when I awaked I wisht it were so,
that so we might have some end of our woe,
Then come amaine, &c.

4 I dreamed there was no need of Committee,
Promoters or Messengers of State,
But such who of poore men will take pitty,
who have bin made unfortunate:
I marry sir, that would be gallant indeed,
If from our troubles we thus were freed.
Then come amaine
You that would faine, &c.

5 I dreamed there was no need of Excise men,
the VVar being done and the souldier paid:
I dreamed all men in the land were wise men,
And *CHARLES* our noble King obey'd.
I wisht it were so, when I did awake,
then unto the people I thus spake,
Come come amaine, &c.

6 I dreamed that peace and pitty came banded,
ushered in by happy fate;
After the Army was disbanded,
a little before it was too late,
Me thought it was a happy sight,
to see each man injoy his right.
Then come amaine,
You that would faine,
See England now in her glory againe.

28

The King's last farewell

669. f.13 (77). There is another copy in the Earl of Crawford's collection (*Catalogue of English Ballads*, No. 1180). Roman letter, three columns, three woodcuts. Blocks at the top of the sheet represent the arms of England, Scotland, Wales, and France.

Licensed by Parliament's official, Theodore Jennings, this broadside presents the strict Puritan's attitude towards the executed King, and was no doubt intended to make that attitude more popular. It is noteworthy that the sheet, written in "good-night" form, treats the King with considerable deference. He is made to lament his offenses, to protest that if longer life were to be granted he should spend it in repentance for his sins, and to warn other sinners by his lot. Francis Grove registered a ballad called "the kings last farwell to the world, &c" on February 1, 1649 (Eyre's *Transcript*, I, 309), which was evidently a reprint of the present sheet. Probably no other ballads dealing with the execution were licensed, so that the printer Ibbitson was perforce content with this rather colorless work, which appeared on the next day after the death of the King. For various broadsides on the execution see Robert Lemon's *Catalogue of a Collection of Printed Broadsides in the Possession of the Society of Antiquaries of London*, Nos. 509 ff., the British Museum Catalogue, and Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, II, 309 ff. A rare pamphlet on this subject, *His Majesties Speech On the Scaffold at Whitehall* (1649), is preserved at Harvard in the Gay Collection (648.618).

The KINGS Last farevvell to the World, OR THE Dead KINGS Living Meditations, at the approach of Death denounced against Him.

1 Through fear of sharpe and bitter paine,
by cutting off my dayes,
No pleasure in my Crown I take,
Nor in my Royall Rayes.
I shall discend with grieved heart,
(for none my life can save)
Unto the dismall gates of death,
to moulder in the Grave.

2 Farewell my Wife, and Children all,
wipe off my brinish teares.
I am deprived of my Throne,
and from my future years.
Farewell my people every one,
for I no more shall see
The wonders of the Lord on earth,
nor with you shall I bee.

3 Mine eyes doe faile, and to the earth
to worms I must be hurl'd:
Henceforth no more shall I behold
the people of the world.
My Crown and Scepter I must leave,
my glory, and my Throne:
Adieu my fellow Princes all,
I from the earth am gone.

4 Mine Age (which did approach to me)
departed is away;

And as a Shepheards tent remov'd,
and I return'd to clay;
And as a Weaver doth cut off
his thrum, even so my life,
Must be cut off, from people and
from Children, and from Wife.

5 In sighes by day, and groanes by night
with bitternesse I moane,
And doe consume away with grief,
my end to think upon.
Fear in the morning me assailes,
Death Lion-like I see,
Even all the day (till night) to roare
to make an end of me.

6 I chattered as the schreeking Crane,
or Swallow that doth flye:
As Dove forlorn, in pensivenesse,
doth mourn, even so doe I,
I looked up to thee, O Lord,
but now mine eyes doe faile.
Oh ease my sad oppressed soule,
for death doth now prevaile.

7 What shall I say, to Gods Decree,
if he would speak, I then
should live; it is a work for God,
I find no help from men.
Yet if my life prolonged was,
my sins for to repent,
Then softly I would goe and mourn,
untill my life was spent.

8 And all my years, that I should live,
for mine offences foule,
I would passe o're in bitternesse,
of my distressed soule.
O Lord, thou hast discovered
to me, that by these things
Men live; Through thee, Princes do Reign,
thou swayest over Kings.

9 In all things here Gods Providence,
and will alone commands,
The life of my poore spirit sad,
is only in his hands,
Oh, that the Lord would me restore.
my strength then I would give,
To serve my God in humblenesse
whilst he would let me live.

10 Behold, O Lord, when I in peace,
did look to be restor'd,
Then was my soule in bitternesse,
cast off, and I abhor'd,
Yet in the love of God most good,
his righteousnesse most just
Hath throwne me downe into the pit,
and to corrupted dust,

11 Because that I have gone astray,
and cherisht war and strife,
My dayes are now cut off, and I
am quite bereft of life,
Oh cast my sins behind thy backe,
good God, I humbly pray,

And my offences with the blood
of Christ wash clean away.

12 When my dead body is interd,
I cannot praise thee there,
Death cannot celebrate the Lord,
my God, most good, most deare;
They that go down into the pit
destructions them devoure:
For in thy truth they cannot hope,
but perish by thy power.

13 The living, Lord, the living, they
shall praise thy holy name.
With all the glorious hoast above,
and I shall do the same,
The father to his children here,
that are of tender youth,
Shall them forewarn, and unto them
make known thy glorious truth.

14 Forgive my sins, and save my soule
O Lord, I thee intreate,
And blot out mine offences all,
for they are very great:
Receive my soule for Christ his sake,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
That I with Saints and Angells may
eternall prayses sing.

FINIS.

38 Isay. Imprimatur. T. J. Jan. 31. 1648.
LONDON
Printed for Robert Ibbitson 1648.

29

King Charles's speech

Manchester, II, 54, B. L., two columns, one woodcut.

Only half of the sheet is preserved, the entire second part being torn off. This is most unfortunate, for the ballad is a valuable historical document, perhaps the work of an onlooker at the execution. His loyalty to the King is beyond question, and is reflected in the very favorable speech he puts into the mouth of the royal victim. Of Charles's actions at the scaffold, however, even his political enemies admitted that "he nothing common did or mean upon that memorable scene." The ballad has been reprinted among some of Ebsworth's voluminous notes in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, Pt. I, xc. It could hardly be omitted in a collection of Commonwealth ballads, especially when so many other ballads from the Manchester Collection are included. Few contemporary ballads on the execution of the King escaped the ravages of censorship (cf. pp. 47 f.). After the Restoration a number were written, several of which are in "good-night" style and purport to be the work of eye-witnesses.

There are numerous accounts of miracles that grew out of Charles's death. For example, in July, 1649, a blind maiden at Deptford by "making use of a Handkircher dipped in the Kings blood . . . recovered of her sight." To the pamphlet that prints this story (E. 563 (2)), George Thomason added a MS. note: "This is very true." In his *Natura Prodigiorum*, 1660, pp. 17–18, John Gadbury remarked: "The very yeer in which *Charls late King of England was beheaded, it was generally* (I will not, I cannot say truly) *reported, that he, without his head, was seen to hover in the Air over Whitehall* (the place where he was beheaded) *many nights together.* Nay, I have heard some affirm, *That he was seen* (sometimes) *with his George upon his breast, in the manner and form as he wore it, when he came on the Scaffold.*" Perhaps it was such reports as these that made David Copperfield's friend, Mr. Dick, worry about Charles I's head! For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 174.

King CHARLES His Speech, and last Farewell to the World, made upon the Scaffold at White-hall-gate, on Tuesday, *Ianuary* 30. 1648.

To the Tune of, *Weladay.*

1 Faire Englands joy is fled,
Weladay, weladay,
Our Noble King is dead,
Sweet Prince of love;
This heavy news so bad,
Hath made three Kingdoms sad,
No comfort to be had,
But from above.[1]

2 On Tuesday last his Grace,[2]
Chearfully, cherfully,
Went to his dying place,
to end all strife,
Where many a weeping eye
VVith groans unto the skie,
To see his Majesty
there end his life.

3 His Foes he did forgive,
Graciously, graciously,
And wisht we all might live
in quiet peace.
He wisht what ere was past,
That he might be the last,
No sorrow we might taste,
but wars might cease.

[1] Comma. [2] Period.

4 Theres nothing griev'd him so,
Weladay, weladay,
As when he thought that woe
might light on all.
The tears stood in his eyes
To heare the peoples cries,
And think what miscarries
on us should fall.

5 Upon the Scaffold then,
Weladay, weladay,
In hearing of all men
this he made knowne,
That Hee was innocent
of all the blood was spent,
He strove with Parliament
but for his owne.

6 Quoth he, themselves confest,
Weladay, weladay,
And thus much have exprest
in mine owne hearing,
The *Militia* in mine hand
was granted by the land
To be at my command,
none with me sharing.

7 The keeping of the same,
Weladay, weladay,[3]
I know not who to blame,
they did desire.

[3] Text *welady*.

VVhich made us disagree,
The fault's now laid on me,
This all the world may see
set all on fire.

30

The weeping widow

Manchester, II, 20, B. L., two columns, one woodcut. Only half of this ballad is preserved—the entire second part being torn away—and even that is mutilated. The main title of the ballad is almost clipped off, and several lines are torn from the bottom of the sheet. These deficiences in the text are indicated below by square brackets and dots.

The woodcut shows a hand from the clouds offering a letter inscribed with several lines (or perhaps a book) to a woman dressed in heavy mourning weeds. The face of the woman is torn off the Manchester ballad but can be seen in the reproduction of the woodcut (taken from another and a later source) in Ebsworth's *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 628. Ebsworth (p. 632) identifies the mourning woman as the Princess Elizabeth (†1650) and states that the hand is presenting to the Princess "her father's bequest, viz., his book entitled, 'Ikon Basilikè' "; but certainly on the present sheet the woodcut is intended to represent Queen Henrietta Maria, who in the verses that follow it bewails the murder of her royal husband and sends a letter to Prince Charles. Without any question, the ballad was printed shortly after the execution. Its reproduction, therefore, in spite of the lamentable mutilation, seems desirable. The "motto" following the title is a device that I do not recall having seen elsewhere on so early a ballad.

The tune, usually called *Gerhard's Mistress*, gets its name from "The Love-Sick Maid; Or, Cordelia's Lamentation for the absence of her Gerhard. To a pleasant new tune" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 563), the earliest registration of which was made on March 12, 1656 (Eyre's *Transcript*, II, 35). To this same tune somebody wrote "The King's Last Speech At his time of Execution, as he made upon the Scaffold, a little before his Death," beginning "I Come, My blessed Saviour, now behold I come." The copy, said to be unique, reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 625, is of a considerably later date

than the death of the King; but that actually it did appear in 1649 seems probable in view of the fact that Henrietta Maria's lament to the tune of *Gerhard* was printed in 1649 and has survived in this single copy. Needless to say, "The Weeping Widow" must have been printed surreptitiously. Especially interesting is the sneer in stanza 3 at the "barbarous-minded Scots."

The Weeping Widdow.

Or, The sorrowfull Ladies Letter to her beloved Children, mixt with Prayers and Teares; With a Sad expression concerning the downfall of her thrice Renowned Husband.

Motto. **Unto the Children of my deare Affection,**
Deliver this according to direction.

To the tune of, *Gerhard.*

1 You Noble
Lady Muses just in number nine,
Of power divine,
Assist a Mournfull Woman to Indite
Melpomeny
is knowne to have the chiefest Skill,
Lend me thy Quill
and guide my trembling hand whereby to write
A Letter
to mine owne sweet Children,
Wheresoever that they be.
Dispierced[1] farre
From me they are,
whom I shall never see:
In mid'st
of Sorrow, Griefe, and Anguish,
These Lines which here are pen'd,
To shew the care,
And love I beare,
I thus my greeting send.

2 I am
the wofull Widow drown'd in deep despaire,

[1] *Text apparently* displerced. *The word is, of course,* dispersed.

This is my share,
never was womans Grief so great as mine:
A Husband
once I had which loved me full deare,
Many a faire yeare,
whose sad untimely death makes me repine:
For whil'st
that my good Husband lived,
No Potent[2] under Sun
Trod such a Race,
For time and place,[3]
as he himselfe hath run.
But by
his Death I am made Widow,
My Children Fatherlesse,
Wherefore I shall
Unto them all
[A letter now address.]

3 First to
my Eldest Son most Nobly borne and bred
Marke what is said,
I you advise to take heed whom you trust,
Beware
of *Jews* & *Turks*, & Barbarous minded *Scots*,
Whose bloody Plots
have cast your Fathers fortunes in the dust.
Let no
deceitfull tongue insnare you,
Think on your Fathers fall,

[2] *I.e.*, Potentate.
[3] *Text* p[]ace.

Whose heart so kind,
By proofes I find,
hath quite undone us all.
Regard
your Brothers and your Sisters,
And all your faithfull Friends,
Beware of those
That faune and glose
onely for their owne ends.

4 And if
the power of Heaven your fortunes doth
advance,
That 'tis your chance
for to enjoy what is your owne by right
Shew kindnesse
and forgive your unkind Enemies,
Which against you rise,
and strives to overcome you by their migh[t.]
Doe good
for evill I doe intreat you,
Gods Word doth will you so,
So shall you be
From scandalls free.
where e're you come or goe;
Consider
these your Mothers Sayings,
and lay them close to heart,
And surely then . . .

31

The fatal fall of five gentlemen

Manchester, II, 43, B. L., four columns, two woodcuts.

This ballad—like No. 28—bears the rare *imprimatur* of Theodore Jennings, who had been appointed licenser of the press in 1649. As is commonly true of "hanging ballads," the author openly sympathized with the gentlemen, though he speaks in tones of proper horror of their conspiracy against the Parliament. The five Royalist gentlemen were implicated in the so-called Second Civil War, which was brought to disaster by Fairfax's capture of Colchester in July, 1648. Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, was taken prisoner on the field near Kingston early in July, 1648; James Hamilton, Duke of Hamilton and Earl of Cambridge, led a Scottish invasion into England in August, and was defeated by Cromwell at the battle of Preston. Soon after, he surrendered himself to Cromwell. Similar fates overtook Sir John Owen, Royalist colonel, Arthur, Lord Capel of Hadham, and George Goring, Earl of Norwich. In November, the five were sentenced by Parliament to banishment. The army, however, determined on more severe punishment, and called a high court of justice on February 3. Proceedings were begun on February 10, and all five were condemned to death on March 6. Owen and Goring were reprieved two days later, but the other three were beheaded on March 9. An account of the execution is given in a quarto pamphlet called *The Several Speeches of Duke Hamilton, Henry, Earl of Holland, and Arthur, Lord Capel* (1649). The "dying speeches" of the three noblemen are included also in the 1661 edition of John Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murder;* and rather a striking elegy on Capel is added to John Quarles's *Regale Lectum Miseriae* (1649). On April 8, Sir Edward Nicholas wrote to the Marquess of Ormonde (Thomas Carre, *A Collection of Original Letters*, 1739, I, 247):

> The Duke [of Hamilton] and the Earl [of Holland] it seems died in their sin of rebellion against the King, according to the Scots damnable Covenant,

without demanding (openly) pardon of God for it, or so much as publickly declaring their sense or sorrow for the same. But the truly noble Lord *Capell* died like a person of honour and much courage, as a good Christian and true-hearted Englishman, being much lamented by all worthy men.

The ballad is, as the first three stanzas indicate, a sort of bourgeois *Mirror for Magistrates*. For the tune see No. 59.

The fatall fall of five Gentlemen, and the death of three of them. Shewing the manner of their crimes, their falling into Relapse, and the sentence pronounced against them in *Westminster Hall*, on Tuesday *March* 6. 1648. whose names were as followeth.

To the Tune of, *In Summer time. &c.*

1 You that in England once bare sway,
expecting no mishap to come:
Here is a looking-glasse wherein
you may behold the fall of some[1]

2 That once were held in great esteem,
of noble birth and high renowne,[1]

[1] Period.

By Fortunes frown and fickle wheele,
are from their dignities cast down.

3 Their names and titles are exprest,
whereby that you may understand
What men they were, and what great sway,
of late they carryed in England.

4 The Earle of *Cambridge* he was one
a noble Scotch-man born and bred,
By title cal'd Duke *Hambleton*,
which was adjudg'd to lose his head.

5 The Earl of *Holland* he also
appointed was for the like death,
And the Lord *Goring* was condemn'd
by th' bloody axe to lose his breath.

6 Lord *Capell* bore a valiant minde,
as is to Town and Country known:
Yet through miscarriage in his wayes
he hath his fortunes overthrown.

7 With Sir *John Owen*, a Welsh-man stout,
as ever yet drew sword in field.
These five had sentence past on them
and unto death were forc't to yeeld.

8 The sixt day of the month of March,
they were condemned all to dye:
That others may behold with fear,
and learn to mend their lives thereby.

The second part, To the same Tune.

9 These men heaven knowes once little thought
that ever they should have come to this,
Tis like they thought twas for the best,
when as 'tis sure they did amisse.

10 In former times who was so much
set by as brave Duke *Hamilton*,
Beloved in City, Town and Court,
before the English wars begun.

11 Or who was greater in request,
then was the Earle of *Holland* bold,
He was in favour with the best
and liv'd in pleasures manifold.

12 His tongue seemed an Oracle
his words with some became a law,
And no man durst against him speake,
the people were so kept in awe.

13 And this 'tis of Lord *Goring* said,
that when he was in full command,
He sided with the Pattentees,
which was a burden to *England*.

14 The people when Lord *Capell* lived,
for charity gave him good report
And many heavy moane[2] do make
that he should dye in such a sort.

[2] *Or* monne? (*Blurred.*)

15 As for the valiant Welch-man he,
was one that never betray'd his trust,
But to his former principles
tis said that he was true and just.

16 But howsoever it came to passe,
tis sure these five men gave consent
Whereby that men should beare up armes
for to affront the Parliament.

17 Ring leaders they were proved to be,
of them that bred the latter jars,
In *Colchester* and other parts,
whereby to raise the second wars.

18 For these and other such like faults
three of them lost each one a life,
God grant the death of these three men,
may make an end of all the strife.

FINIS.

London Printed for Fra. Grove on Snow-hill.[3]
Imprimatur T. J.

[3] No period.

32

The royal health to the rising sun

Manchester, I, 44, B. L., four columns, two woodcuts.

This fine Royalist ballad bears the initials of its printer. It appeared shortly after the execution of Charles I, laments that the Scottish thistle has choked the English rose and put out of tune the Irish harp, and predicts that "the rising sun" of Charles II will soon appear in England to assuage suffering and distress. Beginning in a somewhat veiled manner, in the final stanzas the author openly mentions and laments the two Charleses. One line, "The Lamb shall with the Lyon feede," is echoed in a later ballad of "A New Prophecy" (No. 74). Another, "Our trading's spoiled and all things dear," is the motif of No. 19. The tune is not known.

The Royall Health to the Rising Sun.

To the tune of, *O my pretty little winking, &c.*

1 As I was walking forth one day,
I heard distressed people say,
Our Peace and Plenty now is gone,
And wee poore people quite undone:
A Royall Health I then begun[1]
Unto the rising of the Sun,
Gallant English Spirits
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that sets
may after rise againe.[1]

2 The Tempest hath indured long,
Wee must not say, wee suffer wrong,

[1] This six-line refrain follows every stanza.

The Queene of Love[2] sits all alone.
No man is Master of his owne.

3 We over-whelmed are with griefe,
And harbour many a[3] private Thiefe,
Poore House-keepers can hardly live,
Who us'd in former times to give:

4 The Thistle choaks the Royal Rose,
And al our bosome friends turn'd foes,
The Irish Harpe is out of tune,
And we God knowes undon too soone.

The second Part, to the same tune.

5 True love and friendship doth now decay,
Poore People's almost starv'd they say,
Our Trading's spoyl'd, and all things deare
Wee may complaine, and ne're the neare:

6 Though all be true that here is said,
Kind Countrey-men be not dismaid,
For when the worst of harmes is past,
We shall have better times at last.

7 When Rulers cast off selfe-respects,
Then shall our Yoaks fall from our Necks,
Our safeties shall not then depend
On promise of a Faithlesse Friend:

8 When as the Cloud[4] of Warre is downe,
The Royall Sun enjoyes the Crowne,
The Lamb shall with the Lyon feede,
'Twill be a happy time indeed:

[2] Henrietta Maria. [3] Not in the text. [4] *Text* Clond.

9 Let us cheare up each other then,
And shew our selves true English-men,[5]
And not like bloody Wolves and Beares,
As wee have bin these many yeares.

10 The Father of our Kingdom's dead,
His Royall Sun from *England's* fled,
God send all well that Warrs may cease,
And wee enjoy a happy Peace;
A Royall Health I then begun
Unto the rising[6] of the Sun,
Gallant English Spirits,
doe not thus complaine,
The Sun that sets
may after rise againe.

London Printed for *H. E.* 1649.

[5] *Text* English: men. [6] *Text* rissng.

33

The twelve brave bells of Bow

Manchester, II, 14, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

T. S., whatever his name, was a very bold printer. No ballad could ring more loyally than this paean on Charles II. Writing about 1649—not long, it seems, after the execution of Charles I—the author (who reminds one of Martin Parker) whole-heartedly extols the loyal nobility and cheerfully looks forward to the imminent downfall of the Parliament and the restoration of Charles II. Meantime he is willing to drown his sorrows in sack and sherry.

There are still twelve brave bells in the Bow Church steeple, although the present church of St. Mary-le-Bow, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, was begun in 1671 and finished in 1687. It was the bells of the old church that, according to the famous story, called Richard Whittington back to London to be three times Lord Mayor. For some account of that edifice see Wilberforce Jenkinson's *London Churches Before the Great Fire* (1917), pp. 179–184. For a ballad "Upon the Stately Structure Of Bow-Church and Steeple, Burnt, An. 1666. Rebuilt, 1679" see Lord Crawford's *Catalogue of English Ballads*, No. 774.

The tune is new, that is, written for (or at least named from) the ballad itself.

The twelve brave Bels of *Bow:*
OR,
A Royall crew, blith and merry,
Drinking healths in Sack and Sherry.

To the tune of, *The twelve brave bels of Bow.*

1 Come noble hearts
To show your loyall parts,
lets drink a lovely cup and banish care,
Why should not we
Which are of spirits free
Dround grief with sack and cast of all dispare,
then drink your fill
See how the lusty hogs-heads lyes a bleeding still,
What care I how full is my glass
Drink it up quickly and let the health pass
see thou filst it up to the brim.
Quaffe it off roundly doe you drink to him
but pride down head-long surely must fall,
Though most in presumption abound.
the Lord is King of Kings over all:
And will all their projects confound.
Then drink and sing,
God blesse the true Nobility, the twelve bels ring.

2 The Sun in the Skyes
Most gloriously doth rise,
and spreds his glistering beames to give us light,
Jove with his traine
Supporteth Charles's waine,
although the dog-star grin and sore doe bite,

Come drink your fill,
[See ho]w the lusty hogs-heads lyes a bleeding still,
[Heaven scourge them] with Iron rods
Which hords up their money & makes it their Gods
Hang those muck-worms which doe repine,
(And will not be royall[1]) they ar no friends of mine
When as the Lyon: in *England* is plast,
weel think no more of the plume,
The Royall seed shall highly be graft,
their youth appeares by its blume:
Then drink and sing &c.

3 Old *Bacchus* tends
To welcome all our friends
to tast his sparkling Necter he invites,
All Heroys bold,
Which scorne to be controld,
the Queen of love our sences she delights,
Then drink your fill
See how the lusty hogs-heads lye a bleeding still,
Come brave gallants here's to you all.
To be true and faithfull I doe you install,
Your silk stockings must touch the bare ground,
This cup of Canary it shall passe quite round,
we shall reioyce, when as our hearts choyce,
Doth weare the Crownet of fame,
Knights, Lords and Earles wil honer rare Charles
The second of that Royall name:
Then drink and sing,
God blesse the true Nobility the twelve bels ring.

[1] *Read* loyall?

The second part to the same tune.

4 Though clouds and stormes,
Doe give us these allarms,[2]
and hides the glory of *Apollos* face,
They vanquish shall
And dissolve before us all
these royall heires the Pallace for to grace:
Then drink your fill,
See how the lusty hogs-heads lyes a bleeding[3] still,
Fierse *Belona* beats up her drums,
Mars with his army couragiously comes,
All the planets Iointly agree,
to set us in order as we ought to be:
Neptune at sea on waves he doth play,
and takes a turne at the helme,
Hoisesing up saile, they meane to prevaile,
and land safe into this Realme:
Then drink and sing,
God blesse the true Nobility the twelve bels ring.

5 The Fatherless
Are left in deep distress,
it us behooves the Widdow to deplore,
Oh factious crew,
Falsehearted and untrue,
whose stained hands doth fill our land with gore
Come drink your fill,
See how the lusty hogs-heads lyes a bleeding still,
If the loud[4] wind doe gently blow,
And we were deprived of sorrow and woe,

[2] *Text* allarm's. (*sic*). [3] *Text* deeding. [4] *Text* leud?

Dukes and Ladyes masking may have,
Being sumptuously decked with ornamants brave,
the Court may flourish, so will our land,
And all things plenty will be,
then faith and truth will goe hand in hand,
This troubled Kingdom to free:
Lets drink and sing, &c.

6 When as the Throne,
Is garnisht with its own
the Citizens shall no imployment lack,
All Ioviall blades,[5]
May flourish with their traides,
The Conduits they shall run amain with sack,
Come drink your fill,
See how the[6] lusty hogs-heads lyes a bleeding still,
All the gentry worthily born,[5]
Will cause stately ringing at Charles's returne,
Bonefires flaming in its array,
Shall make glooming midnight as bright as the day
the Lambs shall play, and trip or the plaines,
Beggers and Criple will dance,
the Shepheards[7] will pipe like rurall swaines,
The honour of one to advance,
Then drink and sing,
God blesse the true Nobility the twelve bels doe ring.

London, Printed for T. S.

[5] Period.
[6] *Text* ths.
[7] *Text* Shepheads.

34

The fame, wit, and glory of the west

Manchester, I, 53, B. L., four columns, two woodcuts. The sheet, which was printed about 1649, is slightly mutilated. Words and letters torn from the margins are supplied within square brackets.

Richard Burton was a Royalist printer of the most devoted type. Here both his hero and his heroine are impoverished Cavaliers. Neither is worthy of the excessive adulation heaped upon them by the author. He felt, evidently, that a Roundhead—and a clownish Roundhead at that—deserved no consideration. Be that as it may, one can hardly approve of the methods adopted by the Glory of the West!

In the ballad the author has given a clever twist to the popular story of wooing by proxy that is older than its use in the Arthurian legends and younger than in Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish.* A favorite version of this story deals with Elfrida, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, King Edgar, and Ethelwald; see, for example, Thomas Deloney's ballad in *The Garland of Good Will, ca.* 1593 (*Works,* ed. F.O. Mann, p. 305); the comedy of *A Knack to Know a Knave* (1594); Edward Ravenscroft's *King Edward and Alfreda* (1667); Thomas Rymer's *Edgar, or The English Monarch* (1677); Aaron Hill's *Elfrid* (1710); and William Mason's *Elfrida* (1752). Similar to the Elfrida story are the triangular love-affairs presented in the early Elizabethan comedies of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,* by Robert Greene, and *Fair Em,* an anonymous work long attributed to Shakespeare. The substituted-bride story is in a very general way paralleled in Thomas Heywood's *Wise Woman of Hogsdon* (1604). Cf. also V. O. Freeburg's *Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama* (Columbia University dissertation, 1915).

The Glory of the West, here introduced as a new tune, is given in Chappell's *Popular Music,* II, 444, and is used in No. 35, a companion ballad to the present production.

THE GLORY OF THE WEST

The Fame, Wit, and glory of the West,
Here in this Song shall fully be exprest.

A Caveat for young men wherein they may behold,
how a youngster gave away his Mistris and his Gold;
And Maids likewise may here a lesson learn,
wherein good from bad they may discern;
Learn but this damsels, wit, and then youl finde,
a way to fit all suters in their kind.

To a pleasant new Tune, Called *the glory of the West.*

1 A Faire and comly creature,
as ere was fram'd by nature,
Lived in the west and the glory of the same;
Her maiden life and carriage,
Untill her day of marriage;
I of it needs must wright unto her lasting fame,
Most galants did admire,
her beauty with desire,
To inioy her company,
and her vertues for to try;
But alas poore fooles their labour was in vain,
the glory of the west, they never yet could stain;
Your courting, and your complements she'd say,
is not the way to win me, I longer mean to stay.

2 Perhaps you may admire,
and have a great desire,
To know why she was call'd the glory of the west;
then give but time and leasure,
And to fulfill your pleasure;
her vertues here shall fully be exprest,
She was proper tall and comly,
no parts about her homely,

She had no rowling eye,
nor never used uncivility,
But an amorous sweet and lovly piersing sight,
her cheeks and her lips were pure red and white,
Her other parts can better be exprest,
by him that now injoyes the glory of the west.

3 So rare she was and witty,
they call'd her famous[1] *Betty;*
Not far from *Bristow* this gallant spark did live;
her Father was a Cavalier,
And lost his life in service there,
her mother was grown poor, & no portion could her give
Which made those gallants think that she
would soon yeeld up her honesty,
Quoth they wee'll venture,
her royall fort to enter,
But all their time they spent, alas it was in vain,
the glory of the west, they never yet could stain,
Quoth she you are deceiv'd tis not my poverty,
shall ever make[2] me yeeld to your uncivilty.

4 My vergins life ile keep quoth she,
untill such time that man I see,
VVhich I can affect and chuse him for my mate;
when that gallant once I find,
That to vertues is inclin'd,
and I can but fancy him, I care not for estate;
If a royall heart he bear,
and can love a Cavelier;

[1] *Text* famons. [2] *Text* make'.

That same promise he must make,
for my noble fathers sake,
VVhich lost his life and fortunes in the field,
and to no other side my maidenhead I'le yeeld,
If that he be a Cavalier, tho he be neer so poor,
I'le love him, I'le serve him, and honour him the more.

5 Give[3] eare and listen to my Song,
and I shall tell you ere be long,
How she hath obtaind a husband to her mind;
a usurer that liv'd hard by,
Left his Son when he did dye,
Great sums of money, with goods and land behind;
That youngster hearing of this girle,
vow'd if either gold or pearle,
Would this damsels favour win,
then he weighd it not a pinne.
Hang money quoth he, my Gold I will let flye,
my father he is dead, I have enough lye by,
A conceit I have now comes into my breast,
which I hope shall obtain the glory of the west.

6 A kinsman poor I have quoth he,
shall make up this same match for me,
And a hundred pounds on him I will bestow,
he is a comly youth and young,
And knows well how to use his tongue
and he will obtain her for me I do know;
So forth he set this youngster brave,
with money and what else hee'd have,

[3] The third column (really "The Second Part") begins here.

For to try his utmost skill,
to obtain this maids good will;
Spare not quoth he tis no matter what you spend,
doe the best you can, and be faithfull to your friend;
That I will sayes he, but mark now the Iest,
he cousened his kinsman of the glory of the west.

7 When first he came unto this Maid,
with courteous words he to her said,
Faire damsell I must court you in my kinsmans name;
his father being of his life bereft,
Great means behind him he hath left,
and now this youngster injoyeth all the same;
Which on you he will bestow,
if you please it shall be so;
Sir you have spoke enough quoth she,
he's but a foole I plainly see.
Do you present his person, and let him keep his Gold,
now you have your answer, that Riddle pray unfold;
Your Riddle faire Mistris, I quickly understand,
my person and my service shall be at your command.

8 This gallant damsell faire and bright,
in whom so many took delight;
With this prodigals kinsman was taken so in love,
which when he did perceive and see,
He slipt no opportunity,
but couzened his cozen as afterwards did prove;

Sweet heart quoth he I am poor indeed,
which made me fearfull to proceed;
But what I want in wealth faire maid,
shall be in love and service paid;[4]
Speak no more quoth she, few words I like the best,
if you can love a Cavalier, no more shall be
expresst,
Sweet soule saith he tis known both farre and neer,
I have lost all I had, for being a Cavalier.

9 These lovers being vnited,
his kinsman was invited;
Over to her house, and he thought to get the lasse,
but sure a foole he needs must be,
When once he did the Mistresse see;
to marry with her maid as after comes to passe,
Quoth[5] she unto this prodigall,
now you have obtained all;
By your kinsmans meanes quoth she,
pray sweet heart tell to me,
VVhat you will bestow upon him for his pain,
my maid he would marry if a portion he could
gain;
He hearing of her words, drew forth a purse of Gold,
and said sweet heart content him as long as it will
hold.

10 Five hundred pound is in't sayes he,
the rest I freely give to thee;
A Ring likewise he bought her, and a fanne,

[4] *Text* piad. [5] *Text* Qouth.

one thing of you quoth she I crave,
Our loves so secret I would have;
I would not have it blaz'd abroad about t[he land.]
So for that time he went away,
untill the appointed marriage day,
VVhere in private they did meet,
at a Church in *Bristow* street;
And there his kinsman served him like a clo[wn;]
the Mrs. wore the maids clothes, the mai[d her own,]
This Mistresse had her Maiden bravely dres[sed;]
this foole he did take her for the glory of the [west.]

11 They vales before their faces had,
so eager was this simple lad;
In all the haste he marri'd needs must be [;]
which being done his kinsman led,
His Mistresse and unto him sed,
this maid you must give me which he did [free.]
His Gold he freely gave away,
and his Mistresse too I say,
But yet he had enough beside,
his Ring, his gown, likewise a bride;
It was too much for such a foole as he,
for to maintain a kinsman his suter for to be,
The clown got the Bride that was so bravely [drest,]
but his kinsman bore away the glory of the [west.]

12 So from the Church away they went,
this clown at first was well content;

Thinking he had married with the glory of the
w[est;]
so homewards then he went apace,
He never look't upon her face,
but took her for her Mistresse, she was bravely
[drest.]
His kinsman and his pritty mate,
went smiling after in conseit,
Thinking what the foole would say,
when their vales were tooke away,
Tis no matter what he said, they had his money
[got;]
the maid and the gown, it seems fell to his lot;
I ne'er before did hear of such a pretty Iest,
as here was brought about by the Glory of the
w[est.]

13 Brave gallants went to meet her,
and kindly they did greet her;
But thinking to salute the glory of the west,
they were struck with admiration,
To see such alteration;
but plucking off ther vales, they soon perceiv'd
t[he jest;]
This youngster when he did behold,
he had lost his Mistresse and his Gold;
Faith I might a looke quoth he,
before that I had leapt so free;
But now the proverb you may plainly see,
marriage and hanging goes by destiny;
Thus unto you I freely have exprest,
The wit and behaviour of the glory of the west.

14 This Song a warning well may be,
to young men when they do it see
If once they goe a wooing not to trust another,
and maids if they this Song will learn,
Good from bad they may discern,
and this girls behaviour they may chuse above all oth[er.]
This couple lives most brave they say,
in *Bristow* at this present day;
Ever since they did agree,
both in peace and unity;
She never yet would give him cause of strife.
I doe wish that every man could say so by his wife;
Young men and maids, this Song [was made for you,]
so the glory of the west now bids you [all adieu.]

London printed for *R. Burton*, at the Horse-shooe in Smithfield, 164[9.]

35
The credit of Yorkshire

Manchester, I, 6, B. L., four columns, four woodcuts. The sheet is slightly imperfect, parts of several lines being torn off. These parts have been restored in square brackets.

This ballad is an imitation of the foregoing (No. 34), to which it refers in the opening lines. The story it tells is very old, and occurs in *fabliaux*, jest-books, collections of tales, and plays too often to need much comment, though usually the chaste wife has three or four suitors whom in one way or another she puts to shame. (See the notes to Furnivall's edition, Early English Text Society, 1865, of *The Wright's Chaste Wife, ca.* 1462; W. A. Clouston's *Additional Analogues of "The Wright's Chaste Wife,"* E.E.T.S., 1886, and his *Popular Tales*, 1887, II, 289–316; F. J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 276; and No. 23 above.) Here the story is exceptionally interesting because of its application to the wife of a poor but honest Cavalier. Pontefract Castle, twice referred to, was surrendered to the Roundheads on March 21, 1649.

Charles Hammond, the author, is represented by ballads in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 324, VII, 44, VIII, 675. He wrote many chap-books, five of which were entered at Stationers' Hall (Eyre's *Transcript*, II, 181) simultaneously on June 11, 1658. For the tune, which involves an unusually elaborate stanzaic form, see No. 34.

The credit of Yorkeshire, or the Glory of the North. Or, A new way to pay the Malt man.

To the Tune of *the right Glory of the West.*

1 Of late I heard a dity,
was sung in Town and City,
And it was cald the Glory of the West;
of a pretty Cavelier,
That song was made as I do hear;
and in my conceit it proved a pretty jest,
But if you please to list a while,
this Dity sure will make you smile,
Wherein I will declare the same,
of a gallant Northern Dame;
Whose vertuous life, her constant love and worth,
makes me intitle her the Glory of the North,
Her husband kept a Tavern and a noted Cavelier,
for being in Pomfret Castle it cost his purse
full dear.

2 All the Gentry far and neare,
resorted to this Cavelier,
Some for love of him and others for his wife.
Although content to all she gave,
Yet so she would her credit save;
her husband had no cause of jealousy nor strife.
All sorts of Seres[1] thither came,
for to view this comly Dame,
And some in zeale would try her skill,
to obtaine their wanton will,

[1] Sires *or* Sirs? Suitors *would fit the sense as well as the metre.*

But[2] if they were uncivell,
shed cast them forth this jear,
I pray hands of sir, touch not a Cavelier.
though Caveleers are poore yet honest wil[3] bee
And play our games so fairely we care not who
do see.

3 Looke what side so ere you be,
you're welcome here bee sure quoth she,
And such content as my house can afford
you shall have at your command,
But ide have you understand,
I shun your company & if you were a Lord
If you seeke to wrong my Name,
or my credit do defame
By your base uncivelty,
then I shun your company;
For if you seeke to wrong my honour o,
be sure I then must take you for my husbands foe,
Comming or going a kisse i'le not deny,
but otherwise tis troblesome and I doe it defie.

4 Thus her vertues and her fame,
had gaind her such an honest Name,
Most of all that Country that lived both far and
near,
that no Inne wheresoere they went,
Could give the Gentry such content,
as they could have with this Northern Caveleer.
Thus her credit's long set forth,
she's cald the glory of the North,

[2] *Text* B[]t. [3] *Read* we wil.

For being such a vertuous wife,
and leading such a civill life.
But yet it cost her husbands purse full dear;
for being in Pomfret Castell was prov'd a Caveleer
It cost his wife all the money shee could gaine
her husbands liberty and freedome to obtaine.

5 All the meanes that shee could make,
it being for her husbands sake,
Shee thought it not too much that she did do,
when her husband shee had gain'd,
And his freedome had obtain'd,
thus was her love so constant firm & true,
Which brought them then in debt full sore,
and chiefly on the Maltmans score,
Who did on them no pity take,
but thought a prize on him to make,
Or on his wife, now marke this jest I pray,
the man at last was deceived in his play,
Her husband then in prison straight he cast,
but this silly Malt-man did pay for 't at last.

The second part, To the same tune.

6 His wife then hearing of the same,
unto the Malt-man straight shee came,
And did desire him some course that he would take,
that her husband might be freed,
Quoth hee, sweete heart it is agreed,
if that you'l consent to the bargain I wil make,
So straight hee whisper'd in her eare,
and told her that shee need not feare,

For her husband hee would free,
if to him shee would agree.
That is quoth he to lodge with me one night
I meane to keepe it secret and your courtesie requite,
Your husband cannot know nor of it understand,
grant but this request Love, & her's my heart & hand.

7 Thus relating of his minde,
she thought shee'd fit him in his kind,
And out of prison her husband she would bring;
to any motion i'le now consent,
This knave, it seemes I must content,
and nothing else will please him unlesse it be that thing.
Quoth shee my wits i'le worke about,
but sure i'le bring my husband out,
And yet my credit I will save,
but make of him a silly knave,
Perhaps he thinks to make of mee his whore,
but such a trick ile show him shall pay a Maltmans score,
And teach such knaves more wit, when once they heare,
how this Maltman was served by an honest Caveleer.

8 Then to this Maltman shee replid,
good sir your suit is not denied,
But which way I pray shall my husband sir be freed?
quoth he, sweetheart I mean to make,
A free acquittance for thy sake,

grant but my request & it is done with speed.
Then come at such a night quoth she,
and drink a pint of wine with me,
Then to my Chamber you shall goe,
none of my servants shall it know.
This bargin being made, shee to the prison went,
and there she told her husband all her full intent,
Quoth she sweet heart come out with your keeper such a night
Come up unto my Chamber love and there clame your right.

9 The time being come the Maltman went,
and thought to give this wife content:
Then to her chamber hee straight way was conveyd,
the quittance in his hand he brought,
To reade it then shee him besought;
but full little thought hee poore foole hee was betraid,
With her he then began to play,
but shee desired him for to stay;
Ide have you go to bed quoth shee,
if that you[4] meane to sport with mee,
And such content ere long to you i'le give,
just cause you'l have to think on me as long as you liv[e.]
He then puts off his cloths and into bed did go,
this prity soule undrest her to, but now begins his woe.

10 Her husband straight began to call
quoth shee we are undone now all;

[4] *Text* y[]u.

The Maltman hearing that began to sigh for feare,
quoth he where shall I go to hide?
Here in this Chest quoth shee abide,
for there is nothing in it but such cloths I weare.
Then in he went, but little thought
he to his shame should out be brought.
Her husband straight came to the doore,
what are you going to bed you whore,
When I'm in prison cast, and money want to spend,
my keeper here wants money & is my speciall
frien[d.]
Alas you know sweet heart that I have none
quoth sh[e.]
i'le search al these coffers here, but i'le find some
saith [he.]

11 Shee opened all about the Rome,
but that which was the Maltmans Tomb,
Come open this quoth hee, for here the treasure lies,
sweet heart quoth shee pray[5] rest content.
If this you see I shall be shent.
the Maltman hearing this the teares ran downe
his thighs.
Before this Chest he opened,
the Maltman lay like one stark dead.
Quoth he here is a spirit here,
but with my sword I will him reare.
Keeper saith he, here is mine enemy,
and i'le be revenged upon him by & by.
If that you'l spare my life sweet sir, I humbly pray,
from all your debts i'le clear you sir untill this
present day.

[5] *Text* rapy.

He then releast him of his debt,
this Sparke was out of Prison let,
And well contented to i'le warrant he was beside,
tis thought the Maltman dearly payd,
Because he had the Chest berayed.
how happy is that man hath such an honest Bride.
Neere Pomfret doth this couple dwell,
in London rode tis known full well,
The Maltmans friends did me intreate,
none of their Names I should relate.
But to conclude and make an end my Song,
consider of this jest you'l say the Maltman had
[no] wro[ng.]
When Caveliers are poor, they by their wits must
[double,]
but let them still be honest like this Northern
C[ouple.]

Charles Hamond.

London, Printed for *Richard Burton* at the Horse-shoo in Smithfield 16[4]9.[6]

[6] Blurred.

36

Gallant news from the seas

Manchester, I, 45, B. L., four columns, four woodcuts.

Tom Smith is a non-committal name for the author, but the printer W. J. showed much boldness in signing his initials (though possibly they were assumed) to this intensely loyal song. It is significant as showing how English Royalists, immediately following Charles I's execution, began to plan for the restoration of his son. The specific occasion of this song was that part of the fleet of Parliament had revolted, and in July, 1648, placed itself under the command of Prince Charles. Joining the fleet off the coast of Holland, Charles then sailed with it to Yarmouth and Dover. In November Prince Rupert assumed the active command.

The difficulties of distributing the sheet must have been great, but ballads of this type undoubtedly played no despicable part in stimulating the courage of the Cavaliers. The workmanship bears great resemblance to that of Martin Parker: unquestionably he was writing ballads in 1649, though prudence dictated that they be anonymous. "Tantara" refrains (which were probably derived in one way or another from Priscian's quotation from Ennius, *At tuba horribili sonitu taratantara dixit*) had long been popular. Dozens of uses of the phrase can be found in Elizabethan poetry (cf. *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XVIII, 48). In his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589 (ed. Arber, p. 192), Puttenham illustrates the term *onomatopeia* by saying: "as the poet *Virgil* said of the sounding of a trumpet, *ta-ra-tant, tara-tantara.*"

The tune is not known.

Gallant Newes from the seas.
Being a Relation of certaine speeches made by Prince *Charles*, the Duke of *Yorke*, the Lord *Montrosse*, Sea-men and Land-men, with their Resolutions: Gathered together by a Sea-man lately come from Sea, and framed into a Song by him; whose name is *Tom Smith*.

To the tune of, *The Fleat at Sea.*

1 Rouse up your spirits and make haste away,
and cast away needlesse sorrow and care,
There is such a Navy of Ships on the Sea,
that hath not bin seene this thousand yeares:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
Tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

2 Wee Sea-men invite you to helpe in each thing
you Land-men if ever you meane to be blest,
From whom your joy and comfort doth spring,
without whom your Land can neuer have rest,
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

3 With that bespake the Duke so bold,
follow my councell every one,
You shall want neither Silver nor Gold,
in setting my Brother now on his throne:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

4 Then good Prince *Charles* did send them word,
that they should not too forward be,
O I am unwilling to draw my Sword,
I'd rather have them yeeld to me:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

5 My Lord *Montrosse*,[1] did answer and say,
will you stand still and loose your right?
They doe but laugh at your delay,
but wee are resolved with them to fight:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

6 Your Sea-mens hearts are valiant and true,
they wish that right may now take place,
They'l spend their dearest blood for you,
so well they love your Royall Grace:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
Tan ta ra ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

7 With that bespake the Sea-men then,
with good Prince *Charles* wee'l live and dye,
Wee'l shew our selves right honest men,
fight for our Prince and liberty:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
Tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

8 There's none of them all though they be bace,
shall ever bring us to their Bow,
Wee'l stoope to none but to his Grace,
to whom true honour now is due:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

9 When the Land-souldiers heard these words,
their joy of heart did much abound,
Quoth they, while wee have strength & swords,
wee will not yeeld an inch of ground:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

[1] James Graham, first Marquis of Montrose (hanged May 21, 1650). Among his poems are some famous lines on the execution of Charles I.

10 [S]tand[2] you fast brave Sea-men wee pray,[3]
and wee shall soone our Foes confound,
Wee will not rest by night nor day,
untill wee make Prince *Charles* renown'd:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

11 And when wee bring him to his right,
wee hope these Civill Warrs will cease.
Wee shall have then no cause to fight,
if God and they conclude a peace:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

12 Here's a Health to all by Sea and Land,
that doth the Royall Cause defend
That bravely for Prince *Charles* will stand,
to bring his troubles to an end:
With[4] *tan ta ra ra ra, &c.*

13 God send 's the rule wee had before,
'twill be the better for honest men,
'Twill be the better for rich and poore,
for wee shall have no fals-hood then:
With tan ta ra ra ra, &c.

14 God blesse the man that made this Song,
for he hath honestly playd his part,
'Tis pitty he should suffer wrong,
who loves the Prince with all[5] his heart:
With tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
Tan tara ra ra, tan ta ra ra.

FINIS.

Printed for W. J. 1649.

[2] Torn. [3] Period. [4] Text *Wih.* [5] *Text* withall.

37

An atheistical creature

Manchester, I, 35, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts. The main title of the ballad is missing, and two lines in stanza 11 are slightly mutilated.

This interesting ballad, directed against sectarians, expresses particular horror and disdain for the antinomians. The author may have known the pamphlet (E. 168 (7) and Harvard) called *A Discovery of 29 Sects Here in London, All of Which, Except the First* [i.e. the Protestants], *Are Most Divelish and Damnable* (1641). But his tirades at times are so comic as to verge on burlesque. *Lambert* is probably an error for *Lambeth*. The tunes are given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 114.

. . . . . .

OR,

A brief Relation of an Atheisticall creature, living at *Lambert*, which is of a strange opinion that his sins are too big for him to goe to Heaven, and too little for him to goe to hell, he thinks he shall dye a *Pharisie:* Further he desired to have a Commission to burne every new marryed couple in the Buttock, but paying him forty shillings they should escape unburned.

To the tune of, *Jesper Cunningame*, or *brave Lord Willoby.*

1 Good Christians all give eare awhile,
and mark what I relate,
There lives a Man in *Lambert* Town,
govern'd by lucklesse fate:
An *Athist* he in Iudgement is,
not fearing Heaven nor Hell,

But in presumption every day,
'gainst God he doth rebell.

2 He thus unto his Neighbours spake,
my sins quoth he are great,
That I my self shall not attaine,
to sit i' th Heavenly seate:
Nor shall my soule goe down to Hell,
(sin doth not multiply)
In heart I doe believe that I
a Pharisie shall dye.

3 This as a jeere he thus did say,
blaspheming of our God,
But such that will not him obey,
shall surely feel his Rod:
Like the Foole he saith there is no God,
but Men like Dogs must dye,
And have no other just reward,
of bliss or Misery.[1]

4 But yet this Viper he is given
to covet after Gold,
Though neither he fears Hell nor Heaven
as this for truth is told:
A Commission he did seek to have,
a Villanous act to doe,
Then list a while you standers by,
and Ile declar't to you;

5 Quoth he, if I a grant might have,
and a commanding power,

[1] Comma.

Each marryed Couple I would brand,
to make their pleasure sower:
But if full forty shillings they,
to me would freely give,
They should injoy their Loves in peace,
in Unity to live.

6 But those which did this same deny,
should feele my cruell ire
With irons hot I would them burn,
hoat with the flaming fire:
With which, impression deep Ide make,
and were 'em by my side,
The first that I in hand did take,
should be a young-mans Bride.

7 Inhumane like thus would he deale
with those new marryed,
His tyrant hand they sure should feele,
so soon as they were wed,
O what a Tyger would he prove,
if he in Office were,
The like before in all my life,
I never yet did here.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

8 His savage mind doth thirst for blood,
he's of the swinish breed,
And as[2] the churlish Caniball,
on mens flesh he would feed:

[2] *Text* on.

And likewise the poore Female sex
he'd punish with a brand,
Thus all young folks he would perplex,[3]
unlesse they'd bribe his hand.

9 This great confusion in the Land,
about Religion sure,
Doe bring Mens hearts to hainous sins,
for all they'r counted pure:
They climbe so[4] high above their reach,
it is the Brothers tricks,
Then from the top they down doe fall
head-long and breake their Necks.

10 So by that meanes there epicures,
and Atheists they doe rise,
And *Pharisees* with their wild Sects,
Gods glory to despise,
The *Antinomians* lead the way,
for to commit all evill,
Saying to sin it's for their good,
though it lead them to the Divell.[5]

11 When they in these wild wayes are fixt,
like *Judas* some dispaire,
And presently goe hang themselves,
in conscience troubled are:
[So]me dround themselvs, some stob themselvs,
and some their throats doe cut.
When Men run headlong in their wayes,
[t]hose God from him doth shut.

[3] *Text* peplex. [4] *Text* so ho. [5] Comma.

12 Good Christians be not thus sedus'd,
by Wolves cloath'd in Sheep-skins,
For with your eyes you plainly see,
God plagues us for our sins.
If there be neither Heaven nor Hell,
how comes it then to passe,
In Winter time the Snow appears,
in Summer-time the Grasse:

13 The Sun,[6] the Moon, the Stars give light,
as God hath so decreed,
But he that saith there is no God,
is sure a fool indeed.
Let none delude you from the truth,
but faithfully believe,
That God is just in all his wayes,
so mayst thou Heaven receive.[7]

14 These vild Sectarians doe annoy,
and fill the land with sin,
They'r sevenfold nearer the sons of Hell,
then when they did begin:
Believe not them, believe Gods Word,
so shalt thou live in peace,
And let true-hearted Christians pray,
that *Englands* wars may sease.

15 Lord blesse thy Ministers which teach
thy word in every Church,
And breake in too the Sectaryes,
that would thy people lurch:

[6] No punctuation. [7] Comma.

Heaven prosper us that we may live,
so as with you to dwell,
For goodly men shall goe to Heaven,
and wicked ones to hell.

FINIS.

London Printed for C. D. 1649.

38

Gallant news from Ireland

Manchester, II, 19, B. L., two columns, one woodcut. The entire second part is torn away, but even in its mutilated condition the ballad is an important document. Loyally supporting Charles II and all his followers, it breathes in every line contempt for the Parliament and its leaders. That such a ballad could have been published is a commentary on the boldness of the printers and the difficulties of the censors.

Murrough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin, captured Drogheda ("Tredah") on July 11 and Trim and Dundalk on July 24, according to Gardiner (*History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, I, 109 ff.). The ballad-writer believed that these victories pointed to the complete downfall of Parliament's power in Ireland, and cleverly compared the Irish situation with the mythological war of the Titans against Olympus. James Butler, Marquis of Ormond, the commander of the Royalist forces in Ireland, was, however, defeated by Michael Jones on August 12. Cromwell himself landed at Dublin on August 15, and began vigorous operations against the rebels. The triumphs of Ormond and Inchiquin were soon mere memories. Trim and Dundalk were recaptured by the troops of Parliament in September. On the eleventh of that month, Cromwell took Drogheda by storm, and butchered 3000 of its defenders and citizens. Fortunately for his peace of mind, the balladist could not foresee that fearful dénouement; though even if he could have done so, he might have been no more discouraged than was the author of a later "Hymn," No. 39.

Gallant Newes from Ireland.
Being a true Relation of the Lord *Inchequins* taking the City of *Tredah*, and the two strong Garrisons *Trim*[1] and *Dundalk* upon surrender with all the Armes, and Amunition, upon the 19. & 20. of *July*, 1649. Farther since the latter end of June, at least 8 strong fortified Townes Forts[2] and Castles have been[3] taken by storme and composition by the magnanimous *Ormond* and his potent Heroick Forses: having also besieged all their Forts, Towers, Castles, Towns, Cities, who will suddenly be sole Victor ober *Ireland*, with the baliant resolution of Prince *Ruperts* Fleet, which takes and retakes Shipping every day for the use of CHARLES the Second.

To the tune of, *Spindolow*, or *braue Essex and drake.*

1 In faire *Olimpus* high,
A degree above the Skie,
the Gyants rebelled in their Senates,
Being furious mad they rose,
Their God-head to oppose,
to unthrown all the seven noble planets,
At *Jupiter* they aim'd,
Who is in glory fam'd,
for to tare him and's Crownet quite asunder
But Jove being King,
His lightning down did fling,
and consum'd many Gyants with thunder.

2 Stand up stout *Mars*,
The God of bloody wars,

[1] Roman letter. [2] *Text* Forrs. [3] *Text* heen.

& mount on your Steed with great power,
For *Tipheus*[4] he amaine,
With his aspiring traine,
rises up *Paphos* Queene to devower,
For *Jupiter* the great,
Sitting in his regall Seate,
they would rend *Titans* Chariot quite asunder,
But Joue being King, &c.

3 This Planetary warre,
Unto ours may compare,
which hath wasted three gallant stately Nations,
For Pride against their King,
Made their Cannons[5] loud to ring,
yet they sweeten'd our hearts by Proclamations,
With many a faire pretence,
They'd make glorious their Prince,
they have chopt him and's honor quite asunder
But Jove being King,
His lightning down will fling,
and hee'l make the Elements to thunder.

4 Although *Charles* be dead,
We do[6] owne another Head,
the second of that most Royall Name,
Though fortune doe frown,
It is *Charles* must weare the Crown,
see see the dog-star eclipses all his fame,
But his luster shineth forth,
From the South unto the North,

[4] Typhoeus (Typhon), son of Gea.
[5] *Text* Cannos. [6] *Text* de.

from the East to the West all doe wonder,
But Jove being King,
His lightning down doth fling,
& will make all the elements to thunder.

5 Then cheere up brave Boyes,
Which are the Kingdoms Ioyes,
for *Ormond* ore *Ireland* is Victor,
Lord *Inchequin* hath taine,
Tredah with all its[7] traine,
it's[8] far better then any *Coblers* Lector.
Dundalk and strong *Trim*,
For the happinesse of him,
I meane Charles the Peoples greatest wonder,
But Jove being King &c.

6 The *Irish* Harpes in tune,
And since the month of *June*,
eight of their chiefest Garrisons be taken,
Towns, Cities and strong forts,
As Intelligence ryports,
have been stormed, by them were quite forsaken,
Their Cannons loud will rattle,
To invite them to a battle,
big ambition will swell it self asunder,
For Jove being King,
His lightning down doth fling,
& hee'l ma[*ke*] *all the Elemen*[*ts*][9] *to thunder.*

[7] *Text* it's.
[8] *Text* 'its.
[9] Text *Eelemen*[] (torn and blurred).

39

A hymn to Cromwell

This ballad is printed at the end of a prose pamphlet called "*A Curse Against Parliament-Ale. With a Blessing to the Juncto; a Thanksgiving to the Councel of State; and a Psalm to Oliver . . .* Nod-nol: Printed for the good of the State. 1649" (E. 575 (33)), which Thomason bought on October 25, 1649. It is a fine example of the daring and pointed satires Royalist writers heaped upon the leaders of Parliament and especially upon the rubicund nose of the "brewer" Cromwell (cf. pp. 71–72). As Cromwell had succeeded his uncle, Sir Thomas Stewart, in 1636, as farmer of the cathedral tithes at Ely, he is in stanza 7 called "the Ely Bull." A burlesque from beginning to end, the ballad (which deals ostensibly with the same subject as No. 38) is not distinguished for veracity. Various defeats were inflicted upon Parliament's forces by the Earl of Inchiquin and Hugh, Viscount Montgomery of Ards, before Cromwell captured Drogheda; after that time an almost unbroken string of victories resulted from Cromwell's leadership. Neither Ireton nor Peters (cf. No. 75) nor Michael Jones was dead when the ballad appeared. Its "historical facts," as well as the tune, seem to have been invented especially for use in this particular "psalm." That the psalm was popular among Cromwell's enemies can hardly be doubted.

A HYMN TO CROMWELL

A *Hymne* to CROMWEL.

To the Tune of, *Let* Cromwels *Nose alone.*

1 Sing old *Noll* the Brewer, sing old *Noll* the Brewer,
With his Copper-face, and Ruby-*Nose*, now is
Routed sure:
Let Cromwels *nose still reign*, *let* Cromwels *nose*
still reign,
Tis no disgrace to his Copper-face, *to Brew strong*
Ale again.

2 *Tredagh* he took by Storm, and there he got much
Riches;
But *Ards* and *Inchiquin*, has made him wrong his
Breeches.
Let Cromwels *Nose still Reign*, *&c.*

3 *Trim* and *Dundalk* was quit, and *Noll* did forward
go;
Before he at *Killkenny* came, *A lack and alasse*
for wo.
Let Cromwels *Nose still reign*, *let* Cromwels *Nose*
still reign,
Tis no disgrace to his Copper-face, *to Brew strong*
Ale again.

4 *Ormond* with *Irish* stout, did Charge him in the Van,
And gave him there a Rowt, that kill'd both Horse
and Man.
Let Cromwels *Nose still Reign*, *&c.*

5 *Tredagh* is now Regain'd, the *Mount* was never
tane;

Most People now do think, that he will end his Reign.
Let Cromwels *Nose still reign, &c.*

6 *Hugh Peters* lay for dead, and said he was not well,
One striping him, he said, He new came out of Hell.
Let Cromwels *Nose still reign, &c.*

7 *Ireton* was found dead, *Jones* had his *deadly*-blow,
Which made the *Ely Bull* to *Roar*, *Bellow*, and *Loe.*
Let Cromwels *Nose still reign, &c.*

8 Sure *Lilly*[1] was a *Witch*, that did perswade his stay,
But he without his *Breech*, to *Ireland* would away.
Let Cromwels *Nose still reign, &c.*

9 Now they have hem'd him up, within a Castle sure,
The *Iuncto* little think, what's Lordship doth endure.
Let Cromwells *nose still reign, &c.*

10 They now doe say the Lawrd, did their great Cause betray,
And sent them all to heaven—*the clean contrary way.*
Let Cromwells *nose still reign, &c.*

11 Thus every Tyrant thrives, and every Traytor shall,
Ayming to reach a Crowne, into Perdition fall.
Let Cromwells *Nose still reign*, *let* Cromwels *Nose still reign*,
Tis no disgrace to his Copper-face, to Brew strong Ale again.

[1] See No. 25.

40

The wily, witty, pretty damsel

Manchester, I, 40, B. L., four columns, two woodcuts, slightly mutilated. The date is about 1649. The ballad is very poorly printed. The spelling and punctuation are unusually bad.

John Hammond here prints the adventures in love of a soldier, just returned from the wars, who is in favorable contrast with the Willy of the following ballad (No. 41). Songs like this are not without value for the information they give of social conditions. The treatment of the theme, however, as well as the diction, is altogether conventional.

The tune of *The Oil of Barley* (or *Stingo*) is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 305.

The willy, witty, neat, and pritty, Damsell:
Which to a Souldier often made this answer,
I dare not doe no more nor the back of your hand Sir.[1]

To the tune of, *The Oyle of Barly.*

1 Not long agone,
Walking alone,[2]
Abroad to take the aire,[3]
Under a shaid,
I spyd a Maid,
Both beautifull and faire
Sweetheart quoth I,
In courticy,
To make me somthing boulder,
Exchange a kisse,
And do not[4] misse,
With me that am a Souldier,
Which she deni'd,
And thus repli'd,
Being ready with her answer,
Forbeare to woe,
For I dare not doe,
No more nor the back of your hand Sir.

2 What is the cause
My bony Lasse,
That thou shouldst now deny mee
I in my Love
Will constant prove,
If thou'lt be pleas'd to try mee

[1] Comma. [2] *Text* a[]one. [3] *Text* a[]re [4] *Text* donot.

Then about the wast,
I her embrast,
And in plaine termes I told her,
I would her beed,
And also weed,
If she would love a Souldier,
Which she deni'd &c.

3 Ile give thee Rings,
And costly things,
Fine braslets of rich amber,
If that my will,
Thou wilt fullfill,
And walke into my chamber,
There may we prove,
The tricks of Love,
And I shall be more bolder,
When as I see,
Thou wilt agree,
To Love a valiant[5] Souldier,
Which she, &c.

4 Ile deck thee brave
And thou shalt have,
Both[6] danty faire and clothing,
My love to thee,
Shall be so free,
Ile let thee want for nothing,
In garments gay,
Each holy day,
Thou shalt both pearle & Gold were

[5] *Text* valiaut. [6] *Text* Bo[]h.

Like Loves faire Queene,
Thou shall be seene,
If thou wilt wed a Souldier,
Which she &c.

5 A Bever hat,
Be sure of that,
Ile for a faring give thee,
A Silken gowne,
With Lace lade downe,
Sweet heart thou maist believe me
Warme Muffes, new Ruffes,
Bonelace[7] and Cuffes,
Most gorgious to behold sure,
If thouls love mee,
As ice[8] love thee,
Belive me as a Souldier,
Which she &c.

The second part, To the same Tune.

6 A Souldiers wife
Lives a merry life.
And 'tis a type of honour,
In every place,
To have the grace,
Of Mistris put upon her.
Which honour brave,
Thy selfe shall have,
Then prethy Love be bolder,
Be not so coy,
Let me inioy,

[7] *Text* Bonelece. [8] *I.e.*, I'se.

Thy love and be a Souldier,
Which she denied,
And thus replied
Being ready with her[9] *answer,*
Forbare to woe,
For I dare not doe,
No more nor the back of your hand Sir.

7 If I quoth[10] she,
Should weed with thee,
We both might faile in carrage,
My age is greene,
I'me scarce fifteene,
'Tis a little to young for marrage,
Without delay,
I meane to stay,
Tell I am somthing older,
I find as yet,
I am unfit,
To meddle with a Souldier,
Therefore away. &c.[11]

8 There are young men,
Both now and then,
Whose wits are very nimble,
They'le cog they'le lie,
They'le falcyfie,
They'le flatter and desemble,
Untell they have,[12]
What they do crave,
And after wards they care not,

[9] *Text* his. [10] *Text* puoth. [11] Comma. [12] Period.

Therefore be still,
If't[13] be your will,
To trust you Sir I dare not,
Forbeare quoth she,
I pray let be,
Take this word for an answer,
Although you woe
I will not doe,
No more nor the back of your hand Sir.

9 I in some part:
Could find in heart,
To leave for thee my dear,
My madenhead,
Which I have kept,
Almost this fifteene yeare,
But if with shame,
Yould staine my name,
It would be my undoing
Wherefore kind Sir,
I pray stand farre,
And leave your desprat wo[oing.]
Pish fie be gone,
Let me alone,
Take this word for an answe[*r,*]
Forbeare to woe,
For I dare not doe,
No more nor the back of your hand [*Sir.*]

10 I knew a Maid,
That was[14] betraid,

[13] *Text* I'ft. [14] *Text* wat.

Her name was pritty *Nelly*,
A young man staid,
And with her plaid,
Till he got up her belly,
Which being done,
Away he rune,
He being but a stranger,
Which makes me say,
As well I may,
Much trusting breeds much danger
Therefore &c.

11 When I had beene,
So long and seene,
This Damsells disposion,
We both departed,
Merry hearted,
She having made condision,
For me to stay,
Untell the day,
That I returne from *Gloster.*
To end all strife,
Shee'le be my wife,
She sayes what ere it cost her,
And thus the jeast,
I have exprest,[15] *&c.*

Printed by Iohn Hammond.

[15] Text *exprect.*

41

There I mumpt you now

Manchester, II, 41, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

Here is a side-light on social conditions that followed the war. Francis Grove was a law-abiding citizen, who trimmed his sails to the wind: naturally, then, this sheet from his press has for its "hero" a discharged soldier of Parliament, whose valor against the Cavaliers is attested by wounds and scars. Unhappily, however, Willy is a gay Lothario—more of a Cavalier by nature, it appears, than a Roundhead—whose promiscuous amours are only too well known to his former sweetheart Meg. She denounces him roundly, boasts of the honest suitors at her choice, sends the soldier—thoroughly "mumped" —about his business, and urges other maids to follow her example. The date of the ballad is about 1649. A year later Willy might have run foul of the Adultery Act (May, 1650). Amorous exploits similar to Willy's make up a considerable part of Richard Head and Francis Kirkman's *English Rogue* (1665).

THERE I MUMPT YOU NOW

There I mumpt[1] you now: or,
Mumping *Megs* resolution & love to her old Sweetheart

Whom now she hath rejected,
And makes him for to know,
How ill he's been affected,
There I think I mumpt you now.

To the Tune of *Ile go no more into Scotland for to lye.*

1 Sweet *Meg*, behold thy *Willy's* now
returned from the Wars,
I fought against the Cavalires,
behold my wounds and scars:
Come sit thee down by me awhile,
some kindness to me show,
And thou shalt see
That thy Willy loves thee now.

2 What is the cause thou art so coy,[2]
Sweet-heart now tell to me:
Whats that to thee, thou sawcy knave
but fools must medling be.
Think not to play the Iack with me,
your tricks too well I know:
Ha, ha, good Sir.
There I think I mumpt you now.

3 Let me but touch thy hand, sweet-heart
what doth that mumping mean?
Alas, good Sir, your snapping short
do's make you look so lean:

[1] *Text* mnmpt. [2] Period.

You think to make a fool of me,
if that you knew but how:
Hands off, forbear,
There I think I mumpt you now.

4 I do remember well the time
ere first to Wars thou wentst,
Thou hadst not one peny in thy purse
till I thee money lent:
Thou spentst it on another Wench,
a light one, this I know:
Yet Ile say no more,
For I think I mumpt you now.

5 Six Milkmaids met at *Islington*,
'mongst whom there was much strife
Thy promise was to every one,
that she should be thy wife:
and five of them thou got'st[3] with childe,
more cunning knave art thou:
Yet Ile say no more,
For I think I mumpt you now.

6 An honest Maid near Billingsgate
thou also hast undone,
Which for a twelvemoneth after thee
did through the countreys run;
And now she's turned Oyster wench,
and lives she cares not how;
But Ile say no more,
For I think I mumpt you now.

7 Two Lasses in the countrey
also thou didst deceive,

[3] *Text* thougot'st.

Too good to keep thee company
and yet thou didst them leave:
The one of them will follow thee
when once her belly's low,
Yet Ile say no more,
For I think I mumpt you now.

8 Yet after all this Knavery
thou com'st to me again,
Thinking to have my company,
although it is but vain:
It is not all thy flattery
can win me to thy Bow,
Therefore be gone,
For I think I mumpt you now.

The second part, To the same tune.

9 Since that your mind is known sir,
henceforwards Ile prevent
The keeping of such company,
lest I too late repent:
I'd better be unmarried stil,
then match I know[4] not how,
Yet Ile say no more,
For I think I mumpt you now.

10 And yet I've[5] other sweethearts store,
which for my favour sues,
I think no less then half a score,
whereon to pick and chuse:
And yet the worst amongst them all
is not so bad as thou:

[4] *Text* knownot. [5] *Text* Iv'e.

Yet Ile say no more,
For I think I mumpt you now.

11 Ther's *Andrew* the Shoe-maker,
whose dealing is upright:
And *Robin Black* the Currier,
which I too much did slight:
Ile never shake off such a man
to mach with thee I trow,
Then away, be gone,
There I think I mumpt you now.

12 Ther's honest *Tom* the Taylor too,
he might go thorough stitch:
If I should match with such a man,
I should be wondrous rich,
Each year new Gown and Petty-coat
to me he would allow,
Yet Ile say no more,
For I think I mumpt you now.

13 Fine *Frank* the Woollen drapers man
which would be very loath[6]
To see my children naked go,
having such store of cloath:
& thinkst thou with thy nimble tongue
to win me to thy Bow:
No, no, forbear,
For I think I mumpt you now.

[6] *Text* veryloath.

14 Also ther's *George* the Weavers boy
a very hansome youth,
I love that Lad with all my heart,
because he means the truth:
I scorn to deal with such a man,
That onely loves in shew
Be gone therefore,
For I think I mumpt you now.

15 Therefore it is in vain to stay,
then pray you Sir be gone,
I mean to have an honest man,
or else Ile marry none:
Ile never leave on[7] honest freind
to take a knave, I trow,
Farewell, good Sir,
There I think I mumpt you now.

16 I wish all other Lasses were
according to my minde,
To serve all such Dissemblers
as they deserve by kinde:
He thought to make a fool of me
if that he knew but how:
But was[8] deceived,
For I think I mumpt you now.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *F. G.*

[7] *I.e.*, one. [8] *Text* Butwas.

42

A new ballad

Printed in B. L. at the end (pp. 7–8) of a pamphlet called "*The Rebells Warning-Piece; Being Certaine Rules and Instructions left by Alderman Hoyle, . . . who hanged himself Ianuary 30. With a . . . new Ballad on the loathed Life and sudden Death of Sir Philip E. of Pembroke.* Printed for the good of the State. 1650" (E. 593 (13)). Thomason's date is February 19, 1650.

Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1584–1650), is perhaps remembered by many students of literature chiefly because to him and to his brother the first folio of Shakespeare's plays was dedicated. He was especially hated by the Royalists because after a long period of service with the King—he was Lord Chamberlain from 1626 to 1641—he had espoused the cause of Parliament. Michael Oldisworth (1591-*ca.*1654), M.P., his secretary, was supposed to be Pembroke's adviser and to lead him, as Anthony Wood phrased it, by the nose. Many libels, ballads, and vicious pamphlets followed upon Pembroke's death (January 23), several of them masquerading as the work of Oldisworth himself.

The State would have wreaked dire vengeance upon the author and printer of this ballad had it been able to detect them. The author had a sense of humor that is almost ferocious. The cause of Pembroke's death, as he saw it, was an inadvertent hand-clasp given him by the Devil. Belief that devils or spirits brought death or mutilation at a touch is very common. For example, in Scott's *Eve of Saint John*, the ghost of the murdered lover, Sir Richard of Coldinghame, touched his lady's hand, and

> The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,
> For it scorched like a fiery brand.
> And forevermore that lady wore
> A covering on her wrist.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 198.

A New Ballad.

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chase.*

1 *Gods* blessing guid our Royal King
with Health and Victory,
And all his Foes to *Justice* bring,
or else like *Pembroke* die.

2 Of whose late end I now must write,
that all his Gang may know,
The *desperate end* attends each *wight*,
who lives his *Soveraignes* Foe.

3 Treason was still his onely guide,
he *steer'd* his Actions by,
A Foole he liv'd, a Mad-Man dy'd,
may all the rest so dye.

4 The daily Prayer[1] that he made,
with Curses were attended,
Began with *Oaths* what ere he said,
and with *God dam me* ended.

5 Now lest the world should misconceive
the reason of his death,
A briefe account I here shall give,
what stopt his stinking breath.

6 A Counceller he long time had,
besides his *Oldisworth* still,
By whose advice grand projects laid,
and acted by his will.

[1] Used collectively perhaps. Or should it be *prayers?*

7 The Divell in mans shape appear'd,
each Evening at his bed,
And every Morne his Knight-ship rear'd,
and him to counsell led.

8 But now by chance it so fell out,
they too Familliar came,
And taking leave, ere he went out,
for which he was too blame.

9 He needs would shake him by the hand
but that prov'd something warme,
which made him curse & swearing stand
it poysond all his arme.

10 And tumbling back, the devil by chance
troad on his Lordships toe,
Which cast him in a sudden Trance,
and provd his finall woe.

11 Both leg & arme did *Gangrene* straight
black as his durty Soule,
A subtill trick it was in faith,
and made his heart soone cold.

12 And then upon his bed hees laid,
but yet no rest can take,
His conscience cryes, his souls betrayd
even for his moneys sake.

13 And now he raves like one distract,
or mad-man out ons wits,
(His braines before long time being crackt,)[2]
now sweares, now prayes by fits.

[2] Parenthesis not closed.

14 No sooner can he shut his eyes,
but straight he starts againe,
Take heed, take heed, aloud he cryes,
the Kings alive againe.

15 His gasping groanes Alarums give
unto his Brethren deare,
The cursed crew that yet doe live,
that they their ends might feare.

16 *Mildmay*[8] take heed, the *Scots* are come,
the King will hang us all,
In *England* we shall have no roome,
and great will be our fall.

17 Nothing at all could ease his mind,
a Legion him possest,
His treacherous *Conscience* could not find:
one houre or minutes rest.

18 Untill at last a Christian Priest,
this *Jew* came to convert,
Who had before bin long opprest
for being a *Loyall Heart.*

19 The Common Prayer too must be,
the Prayer that he must heare,
Which erst so persecuted he,
neither must come him neere.

20 Which now himselfe he curses for,
and sees his Treasons all,

[8] Sir Henry Mildmay († 1664?), formerly master of Charles I's jewel-house and later one of the judges at his trial.

Scarce hoping any Mercie, or
Compassion at his fall.

21 Now Rebels all a warning take,
of this your Noble Peere,
Consider what an end they make
that live so damdly here.

22 And Royall hearts be constant still,
your Soveraignes Cause advance,
The Evening crowns the day, & will
reward your present chance.

FINIS.

43
Articles of agreement

Manchester, II, 18, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts. The first column is badly mutilated.

It is surprising to find that this seditious ballad, dating early in 1650, was published openly with the initials of the printer. Charles II had been proclaimed King at Edinburgh on February 5, 1649—six days after the execution of his father. Commissioners from the Scottish Parliament crossed to the Netherlands in February, 1650, and met Charles at Breda to discuss the terms upon which he should take up his rule. They stipulated, among other things, that the Covenant should be accepted by him and the whole nation, and that all civil affairs should be determined by the Parliament. The Royalist ballad-writer represents these commissioners and Prince Charles in a dialogue, in the course of which, with all amity and eagerness, Charles agrees to their demands. The actual situation was, of course, far different.

From expediency, Prince Charles sacrificed his convictions, or better his prejudices. He loathed the Covenant. On August 18, however, expediency carried him still farther when he consented to sign a declaration acknowledging his father's blood-guiltiness and his mother's idolatry. He was crowned at Scone on January 1, 1651; accounts of the coronation ceremony were printed by James Brown at Aberdeen and Robert Ibbitson at London (E. 793 (2), 669. f. 15 (81)). There is a striking political caricature in the Thomason tracts (669. f. 16 (13); John Ashton's *Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century*, p. 403) which represents "The Scots Holding Their Yovng Kinges Nose to Ye Grinstone." Here Charles is made to say: "For revenge's sake, I will dissemble." It is noteworthy that in ballads Prince Charles is always presented as being most unwilling to wage a war on his rebellious subjects. Perhaps his adherents felt that apology was needed for his inactivity before and after the battle of Worcester (September 3, 1651).

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 114.

Articles of agreement betwixt Prince Charles and the Parliament of Scotland, brought over by their Commissioners from Holland.

Scotland now hath got a King,
They agree in every thing,
King of one Kingdome now is he,
Who we know is heire to three,
No man knows that Kingdomes fate,
Nor our own expos'd to hate,
When we have appeas'd our God,
He at length will burne the rod.

To the tune[1] of, *The Lord Willowbies March.*

1 The news from *Scotland* if you'l heare,
I purpose to resite,
And how themselves they doe prepare,
with the *English* for to fight:
the Prince and they
agreed they say,
And they acknowledge him their King,
and protest
they'l doe their best
Unto *England* him to bring.
Scotland now hath got a King,
they agree in every thing.
Long may our neighbours flourish.

Prince.

2 Stand fast and be not you dismayde,
this said the Prince of hearts,

[1] *Text* thetune.

All Christian Princes will lend us aide,
and soone will take our parts,
The *Sweade*, the *Dane*,
[The] King of *Spaine*
[They have agreed] to stand my friend,
[My king]dome
[Soon will c]ome
[Then our troubles shall have] an end.
[*Scotland now hath got a K*]*ing*, *&c.*

Scots.

3 Most noble Prince the *Scots* did say,
wee'l live and dye with you,
For why? we well do know quoth they,
three Kingdomes is your due,
in distresse,
heaven blesse
You and your proceedings all,
and your friends
who intends
Your Enemies shall fall,
Scotland now hath got[2] *a King*, *&c.*

Prince.

4 I have some friends in merry *Scotland*,
and a many enemies
In *England* too I understand,
heaven open all their eyes,
that they may
another day
Yeild faire *England* here their right
for God knowes
against my foes

[2] Text *gnt.*

I am unwilling for to fight.
Scotland now hath got a King,
they agree in every thing.
Long may our neighbours flourish.[3]

The second part, to the same tune.

Prince.

5 To all good Articles Ile agree,
and yeild to every thing,
So I may have one Kingdome of three,
and raigne your Naturall King,
no Popery
nor Sectary
Shall in the Kingdome there remaine,[4]
nor Bishops sleeve
your Conscience grieve,
Shall in the Kingdome there remaine.[4]
Scotland now hath got a King,
they agree in every thing,
Long may our neighbours flourish.[3]

Scots.

6 The Presbyterian Government
we doe desire may stand,
That you shall act with your Parliament,
for the good of your Land,
if you agree,
then we shall be
A happy Nation in your choice,
strife shall cease,
and we have peace

[3] Comma.
[4] The repetition of this line is no doubt a printer's error.

And shall have cause for to rejoyce.
Scotland now hath got a King, &c.

Prince.

7 Your Propositions are so faire,
I can them not denye
But you must then with me adheare,
against all cruelty,[5]
plundered land
out of hand
You shall suddenly restore
unto those
you count your foes,[5]
My Fathers friends that are made poore.
Scotland now hath got a King, &c.

Scots.

8 Upon condition they shall not
in Parliament ere sit.
For why? their deeds are not forgot,
it is a thing unfit,
also this
is not amisse,
And an Act of Oblivion shall be made
excepting those
that are your foes,
That have your Fathers life betray'd.
Scotland now has got a King, &c.

9 The Prince agreed to every thing,
now *Scotland's* like to thrive,

[5] No punctuation.

They cannot they say, be without a King,
though they in vaine did strive,
they invite
their delight,
The Prince of *Wales* unto the Crowne,
they protest
they'l doe their best,
For to beat False-hood quite down.
Scotland now has got a King,
they agree in every thing,
Long may our neighbours flourish.[6]

FINIS.

London, Printed for *A. E.*

[6] Comma.

44

The lady's lamentation

C. 20. f. 14(32), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

This ballad, like No. 43, appeared (in 1651) with the name of its printer, Richard Burton, notwithstanding the remarkable nature of its subject-matter. It is a striking lament for the exile of Charles II and for the usurpation of his throne by Cromwell. The allusions in the first part are loosely veiled; but almost any reader or hearer would have known that the "Black-bird most Royall" was the swarthy Prince Charles. In the second part, all disguise is thrown aside, and the lady openly refers to Charles's adventures in Scotland, to his defeat at Worcester, and to the murder of his father, at the same time expressing a determination to seek him out, wherever he be, to share his fortunes.

The tune of the *Highlanders' March* is given in the *Dancing Master*, 1665, as is noted in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 784. A Euing ballad (No. 160) names it *The Highlanders March, or General Monck's Right March.*

The Ladies Lamentation. For the losse of her Land-lord.

The Tune, *Highlander's March.*[1]

1 All in a fair morning for sweet recreation,
I heard a fair Lady was making great moan,
Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation
saying, her Black-bird (most Royall) is gone.
O Fates that have me deceived
with sorrow much grieved,
Ile be reprieved,
from sad misery.
Else I, as duty doth bind me,
and *Cupid* assign'd me,

[1] Text *Ma*[]*ch.*

Ile find out my true love,[2]
where ever he be.

2 Once with much excellency my Love did fleurish,
& was the chief flower that *England* did spring,
All vertue bequeath'd him his person to nourish,
as if he by lineage had come from a King.
But now this fond fickle Fortune
whose wheel is uncertaine,[2]
That causes this parting
betwixt[3] him and me.
The[4] aliue doe remaine
in *France* or in *Spain*
Ile find out my true love
where ever he be.

3 The birds in the green woods are mated together
the Turtle is chosen to be with the Dove,
So I am resolved come fair or foul weather,
this Spring for to find out my Lord and my love,
Tis he that is my hearts treasure,
my joy, and my pleasure,
And having such leisure
most sweetly Ile flee,
For he is valiant and kind,
and faithfull in mind,
Ile find out my true love
where ever he be.

4 Both youngmen & Maidens now chuse by election,
then why should not I and my true love be joyn'd?

[2] Period. [3] *Text* bewixt. [4] *Read* If he.

To heaven I will pray for a blessed protection,
to make me succesfull my Landlord to find,
His wings are fatally clipped
and absolutely stripped,
With thier woes nipped,
which humbleth me.
If he his fame do advance
in *Spain*, or in *France*
Ile find out my true love
where ever he be.

The second part to the same Tune.

5 In *Scotland* my dearest and I were together,
while he was couragious and noble in heart,
A wo is the time when last we came hither,
O then he was forced away to depart.
Though he in *Scotland* was deemed,
and Royall esteemed,
A Stranger seemed
in *England* to bee,
But I as duty doth bind me
and *Cupid* assign'd me,
Ile find out my true love
where ever he be.

6 At *Worster* being routed, O sad lamentation,
for sorrow amongst us was wonderfull rife,
Dispersed and scattered quite thorow the Nation,
tis well that he scaped away with his life.
Else he had layn with his father
intered together,
So leaving his mother
in sad misery,

If he alive do remain
in *France* or in *Spain*,
Ile find out my true love
where ever he be.

7 If that the Fowlers my Black-bird had takene,
then sighing and sobbing had been all my tun
Although for a while he hath me forsaken,
I hope for to find him in *May* or in *June*.
Ile go thorow water and fire,
throw mud, and thorow mire
My love is intire
in every degree.
I know he is valiant & kind,
and faithfull in mind,
Ile find out my true love
where ever he be.

8 It is not the Ocean shall fear me with danger,
for now like a pilgrim ile wander forlorn,
A man may find more love frō one that's a stranger
then he that is native, an *English-man* born.
Ile pray that heaven may be gracious
to *England* so spacious,
Though some be audacious
to him and to me.
If he his fame do advance
in *Spaine* or in *France*,[5]
Ile find out my true love
where[6] *ever he be.*

Printed for Richard Burten at the Horseshooe in Smithfield, 1651.

[5] Period. [6] Text *w-re*.

45

The character of a time-serving saint

669. f. 16 (53), roman and italic type, two columns, no woodcuts. Thomason's date is June 5, 1652.

This interesting defense of the Ranters, by a member of that belief, is a vigorous attack on the Saints who live luxuriously while poverty gaps at every corner. Lockier, a quack-doctor, lived for many years after writing this sheet. There is an engraving of him, labelled "Lionel Lockier Physitian," prefixed to his *An Advertisement, Concerning those most Excellent Pills Called Pillulae Radijs Solis Extractae. Being An Universal Medicine* (17 pp., 1664). The pills there described (they are laughingly referred to in Samuel Butler's *Characters*, ed. Waller, p. 63) were warranted to cure almost every ailment or disease, and were, so the pamphlet informs us, sold by forty-five dealers throughout England. They had, however, been attacked by "G. S." (in a "scurrillous pamphlet written by a pittiful rayling Sneak") in 1657, as a letter "from a person of Quality," appended to the *Advertisement*, discloses. This letter, in turn, was promptly answered by George Starkey, M.D., on December 9, 1664, in *A Smart Scourge for a Silly, Sawcy Fool. Being An Answer to a Letter, at the End of a Pamphlet of Lionell Lockyer, (quondam and lately) Botcher, now (tandem aliquando, nuper quidem) drest up with the Title of Licensed Physician.* Starkey leaves Lockier, whom he describes as "a Botcher in Southwark," with hardly a shred of reputation, and demolishes his pills with refreshing invective. It may be worth adding that Starkey was graduated from Harvard College in 1646, practiced medicine in Boston, went to London in 1650, and died there of the plague in 1665.

The Blasphemy Act of August 9, 1650, was directed largely at the Ranters. It provided a penalty of six months' imprisonment for a first offense and banishment with prohibition of return for a second offense in affirming that acts of gross immorality were indifferent, or even positively religious. Gardiner (*History of the Commonwealth*

and Protectorate, I, 395) remarks that the Ranters "carried to an extreme the principle of inward conviction which was the basis of Puritanism, holding that 'swearing, drunkenness, adultery, and theft were not sinful unless the person guilty of them apprehended them to be so.' " In the popular view, then, Ranters were believed to hold meetings for the single purpose of clothing sensual indulgence under the name of religion. That Lockier's ballad helped to change this view is, of course, improbable.

The *Three Cheaters* is the tune of a ballad, dating about 1660, in the Earl of Crawford's Collection, No. 314, but I have found no further information about it.

The CHARACTER Of A Time-serving Saint: OR, The Hypocrite anatomized, and thorowly dissected.

To the Tune of *the three Cheaters.*

1 The Heavens do frown, the earth doth groan,
To hear the poor man make his moan:
The God of love doth hear the cry
Of the poor Widowes misery;
And eke the fatherlesse complaint
Which they make of the formall Saint:

2 For they advance themselves in pride,
And care not what to th' poor betide,
And all that hold community,[1]
By them as Ranters counted be.
But mark me well, and then you'l say,
No greater Ranters live then they.

3 To feed the hungry, and naked cloath,
It is a work they much do loath.
They deck themselves in brave attire,
Whilst poor go wetshod in the mire.
With laces brave themselves they paint,
An ornament fit for a Saint.

4 Fine Holland under Cipresse black
About their neck and down their back:
Whether it be for warmth or pride,
I know it's easie to decide.
But all this while the poor do want
That which is wasted by the Saint.

[1] *Text* commnnity.

5 You gentle Taylors, that would see
The newest fashions which there be;
Do but the meeting place frequent,
And then you shall have full content.
For of new fashions there's no want,
They are so lookt for by the Saint.

6 You Shoe-makers, which are compleat,
And fain would fit a foot most neat,
Unto the Saints assembly go,
For a high heel, and a long toe,
Although the poor mans foot go bare,
New fashion'd shoes the Saints will weare.

7 Next unto you I shall repeat
Their superfluity at meat,
How they must have rost, bake'd and sod,
As if their belly were their God.
Preserves and sweet-meats they'l not want;
O blessed thing to be a Saint!

8 Their Jack must run, their Pot must boyl,
Their Cook-maid she must sweat and broyl;
On their Lords-Day she's made a slave,
That they their dainty cheer may have,
Whilst fatherlesse and hunger faint,
Such care is had to feed a Saint.

9 Whilest they are in the Church, and pray,
The poor man in the porch doth lay;
Having no house to hide his head,
Nothing but straw to make his bed;
And he in vain doth make complaint;
For there's no pitie in the Saint.

10 Now all that know what Ranting means,
Must needs confesse it is those sins,
When one riotously hath spent
That which his fellow-creatures want;
But this the Saints are frequent in,
And guilty of that Ranting sin.

11 Now if you think me much too blame,
I shall not spare to write my name;
I will not bring my self in thrall;
Men do me *Lionel Lockier* call;
Others by the name of *Rant*,
Such holy words flow from the Saint.

FINIS.

46

A catch

A pretty example (without a title) of John Crouch's skill in composing or in selecting songs for the amusement and pleasure of his readers. It appeared in his *Mercurius Democritus*, June 8–16, 1652, p. 84. I do not know the tune. On Crouch's activities cf. pp. 58 ff.

[A Catch.]

The tune is, *Hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom.*

1 Bring your Lads and your Lasses along Boyes,
We'l traverse the ground with a Song Boyes;
Wee'l sup with delight, and wee'l shorten the night,
And our mirth shall do no body wrong Boyes.

2 We will sing, we will sport, and wee'l play boyes,
All the night long till 't be day boyes;
Then home with our Lasses, and drink wine in glasses,
And honestly for it wee'l pay boyes.

3 Then to the green Woods wee'l repair boyes,
With our Lasses that looketh so fair boyes;
Wee'l dance it and trip it, and merrily clip it;
And shorten the houres and dayes boyes.

47
Christmas carol

This pretty carol was printed in *Mercurius Democritus*, December 8–16, 1652, pp. 286–288. W. C. Hazlitt printed a version of it "from an Ashmolean MS." in his *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*. The MS., which he did not specify, is Ashmole 36, fol. 25: the music for the carol is also pricked there. A book of *Christmas Carroles* was registered at Stationers' Hall on March 27, 1652 (Eyre's *Transcript*, I, 393). Evidently the legal restrictions on Christmas festivities did not affect the popularity of carols or the demand for them. There is in the Bodleian (Wood 110 (2)) a much earlier collection, dated 1642, called *Good and True, Fresh and New Christmas Carols* that contains several songs of almost equal merit to the present carol.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Christmasse Carroll.

1 Beat up a Drum, For Winter reignes,
And from the Plaines
He drives the Swaines,
And still maintaines
The Title of a *King*.

2 *Christmas* is come a Champion bold,
Though very cold,
He vowes to hold,
His Honour old,
In spight of youthfull *Spring*.

3 Fire your Beacons,
Whet your Weapons,
Kill your Capons,
and fall on;
As it fitts,
Use your Spitts,
Winter lyes a bleeding,
When he findes you feeding,
all his force is gone.

4 *Christmas* early,
Sounds a Parley,
Juice of Barley,
Crownes the Bowle:
Make him cough,
Cut him off,
That derides a Drinker,
When so brave a Skinker,
trouls without controwl.

5 Arme, Arm, Arme,
Behold thy foe,
From top to toe,
In Ice and Snow,
Doth puff and blow,
his fury to provoke:
Dreadless of harme,
Draw Hogsheads dry,
Let Flagons fly,
Make fires nose-hye,
Aloud cry,
and let the Chimney smoak.

6 Soundly warme him,
That will charme him;
Then disarme him,
he obeyes;
Now he flyes,
Now he dyes,
The Retreat is sounded,
Winter is confounded,
Christmas hath the day:

7 All renown him,
That have known him,
Conquest crowne him,
'tis his due:
Make your Chear,
Once a year;
For his sake amend it,
And now this old year's ended,
frolick for a New.

48

The Salisbury assizes

Manchester, I, 47, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts. The sheet is badly mutilated, and the colophon entirely torn away except for the word "Lon—" (London). Missing words and letters are supplied in square brackets.

Mrs. Anne Bodenham, of Fisherton Anger, Wiltshire, was the subject of various pamphlets. One, an elaborate forty-four-page account, is called *Doctor Lamb Revived, Or, Witchcraft condemn'd In Anne Bodenham A Servant of his . . . by Edmond Bower an eye and ear Witness of her Examination and Confession* (July 18, 1653). Another, a pamphlet of eight pages, gives little more information than is contained in its verbose title: *Doctor Lamb's Darling: OR, Strange and terrible News from Salisbury; Being A true, exact, and perfect Relation, of the great and wonderful Contract and Engagement made between the Devil, and Mistris Anne Bodenham; with the manner how she could transform her self into the shape of a Mastive Dog, a black Lyon, a white Bear, a Woolf, a Bull, and a Cat; and by her Charms and Spels, send either man or woman 40 miles an hour in the Ayr. The Tryal, Examination, and Confession of the said Mistris Bodenham, before the Lord chief Baron Wild, & the Sentence of Death pronounc'd against her, for bewitching of An Stiles, and forcing her to write her Name in the Devils Book with her own blood; so that for five dayes she lay in cruel and bitter Torments; somtimes the Devil appearing all in black without a head, renting her cloaths, tearing her skin, and tossing her up and down the chamber, to the great astonishment of the Spectators* (July 23, 1653). The refrain of the ballad is a paraphrase of certain words that were attributed to Mrs. Bodenham. Quoting from *Dr. Lamb's Darling*, p. 4: "The maid [Anne Stiles] coming again . . . asked her whether she approved of her journey for *London;* the Witch replied, *Wilt thou go to London high or low?* To which the maid answered, *What do you mean by that?* She said, *If you will go on*

high, you shall be carryed to London in the Air, and be there in two honrs [*sic*]; *but if you go a low, you shall be taken at Sutton towns end.*"

Edmond Bower declares that the witch promised him to make a full confession at the gallows. Arriving there, however, "she went immediately to goe up the Ladder, but she was pulled back again and restrained: I then pressed her to confesse what she promised me she would, now before she dyed, but she refused to say any thing. Being asked whether she desired the prayers of any of the people, she answered, she had as many prayers already as she intended, and desired to have, but cursed those that detained her from her death, and was importunate to goe up the Ladder, but was restrained for a while, to see whether she would confesse any thing, but would not; they then let her goe up the Ladder, and when the rope was about her neck, she went to turn her self off, but the Executioner stayed her, and desired her to forgive him: She replyed, Forgive thee? A pox on thee, turn me off; which were the last words she spake."

Contemporary news-books devoted much space to Mrs. Bodenham's alleged crimes and to her punishment, and she is discussed at length in William Drage's *Daimonomageia* (1665). For a modern study of her case see Professor Wallace Notestein's *History of Witchcraft in England*, 1911, pp. 210–213. Mr. Notestein concludes that "there is no finer instance of womanly courage in the annals of witchcraft than that of Anne Bodenham."

On the tune (cf. No. 22), which is apparently unknown, see the notes in my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 283. For a ballad on the conjurer Dr. John Lamb († 1628), whose follower Mrs. Bodenham was thought to be, see the same work, pp. 276 ff.

[The Sal]isbury Assizes.
[Or, The Rew]ard of Witchcraft.

Being a true Relation of one Mistris Bodnam living in Fisherton next house but one to the Gallowes, who being a Witch seduced a Maid, called by name, Anne Stiles, to the same abominab[le] and detested action of VVitchcraft; which VVitch for that action was executed the 19 day of March, 1653.

To the[1] tune of *Bragandary*.

1 When men and Women leave the way
of God, and goodnesse quite,
They practice mischief every day
and therein take delight
The Divel then is nye at hand
When these things he doth understand,
You that will goe,
High or low
Resolve upon this doubt.

2 As by the Story you shall heare
if you will list a while
The Divell lately did appeare;
and a Woman did beguile
But she did make the way before,
And in[2] her heart did him adore.[3]
You that will goe, &c.

3 In *Fisherton* this dame did dwell
of conversation bad
She did converse with the Divell of Hell,

[1] *Text* ehe. [2] *Text* iu. [3] No period.

which made her friends all sad,
Unto the Divell she gave her soule
Sealed in a bloudy scroule,
You that will goe, &c.

4 Mistris *Bodnam* was her name,
who daily undertooke
To helpe men to stolne goods againe,
even with her cunjuring booke
A looking glasse she had likewise,
To shew the[4] Theeves before their eyes.[5]
You that will goe, &c.

5 Amonge the rest a Maid then went,
her name was *Annis Stiles*
About stolne goods in discontent
but the Divill her beguiles.[5]
The Divill did the Witch perswade
For to seduce this silly maid.[5]
You that will goe, &c.

6 She gave the Maid a Looking glasse
on which she looked on
But at the length it came to pas
she was to soone undone.
For want of wisdome and true grace,
She was undone in little space,
You that will goe, &c.

7 Sweet heart quoth she if that you please,
I will teach you my art,

[4] *Text* shewthe. [5] No period.

So you may live in wealth and ease
according to your heart.[6]
If you your Soule the Divell will give
In health and wealth you then may live,
You that will goe, &c.

8 To soone alas she did consent
and seald it with her blood;
Which made her afterwards repent,
when as she understood
That she must loose the joyes of heaven
For some Toyes unto her giuen.[6]
You that will goe,
High or low,
Resolve upon this doubt.

[The second] p[a]rt to the same tune.

9 At length it came for to be known,
how she had simply run
Then to the Witch she made her mone,
and said she was undone.[6]
She said to London she would flye,
For feare least both of them should dye,
You that will goe,
High or low,
Resolve upon this doubt.

10 The Witch was willing there unto,
and bid her fly with speed
She was at *Stockbridg* taken though,
for that notorious deed,

[6] No period.

The Divill cast her to and froe
As all the company did know.[7]
You that will goe, &c.[8]

11 When in the chamber she came in,
the Divell tost her about
She askt the divell where heed bin
to give her such a floute,
Then all the standers by amaz'd,
Upon each other then they gaz'd,
You that will goe, &c.[8]

12 A Gentlemen great paines did take,
with her the people say,
And she to him her minde did breake
and for her he did pray.
She told him the old witch was cause
That she had broke Gods holy lawes.[7]
You that will goe, &c.

13 Foure dayes together she was vext
tormented [g]rieviously
And in her mind was sore perplex[t]
that some thought[9] she would d[ye.]
The Divell, like a Snake apeard
Which all the country people feard.[7]
You that will goe, &c.[8]

14 But when the old Witch came in sight,
then did she take her rest,
And she did sleepe well all that night
as plainly is exprest,

[7] No period. [8] Comma. [9] *Text* somet hought.

She said when as she walkt againe,
She praised God she felt no paine.[10]
You that will goe, &c.

15 She told the Gentleman that she
would tell him all her art
And that he should inriched be
by what she should impart.[10]
She told him that she knew full well,
She should be a great Lady in hel,
You that will goe, &c.

16 The old Witch executed was,
this moneth the 19. day,
She ever had a face of Bras
as all the people say,
Insteed of pensiuenesse and prayer
She did nought but curse and sware,
You that will goe, &c.[11]

17 God nothing had to doe with her
she said most desperately
She swore and curst and kept a stur
and desperately did dye.[10]
Let all good people therefore say
[They'll join the]ir hearts with me and pray,
[*You that w*]*ill goe*
[*High or low*
Resolve upon this doubt.]

[Finis.]

[10] No period. [11] Comma.

49

The hungry bloodhounds

669. f. 17 (4). This striking ballad (which has no title) is copied out in Thomason's own hand and dated May, 1653. The handwriting is difficult to read and the spelling exceptionally careless. In this reprint the capitalization of the initial words of the lines has been normalized, and punctuation is supplied.

The indignant author compares Charles I to a harmless hare chased and torn to pieces by the hounds of Parliament, and fears that the royal children will next be hunted out and slain. Possibly the ballad originally appeared before the death of the Princess Elizabeth (September 8, 1650).

THE HUNGRY BLOODHOUNDS

[The Hungry Bloodhounds.]

1 Haue y^w^ the hungrie blodhownds[1] seene
that late did pursewe
A harmlesse hare, that once hathe beene
preseident to there vewe,

2 Vntill at laste they Catcht there pray?
Eache hownd a peece did beare,
And afterward pursue againe
another harmlesse hare.

3 Soe did the berberous Rebells Chase
our soueraine lord the kinge,
And hurrie him from place to place
vntill at last they bringe

4 Him to their Kennell, wheare each fend,
thurstinge for Royall blod,
Striues to giue a fatill End
to all the kingdom's good.

5 Dyd y^w^ heare the Rebells Crye
to percicute the kinge?
The Murtheringe of his Maiestie
they Count soe smale a thinge

6 'Twill not suffise; they meane to be
his Children's buttchers to,
Acttinge theire bloddie Tragodie
as traitors vse to doe.

[1] *Text* blodhownd.

7 This treason sure was hatcht in hell,
and pluto sent it forth
By those his saruantes he loued soe well,
and shows[2] the world theire worth;

8 And Makes them which[3] his saruantes are
to execute his will.
When he Comandes, thele not forbeare
a Thowsand kinges to kyll.

[2] *Text* showe.
[3] The word *which* is undecipherable.

50

A constant lover

From *Mercurius Democritus*, August 31–September 7, 1653, pp. 564–565. John Crouch's activity in supplying ballad-material in his weekly news-books has been commented on in the Introduction, pp. 58 ff.

A constant Lover being lately frowned on by an obstinate *Lady* (his vow'd Mistris) writ on her this affectionate and brief *Sonnet* following.

1 *Cupid* thou Boy, I prethee Come away
with thy Bow and thy Dart;
Make no delay, for if that thou shouldst stay,
I must render my Heart
To the Bowells of earth,
For I have no mirth,
But sorrow and grief:
Oh cure and relieve me by Art.

2 Oh tell me why so peevish and so Coy
my Parramour is growne:
Doth she defie me, and denie
to own me as her own?
Oh what is the Cause?
Have I broak her Laws?
Have I been unkinde?
No, as the Cause is none.

3 Still she denies, to suffer her eyes
to glance on my brow,
Sadly she cryes, vext by Injuries,
Which I know not I vow,
Then what shall I doe,
(with grief) I tell you
That my Lady is
Offended, and I know not how.

4 What has she had, that makes her so sad?
What offence hath she seen?
Were I but so much blest as to know
On what grounds it hath been,
I much would lament,
My acts, and repent;
Nay, I would adore
My Dame as a beautifull Queen.

5 She hath profest she loved me best,
and was Loyally bent:
Therefore I will, by force; love her still;
Who can tell her Intent,
I (surely) will rest
With hope in my Breast,
(which now is opprest)
And waite for a future event.

51

Joyful news for England

C. 20. f. 14 (23), B. L., four columns, two woodcuts.

Here is a ballad in which the Lord Protector is, at least by implication, favorably regarded: obviously the ballad was licensed by Gilbert Mabbott before it came from the press. It is an adequate piece of journalism, though few facts of the actual peace-terms are recited. The author had a pardonable pride in the international importance and influence of the Commonwealth: even Cromwell's enemies have never denied that he greatly increased the power and prestige of England. But the naïveté of the author leads him to say in the third stanza that "Englishmen from East to West are fear'd and lov'd of all," while in the fourth stanza he describes these loving powers as "our envious Enemies," and in later stanzas breathes a defiance to all people, for "what need we fear danger if God be on our side?" Sir John Trevor, member of the Council of State, Henry Scobell, Clerk of the Council, and John Thurloe, Secretary of State, are referred to in the prose passage at the end. According to Thurloe's own story, after the treaty was signed Cromwell gave a banquet to the Dutch commissioners, at the conclusion of which he took them "into another room, where the Lady Protectrice and others came to us, and there also we had music and voices, and a psalm sung which his Highness gave them" (Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 450). A considerable number of poetic effusions in Latin, *Musarum Oxoniensum* (1654), that were composed on the Dutch-English treaty are reprinted with translations in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1697, vol. I. A Dutch broadside that has a series of portraits of the commissioners is described in the British Museum *Catalogue of Satirical Prints*, I, 488.

For the tune cf. No. 37.

Joyfull Newes for England, and all other Parts of Christendome, that beares good will to the happy agreement of PEACE, which past betweene *England* and *Holland*, and *Denmarke*, on Thursday, *April* the 6. 1654: The manner how, the place where and the time when, shall be described in this following Discourse.[1]

The Tune is, *Lord Willoughby*.

[1] Comma.

JOYFUL NEWS FOR ENGLAND

1 Now comfortable Tydings,
is come unto *England*,
A Peace it is concluded
as I doe understand
Betweene the *English* and the *Dutch*,
which long have bin at Iarrs,
this bout through Gods great providence
will finish up the Warrs:
This is the happiest Newes indeed,
that e'r to England came,
The Dutch-men will be friends with us,
and wee'l be friends with them.

2 The Noble States of *Holland*,
Embassadours have sent,
To *England's* Lord *Protector*,
worse dangers to prevent
To have a Peace concluded,
to which he did agree,
That bloody wars twixt them and us,
forth-with should ceased be:
This is the bravest Newes indeed,
that e'r to England came,
The Dutch-men will be friends with us,
and wee will be the same.

3 Also from other Countryes
the Messengers doe hye,
Both *France* and many Nations more,
with *England* to comply:
For feare of dis-agreement,
what after might befall,

Thus *English-men* from East to West
are fear'd, and lov'd of all,
This is the Noblest Newes indeed,
that e're to England came,
The Hollanders are friends with us,
and wee are friends with them.

4 The Articles of agreement
assuredly runs thus,
That ever-more hereafter,
they shall be true to us:
And take our parts in all things,
as you may understand,
Against our envious Enemies,
by Sea and eke by Land:
This is the happiest Newes indeed,
that e'r to England came,
The Hollander will fight for us,
and wee will fight for them.

5 And now the *Dutch* and *English,*
are joyntly so agreed,
Of any other Nations
'tis known wee have no need:
Of all things necessary
great plenty both sides have,
As much as any tongue can wish,
or heart of man can crave;
This is the bravest Newes indeed,
that e'r to England came,
The Hollanders are friends with us,
and wee are friends with them.

The second Part, to the same tune.

6 Wee have of victuals plenty
both flesh, and fish good store,
Theres no Land in all Christendome,
ime sure affordeth more:
Wheat, Rye, Beans, Peas & Barly,
Cheese, Butter, and such things,
The which unto a Common-wealth,
content and comfort brings:
This is the happiest time indeed,
that ever to England came,
The Dutch-men[2] *are become our friends,*
and wee are friends to them.

7 VVe have as braue a Navy
as ever bore up saile
Wee have as brave Commanders,[3]
as euer did prevaile:
Wee have a braue Land Army,
of Souldiers as 'tis found,
No bouldar sparks did ever breathe,
nor tread on English ground.[4]
This is the bravest newes indeed,
that euer to England came,
The Holanders are friends of ours
and we are friends to them.

8 Wee see the powers of Heaven
doe all our actions guide

[2] Text *Dutch-uen.* [3] *Text* Commueders. [4] No period.

Then what need we feare danger
if God be on our side
The world can never hurt us,
though multitudes arise;
Of pagans Iewes and Infidels,
and other enimies:
This is the cheifest newes indeed,
that euer to England came,
The Holanders are friends of ours
and we are friends to them.

9 This makes well for our Marchants
whose ships are sent to seas
For they may trafick freely
even when they will or please:
Also it is the better for
all tradsmen on the Land
For every man and woman[5] that
a calling takes in hand.
This is the bravest newes indeed:
that euer to England came,
The Holanders are friends of ours
and we are friends to them.

10 And since the Lord have blest us
with Unity and Peace
Let faithfull frindship flourish
and Brotherly love increase:
And let us render to the Lord
a sacrifice of prayse
That thus have added sweet content
and comfort to our dayes:

[5] *Text* women.

This is the happiest newes indede
that ever to England came
The Holanders are friends of ours,
and wee are friends to them.
April the 6. 1654.

This night between six and seven a Clock the English Commissioners went[6] to the Dutch Ambassadors[7] at Sir *Iohn Trevors*, In the Lord Protectors Coaches, with Mr. Secretary of State, and the Clerk of the Council,[8] and about nine a clock at night, totally finished the Ratification of the Peace: The Articles being wholly agreed for *Holland* and *Denmark*, with us, and they were then signed by the Lords Embassadours, on the one side, with full power from the States, and the Lords Commissioners with full power from the Lord Protector on the other side, and sealed and delivered on both sides; so that now all is done, and the PEACE is fully made. *To God be all the Glory.*

Finis.[9]

Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, Tho. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.

[6] *Text* weut. [7] *Text* A[]mbassadors.
[8] Question mark. [9] Comma.

52

Two antagonists in love

This pleasing ballad appeared in John Crouch's *Mercurius Fumigosus*, August 16–23, 1654, pp. 110–112. It is a favorable specimen of Crouch's ability to compose, or at least to select, ballads: if he had not customarily written, or chosen, such coarse songs, he could easily have gained admission to the ranks of real poets. The present song is an antidote to the inane love-songs of Cupid's victims so common not only to balladry but to lyric poetry in general. In its attitude toward love, it resembles Suckling's "Constancy."

Six stanzas of Part I (stanzas 3 and 8 being omitted) are printed in *Wit and Drollery*, 1656, pp. 70–71; in *Merry Drollery*, 1661 (ed. J. W. Ebsworth, pp. 187–188); in *The Academy of Complements*, 1670, p. 185; and in *The Loyal Garland*, 1686, Song 51. It is entitled in these reprints "A Song," "The Indifferent Lover," "Upon Passionate Love." The Second Part ("The Answer") is printed in *Oxford Drollery*, 1671, pp. 114 f., and in *The Loyal Garland*, 1686, Song 52. These reprints differ considerably from Crouch's version, and in none of them is the tune named. For the tune itself, see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 162, 167. *No man love's fiery passions* is, in turn, given as the tune of "The Revolution," a ballad in Thomas Jordan's *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, 1660, p. 43.

Two Antagonists in LOVE the one seeking to allay, the other to increase the flames thereof; the Sonnets are as followeth.[1]

To the Tune of, *Aym not too High.*

1 No man *Love's* fiery Passions can approve,
as neither yeilding pleasure nor promotion,
I like a mild and luke-warm zeal in Love,
although I do not like it in Devotion.

2 For it hath no Coherence with my Creed,
to think that Lovers do as they intend,
If all had dy'd, that said they dy'd indeed,
sure long ere this the World had had an end.

3 Besides wee need not Love unlesse we please,
no *Destiny* can force man's Disposition,
How then may any dye of that Disease,
when he himself may be his own Physition?

4 Some one perhapps in long Consumption dry'd,
and after fallen into Love, may dye,
But I dare lay my life, he had not dy'de,
were he as healthy at the Heart as I.

5 Some others, rather then to have the slander
of *Loyall Lovers*, would false Martyrs prove,
But I am neither *Heroe* nor *Leander*,
I'le neither hang, nor drownd my self for LOVE.

6 Yet I have been a LOVER by report,
and I have dy'd for Love, as others doe,

[1] Comma.

But prays'd be *Jove*, it was in such a sort,
I could revive within an houre or two.

7 Thus have I lov'd, thus have I liv'd till now,
and know no Reason to repent me yet,
And he that any otherwise shall doe,
his courage is as little as his Witt.

8 And wanting Courage, what is't he can doe?
but with a Coward take a Cowards share;
And wanting Witt, Experience makes it true,
to count his Mistris gifts he must forbeare.

The ANSWER, To the same Tune.

9 No Man LOVES *fiery Passions* can resist,
who overvalues Pleasures or Promotion,
I hate luke-warmness in a Worthyist,[2]
it is as bad in LOVE, as in Devotion.

10 You that pretend to[3] have a Love-sound Heart,
yet do despise the sacred Powers of LOVE,
May know there's more have fall'n by *Cupids* Dart,
then by the dreadfull Thunder-bolts of *Jove*.

11 Nor can you Love, or not love as you please,
for *Cupids* Laws command the Disposition,
And I have known one dye of that Disease,
when he himself to others was Physition.

12 For when the *little God* doth shoot his dart,
from the bright Eyes of Ladies that are faire,

[2] Amorist (*Oxford Drollery*). [3] *Text* to to.

The stroak is fatall, and may wound the heart
of men as healthfull as you think you are.

13 Those that do dy for Love, deserve no slander;
but with *Loves* holy Martyrdom be Crownd,
Perhaps you cannot immitate *Leander*,
for every man is not borne to be drownd.

14 You say you've been a Lover by Report,
but never did deserve so good a name,
He Loveth not, that Loves but for a sport,
it is ill jeasting with a sacred flame.

15 Long may you live, and Love, but when you dye,
Lovers upon your loathed graves[4] shall spitt:
And all true Loving Hearts shall say you lye,
to try your Courage as you did your Witt.

[4] *Read* grave.

53

A catch

This pretty catch was printed in *Mercurius Fumigosus*, December 6–13, 1654, p. 241. It is worthy of preservation. Unquestionably the catches and songs that Crouch published added to the popularity of his news-books. They ought to keep his name alive now.

There were a Company of good fellows the last week as they were sadly merry, in their Cups, they to pass away a *Winters* morning, in a dumb voice made this mournfull Melody following.

The Catch.

1 A Charm against Cold, Frost, Ice, and Snow,
hail, rain, and stormy weather,
Shall make the cold winde his own Nails go blow,
till we are merry together.

2 Bring forth good cheer, Tap your Christmas beer,
and make a Rowsing fire,
With friendship and joy conclude the old yeere,
for then the New one is nigher.

3 Musick strike up, unto this Crowned Cup,
true hearts we will remember,
And he that denies to turn his Liqour up,
wee'l end him with *December*.

A CATCH

Chorus.

4 'Tis Sack, rich Sack, that can no Treason smother,
Wine opens the breast,
And gives our cares rest,
And makes us to love one another.

54

Lady Pecunia's journey

669. f. 17 (75), roman and italic type, three columns, two woodcuts. Over the first cut—which represents Lady Pecunia, mounted on a peacock, riding into a flaming hell presided over by a devil with horns, tail, and pitchfork—is printed.

I, Lady Pecunia, *Mistress of the Mint,*
Am riding unto hell all in a Print.

Over the second—which represents twelve satyrs holding hands and dancing in a circle—is the legend, "The Fiends dance for joy *Pecunia's* banisht." Thomason's date is January 30, 1654.

Crouch evidently considered himself a poet, so that his comments on the pecuniary rewards that come to poets are interesting. "A rich Poet who did ever see?" he inquires, and presumably he himself was no exception to the statement (cf. p. 113). "Lady Pecunia's Journey" is not a bad satire, as satires of the period go. Probably it had no ulterior motive, though in a few of the lines some political significance may be hidden. So Murder's speech of trampling on crowns with bloody hands and feet, and Pride's boast that he advances "the Peasant to the throne" and pulls him down "if Ambition render him a Crowne," can hardly have been written without thought of Charles I and Cromwell.

Perhaps the subject of this broadsheet was suggested to Crouch by Richard Barnfield's *Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money* (1598). On Crouch himself see the introduction to No. 12.

The Lady PECUNIA'S Journey unto Hell, with her speech to *Pluto*, maintaining that she sends more Soules to Hell then all his Fiends: With *Pluto's* answer and applause.

I Lady Pecunia, *Miſtreſs of the Mint,*
Am riding unto hell all in a Print.

1 Great Pluto, Prince of hell, I come to thee,
To give account what hath been done by mee:
When all your Fiends (great Pluto) did small good
In bringing soules to Hell, I understood,
I sent you thousands, who my wayes then trod,
That honour'd me, as I had been their God;
Forgot their prayers, neglected their owne soules,
And all for love of me, poore simple fooles!
And many of them too (such is their case)

They cannot rest untill they see my face;
Nay, when they are in bed, so kinde they bee,
They cannot sleep for thinking then of me.
The Clergy mourns, my absence oft doth grieve 'em,
Till I come double handed to relieve 'em.
Which of your Fiends can do more feats than I?
I can foole Conscience, make the guiltless die,
Pull Justice from her seat, and free the guilty,
Make the impure seem pure, though ne're so filthy.
The Lawyer will not plead the Subjects case,
Without he sees Lady PECUNIA'S face:
Such is their love to me, and such my might,
That when a cause is bad, I make it right.
The Judge himselfe doth know I speak but truth;
For I have made them Knaves, even from their youth:
Nay, many mortals are such simple Elves,
That for my sake they will forswear themselves,
Damn their owne soules, and all for love of me,
So over loving, and so kinde they be.
The great Church of S. Pauls, Ile have it down,
Though it were once a place of great renown,
The wood, the lead, the stones, which some count trash,
In time may yield the Common-wealth some cash:
Kings cannot war, nor make their foes afraid,
Nor make their swords drink bloud without my aid.
I can bewitch the Prudent, spoyle Devotion,

With promise of some wealth, and high promotion.
I ruine Towns, and make the slave rebell,
And after send the Rebels souls to hell.
Some think the Poet for applause doth sing,
When for my sake he undertakes this thing;
A Cup of Sack doth make his spirits glad,
But without me there's no Sack to be had:
Of all men living he cares least for mee,
For a rich Poet who did ever see?
My silver hooke can never bring him in,
Though many years about it I have bin:
I have lookt here about me pritty well.
Yet I can see no Poets here in hell.
And so great Lord I have no more to say,
All living men but Poets me obey.

Pluto's Answer.

Lady, quoth Pluto, I do honour thee,
For sending of so many souls to mee;
Thou shalt be call'd the Lady of the Earth,
As I was Prince of th' Aire before thy birth:
Though thou canst do but little good in hell,
Send souls to me, and that shall do as well.
With that there was a fearfull noyse in hell,
The hellish fiends began for to rebell,
'Cause Pluto took Lady PECUNIA'S part,
His subjects from their loyalty did start,
The hellish fiends at him exceptions took;
Murther spoke first with fearfull angry look:
Shall I (quoth Murther) slighted be, great Lord,
Who have destroyd so many by the sword?

How many men have I made, for your good,
Most barbarously to shed each others bloud?
Have I not made the brother kill the brother,
The little infant murther'd by the mother?
Have I not made the man to kill the wife,
And made the woman end the husbands life?
What mischiefe have I left undone in Towns?
With bloudy hands and feet trampled on Crowns.
Tell me what mischiefe I have left undone
To advance you: and will you dote upon,
And honour this great Lady 'bove us all,
Who to raise you do make so many fall?
Brother Revenge, now speak, is this not true?
How many men have faln by me and you?
Then came Revenge with hands all dipt in bloud,
And said, great Prince, if it be understood,
Murther and I have done best service now,
To inlarge hell under command of you:
How many duels have I made men fight,
And kill each other in revenge and spite?

How many women have I Witches made,
And to revenge their cause lent them my aid?
What is't but I can doe? you know it well,
I have brought thousands to the pit of hell.
Nay then quoth Lust, I pray let me come in,
For I have made more men and women sin
Then either of you both: you kill and slay;
But I bring souls to hell an easie way:
I tempt men from the Dunghill to the Crown,
And bring them unto hell in beds of down;
I lull them so asleep with pleasures rare,
Till they'r in hell they know not where they are:
I tempt the wanton woman day by day;
The idle man can hardly say me nay:
I with provoking meats can please their pallats,
And strengthen nature with voluptuous sallats:
My name is Lust; 'tis I can doe these things,
And with faire Maids deceive the greatest Kings.
You see (great Prince) by what is here exprest,
I have done more for Hell then all the rest.
Thou vaporing fool, quoth Pride, 'tis I must raigne,
Thou waitst on every Pander, Whore, and Queane;
I rule in Princes Courts, 'tis I alone
That can advance the Peasant to the throne,
And if Ambition render him a Crowne,
We finde a way to pull the Peasant down:
New fashions day by day I doe invent,
To please the humorist and male content.
I into Barbers shops do creep, and there
Invent white powder to perfume the haire;

And so with that, and such like simple toyes,
I make them looke just like Millers boyes:
I make the Oyster woman leave her bawling,
And weare gold lace, a thing beyond her calling.
Not without me quoth Money, by your leave,
For without me none can go fine and brave.
With that the Fiends on Lady PECUNIA fell,
And cast her in great fury out of Hell:
And since she's come againe, thus stands the case,
She makes division still in every place.

O love not Money then so well,
That sends so many souls to Hell.

HUMPHREY CROVVCH.

LONDON, Printed for *John Clarke*, at the signe of the Flowre-de-luce, neare the Hospitall Gate in Smithfield, 1654.

55

Jack the plough-lad's lamentation

C. 20. f. 14 (26), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts.

Richard Burton was a daring Royalist. Here again he has printed under his own name a cleverly disguised song which depicts the evils brought upon England by the exile of the Royal House and which loyally prays for the return of Charles II. It is difficult to see how the ballad, with its mournful but pretty refrain, "Would God that my Master would come home again," could have been printed, much less sung in the streets of London, with impunity. In the fifth stanza is quoted the refrain of a popular ballad—"Though Canons be roaring and Bullets be flying"—that is apparently preserved only in John Forbes's *Cantus* (1661, Song XXXVII), though it was quoted as early as 1625 in a play of Shirley's. Cf. the notes on this matter given in my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 189.

The initials T.R. are no doubt those of Thomas Robins (cf. No. 75), a writer several of whose productions are included in F. J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. He was probably the "T. Robins B. of D. a well wisher to the Gospel of Jesus Christ," who in 1668 published a tract called *New News from Darby-shire* on the fasting maiden, Martha Taylor (Bodleian, Wood 487 (7)). Writing in 1669 a book called *A Discourse upon Prodigious Abstinence* (Bodleian, Wood B 35 (26)) on this same subject, John Reynolds took pains to refer to "Mr. *Robins* B. of D. that is, Ballad-maker of *Darby*, whose Ballad (they say) doth much excell his Book" (cf. *Harleian Miscellany*, 1809, IV, 57, and my article on "Miraculous Fasts" in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, 1921, XXXIV, 372 f.). I do not know the tune.

JACK the Plough-Lads *LAMENTATION:*

His Master has forsaken the Plough and the Cart,
Which grieves poor IACK *unto the heart,*
For night and day he doth sorely complain,
And doth wish that his Master would come home again.

To the Tune of, *Prentices fuddle no more.*

1 *Gentlemen, Gentlemen,* listen to my Ditty,
and a prety new story I to you will sing,
No harm I do mean to Town nor to City;
But I wish us good tydings to come this *Spring:*
Or he that has most will soon have but little.
Poor *England* is gotten to such a mad strain,
Rich *jack* with poor *Gill* may walk to the *Spittle*,[1]
To pray for good tydings to come o're the main.

2 For I am a poore *Plough-lad*, and in great distresse
My Master is gone alas! what shall I do,
And I a poor Servant here sorely opprest,
Great loads and taxations I am brought unto;
Yet on 't I live[2] well as many can tell,
My land in good [til]lage[3] my self to maintain;
Now every . . . .un[3] threatens[4] me for to pillage,
But I would that my Master would come home again.

3 *Gentlemen, Gentlemen,* I could well think on it,
If that my Master would come home again,
Though it may be there is some would look sadly on it,
Yet he that is honest would never complain:

[1] Period. [2] on't, live: *text* ou't, livy.
[3] Torn. Perhaps *villun.* [4] *Text* threateus.

A Servant thats true,[5] his joys would renew;[6]
But he that is rotten be sure would complain,
But if it were faulty, it were best to be packing,[7]
If that my Master should come home again.

4 *Countrey-man*, *Cuntrey-man*, that hears my *Ditty*,
Lissen unto me, mark what I shall say,
Ther's no honest man in Town nor in Citty,
But if he be bound then he must obey:
His gold and his money he must not spare,
The Cause of poor *England* for to maintain,
And the weeping-crosse may fall to his share,
But I would that my Master would come home again.

5 *Yeomandry*, *Yeomandry*, to you I call,
Lissen unto me as well as the rest;
Your lands and your livings be they great or small,
Your fortune's to pay here as well as the rest:
Though Canons be roaring, and Bullets be flying,
And legs and Armes doth fly in the main,
Men still must stand to it and never fear dying.
But I would that my master would come home again.[8]

The second part, To the same Tune.

6 And as for us Plough-men as well as the rest,
Much sorrow comes to us: *yet for us now pray*,
We do not withstand, but must pay with the best,
If for it we work, I say, both night and day:

[5] *Text* trne. [6] *Text* renew. [7] Period. [8] Text omits *again*.

To the Plough and Cart with a heavy heart,
To stir up our ground, and to save our Grain;
So small is our share that fals to our part,
Would God that my Master would come home again.

7 Thus like to the *Ant* and the painful *Bee*,
We labor and toyl all the days of our life,
Though small to be got, we must give a great fee,
Nay, I could say more, but I love no strife:
Yet few there be, but may understand
The truth of my Ditty why I do complain:
Yet I wish true Peace would pity this Land,
Would God that my Master would come home again.[9]

8 And now for all *Trades-men* that lives in the City,
I wish you good fortune as well as the rest;
I pray you consider well of this my Ditty,
And then[10] you may see who is the most opprest:
For we with hard labor our money do get,
With toyling and moyling in sorrow and pain,
No sooner we have it but from us it's[11] fet.
But I would that my Master would come home again.

9 O my Master is gone, and my Mistris too,
And I am despised by every Clown.
My sorrows increase, alas! what shall I do,
No pleasure I finde in City nor Town:

[9] Comma. [10] *Text* th[]n. [11] *Text* irs.

For I do lament, and sorely repent,
The losse of my Master it will be my bane.[12]
Though some do rejoyce, I am discontent.[12]
Would God that my Master would come home again.

And now to conclude, and end this my Ditty,
The truth of my minde I here have made known,
All honest Plough-men in Town or in City,
May well understand why I make this mone:
For my Master is fled, and Love banished,
Small truth in this world I see for to rain,
No pleasure I find at bed[13] nor at boord,[14]
Vntil that my Master doth come home again.

FINIS.

T. R.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Burton.* 1654.

[12] No period. [13] *Text* beo. [14] *Read* at boord nor at bed.

56

A looking-glass for young men and maids

C. 20. f. 14 (24), B. L., four columns, three cuts.

This ballad-news-story is far superior to the account given in contemporary news-books. The speeches attributed to Abigail Norris and the brewer are no doubt apocryphal, and the homiletic strain of the ballad is to an extent superfluous. Nevertheless this sheet gives a good account of a gruesome accident, and tells facts about the persons involved in almost modern style. In comparison with it, the brief account printed in the *Weekly Intelligencer* for January 9–17, 1655, p. 152, is almost valueless:

> At a Brewhouse not far from *Morefields* one of the Brewers men was kissing, and playing the wanton with a Maid that came for some smal Wort, and suddenly both of them fel into the Vessel, and were both scalded to death.

In Thomas Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments* (1642 ed., p. 420) there is a similar story of an Ipswich brewer's two servants who "fell into a scalding Caldron backwards; whereof the one died presently, the other lingringly, and painfully"—a story that is interpreted as a warning against drunkenness. No such warning appears in the ballad, though in stanza 14 a sorrowful word is given to the outlawed Book of Common Prayer. This beautiful Book had been suppressed by the Assembly of Divines in 1644 and a Directory (cf. p. 24, above) substituted.

The appropriately named tune, which dates back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 197.

A Looking-glasse for Young-men and Maids: Being a briefe and true Relation of a sad and sorrowfull mis-chance, which happened to a Young-man and a Maid who both lost their lives, and were scalded to death in a Brewers Meash-Tun, with striving about a kisse: this was done upon Twelfth-day last, neere unto *Shore-ditch*, in the Suburbs of *London;* the manner how, shall presently be related. Here is also set down the time how long they lived after they were taken out of the scalding Liquor, and of a very godly speech which the Maid made at the houre of death, which is worthy to be kept in memory.[1]

The tune is, *the Brides Buriall:*

1 A Sudden sad[2] mis-chance,
neere *Shoore-ditch* late befell.
Which now with grieved heart & mind
I am prepar'd to tell:
Even on the last *Twelfth-day*,
being in the afternoone,
Within a Brew-house certainly
there was this mischiefe done:

2 The manner how was this,
a Maid to[3] th' Brew-house came
To fetch hot Liquor for to use,
and streight upon the same
The Miller being there,
laid hands upon the Maid,
Intending for to kisse her then,
and would not be denay'd:

[1] Comma. [2] *Text* Suddensad. [3] *Text* to'.

3 The Maid unwilling was
that he should kisse her there,
She thrust him back with both her hands
as plainly doth appeare:
But he poore wretched man
laid hold on her againe,
And swore, before he let her goe
he would a kisse obtaine.

4 But as they strugled and strived:
so fiercely one with the other,
Their Feet did slip, and so fell in
the Meash-Tun both together
Where scalding Liquor was,
a grievous tale to tell,
They of each other had fast hold,
and head-long in they fell.[4]

5 The Liquor was so hot,
and scalded them sore,
The like I think was never known
nor heard of here-to-fore:
At last some people came
and helpt them out by strength,
And by that means, they puld from them
their garments off at length.

6 A wofull chance it was,
as ever could befall,
For as they stript their clothing off,
they pul'd off skin and all:

[4] *Text* frll, (*sic*).

From bellyes, backs, and sides,
and from their private parts,
Which was a sorrowfull[5] sight to see,
and terror to Folks hearts.

7 The people did their best,
the lives of them to save.
But all (alas) it was in vaine,
no cure that they could have:
For why? the wofull man
did in a short time dye,
The Maid sore sick upon her bed,
a longer time did lye.

The second part to the same Tune.

8 But e're she did depart
she for her True-love sent,
Who being come into her roome,
she praid him be content:
You are the man, quoth she,
which I did dearly love,
And have as faithfull bin to you,
as is the Turtle-Dove:

9 When you a promise made
that wee should married be,
This Ring and Bodkin both in love
you did bestow on me:
The which in courtesie
from you I did receive,

[5] *Text* wus a sorrowfnll.

And now with willing mind againe
the same to you I give:

10 Still wishing you good dayes;
whilst you have breath and life.
I doe bequeath these things to her
that you will take to Wife:
All that I doe request,
of you this present day,
Is only, whilst I am alive,
for my poore Soule to pray.[6]

11 And you my Mother deare,
and all my friends so kind,
I am enforc'd to leave this World,
and leave you all behind:
I have made my peace with God,
the mighty Lord of Heaven,
And this I hope through Iesus Christ
my sinnes shall be forgiven.

12 My body scalding hot,
like fire doth boyle and fry.
Sweet Christ I pray receive my Soule
although my body dye:
When she these words had spoke,
her woes were soone releast,
She dy'd, no doubt, her Soule is now
with them whom God hath blest.

13 The Miller he likewise,
e're he resign'd his breath,[7]

[6] Comma. [7] Period.

Askt God forgivenesse, for his own,
and her untimely death:
Advising all Young-men[8]
to have a speciall care
Of rash attempts, and by his fall,
for ever to beware:

14 And to conclude, in briefe.
I wish that all man-kind
What-so-ever they doe goe about,
to have God in their mind:
The Booke of Common-Prayer,
though it be laid aside,
Yet every Christian ought to pray
that God may be our guide.[9]

15 From Famine, Plague, & Pestilence,
preserve us great and small,
And from thy wrath, and suddaine death
good Lord deliver us all.[9]

Take notice of this, how that the Maid that was so unfortunately scalded to death, her name was *Abigail Noris*, and had it pleas'd God to have spar'd her life, she was to have bin married the next week following to one *Jeremy Kemp* of *Old-street*. The Brewers Miller which was scalded with her dyed before her, and was buried in *Bishops-gate* Parish; she dyed after him and was buried at *Shoore-ditch*, whose death was much lamented.[10]

London, Printed for Tho: Vere, at the sign of the
Angel, without New-gate.[11]

[8] *Text* Yonng-men. [9] Comma. [10] No period. [11] Colon.

57

Strange and wonderful news

C. 20. f. 14 (28), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

The date of the ballad is February, 1655, as appears from the fact that the story is summarized (probably from the ballad itself) in *Mercurius Fumigosus*, for February 14–21, 1655, p. 298:

> At *Ratliffe* the last week happened an exceeding strange Accident, where a *Sea-mans Wife lying in*, there came a seeming Gentleman all in *black* to speak with her, telling the *Nurse*, that his businesse much concernd her, who going up, told her Mistriss, who willed her presently to let him come up (as if she understood his *business*, and desiring some visitants to withdraw from her into another Chamber, where a little while after, they hearing a great *shreik*, entred her Chamber, finding the man vanished, and the Woman lying torn in Pieces, with her head in one place, and her Quarters in another: This is generally reported for a certain truth; and methinks should be a great terrour to Women, that never were more Proud or unfaithfull to God or their Husbands, then in these *ranting*, *roaring* and most disloyall times, that the Devill is let loose to work mischief.

On Crouch's fondness for summarizing ballads in his news-books cf. my comments on pp. 61–62. A similar story was told about Mrs. Margaret Cooper in *A true and most Dreadfull discourse of a woman possessed with the Deuill: who in the likenesse of a headlesse Beare fetched her out of her Bedd, and . . . most straungely roulled her thorow three Chambers, and doune a high paire of staiers, on the fower and twentie of May last. 1584. At Dichet in Somersetshire*, and is retold in John Trundle's 1614 pamphlet, *A Miracle of Miracles*.

Laurence Price, the author of the ballad, says that the equal of this bargain has not been known since Dr. Faustus's time. Nevertheless, if news-books and ballads are to be trusted, the Devil was exceptionally active and successful during the interregnum. For example, *Mercurius Fumigosus*, August 4–11, 1652, p. 149, speaks of "One Mrs. *Atkins* of *Warwick* [who] was this week strangely carried away by a Divel." *A Perfect Account of the Daily Intelligence* and other news-books tell,

on April 24, 1655, of a woman dwelling at "Fan Alley at the upper end of Aldersgate street . . . who said she had given her soul to the Devil, and that he was to fetch her away on a certain day the next moneth." *Mercurius Fumigosus*, November 15–22, 1654, remarks that "This week 20 Usurers, and 60 Broakers have contracted with the Devil for the mortgage of their souls, binding themselves punctually to keep Covenants with him to a Day, or else quietly to permit him to take the forfeitures thereof." See Jeaffreson's *Middlesex County Records*, III, 88 (April 20, 1643), for a True Bill against Thomas Browne, yeoman, charging him with having sold himself to Satan with a formal, written contract. There were, furthermore, witches out of number who emulated (or were accused of emulating) Browne. The heroine of the present ballad could well have agreed with *Mercurius Democritus* (December 16–22, 1652, p. 295)—

> But Oh! our Seaman's Wives! alas poor souls! they may even sing the Song, *After sweet pleasure comes sorrow and paine.*

For the tune see No. 59.

Strange and wonderfull news of a woman which Lived neer unto the Famous City of London, who had her head torn off from her Body by the Divell; and her lymbs rent in peices and scattered about in the room where the mischief was done, which may serve to forewarn all proud and disloyall men and women, to have a care how they behave themselves, whilst they live in this sinfull world, that they fall not into the like temptations. The manner how shee made her bargain with the Divil, shee confest to some of her Neighbors before her death.

The Tune is *Summer time.*

1 Dear Lord what sad & sorrowfull times,
are those the which wee now live in
When men and women takes a pride,
presumptuously to run in sin.

2 The Divill doth like a Lyon go,
and strives with all his might and power,
Of us to get the victory,
our Soules and Bodies to devoure.

3 And where that hee can overcome,
and bring the people to his lure,
They are sure in processe of time,
much miseries for to indure.

4 As this Relation shall make known,[1]
which now I am prepar'd to tell,
Concerning a proud woman which,
did near the City of *London* dwel.

[1] Period.

5 Which womans husband hee is gone,
beyond the Seas as it is said,
And left his wife in *England* here,
who long time lived without a guide.

6 Her Husband when hee went from her,
left means and mony to maintain,
As hee suppos'd sufficiently
his Wife till hee return'd again.

7 But shee being wild and wilfull given,
and also of a haughty mind,
To Mallice, Hatred Lust and Pride,
and wantonnesse shee was inclyn'd.

8 And in short time shee wasted had,
the best part of her means away.
Her mony was spent and all her state,
was like to go unto decay.

9 Where at shee fell into despair,
and vext her self most grievously,
And walking by her self one day,
unseen of any company,[2]

10 The Divil himself to her appear'd,
ith' likenesse of a tall black man,
And afterwards with tempting words,
to talk to her hee thus began.

[2] Period.

The second part, to the same Tune.

11 If thou quoth hee wilt yeild to mee,
and do as I would have thee do,
Thou shalt have all things at command,
As Riches Gold and Silver too.

12 Now to be brief the Devil and Her,
a bargin made at that same time,
The like was never done on earth,
Since Docter *Faustus* cursed crime.

13 The Woman being then with child,
made bargin that the Divill should have,
Her Soul when shee was brought to bed,
so shee might at her pleasure live.

14 What things soever shee desir'd,
to which the feind full soon agreed,
So hee might Soul and body have,
after shee was delivered.

15 The Covenant was between them made,
the Woman seal'd it with her blood,
And afterwards shee had her will
and did whatever shee thought good.

16 Shee eate, shee drank, and merry was,
and had of gold and silver store,
She company was for the rich,
and dealt her almes unto the poor.

17 At last her painfull houre drew nigh
that shee must needs delivered be,

Shee sent for women with all speed,
to help her in her misery.

18 The Devill then streight came to the door
like to a tall man all in black,
The servant maid came neer to him,
and asked him what hee did lack.[3]

19 Tis with your Mistris I must speak,[4]
the Divil again to her replyd,
Go tell her again it must be so,
I can nor will not be denyd.

20 By the time that the Maid came up,
her Mistris was delivered,
And of a man Child in her room,
shee was most safely brought to bed.

21 O now good women then quoth shee,
my sorrows do a fresh beginne,
Wherefore I pray you to depart,
the room the which you now are in.

22 Then from the room the women went,
forthwith from her imediatly,
And went into another place,
whereas they heard a dolefull cry.

23 Her head was from her body torn,
her lymbs about the room did ly,
The blood run all about the place,
as many folks can testify.

[3] Perhaps a stanza was inadvertently omitted here. [4] Period.

It seems the Devill his bargin had,
wherefore I wish that one and all,
To have a care of what they do,
and to take warning by her fall.

Finis.

L. P.

London Printed for Fran. Grove on Snow-hill.

58

A warning for all wicked livers

Manchester, I, 32, B. L., four columns, one woodcut. The ballad is badly mutilated, several stanzas of the second part being torn away. As far as possible, the text is restored between square brackets.

It is a not wholly uninteresting work by Laurence Price, whose authorship makes it worth reprinting. Price kept up the old traditions of balladry, even in the midst of the havoc wrought by civil war and the abolition of Royalty. I have seen in *The Faithful Scout* for March 30–April 4, 1655, a news-item dealing with the hanging of Richard Whitfield, a fencer, on March 25 (*sic*), but cannot find any further account of Gibs.

The tune of *Ned Smith* is equivalent to *Dainty, come thou to me*, on which see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 517.

A Warning for all wicked Livers.

By the example of *Richard Whitfield*, and M. *Gibs* who were two notorious offenders, and both of one company, which two men made a daily practise, and got their livings by robbing and stealing both on the High-ways, and in any other places where they came, but were at last taken, apprehended and condemned to dye, for robbing of a Coach, & murdering of a Captains man at Shooters-Hil, in Kent, some five or six miles from London, and for that offence and others, *Gibs* was prest to death at Maidstone in Kent, and *Whitfield* was hanged in chains on Shooters-Hil, where he did the bloody deed, the 27th. of March, 1655. The manner how shall be exactly related in this Ditty.

The Tune is, *Ned Smith.*

A WARNING FOR ALL WICKED LIVERS

1 Of two notorious Theeves,
my purpose is to tell,
Which near fair *London* Town
long time did live and dwell.

2 One of their names was *Gibs*,
a Villain vile and base
The other *Dick Whitfield* call'd,
who ran a wicked race.

3 To rob to theeve and steal,
these couple gave their mind,
And unto murder men,
they daily were inclin'd.

4 So stout and bold they were
that they durst fight with ten,
And rob them on the way
though they were lusty men.

5 Sometimes they would disguise
themselves in strange attire,
And to do mischief still,
was all they did desire.

6 Sometimes about the fields
they would walk in the night
And use much cruelty
to them that they did meet.

7 A man could hardly pass[1]
the fields at ten a clock,

[1] Period.

But they would be sure to have,
the cloak from off his back.

8 Or if he had no cloak
they would his money take,
Of what they went about
they did no conscience make.

9 If they with women met
when it was in the night
they would strip off their cloaths
and leave them naked quite.

10 Such unhumanity
betwixt them did remain
That by their bloody hands
good Christians have been slain.[2]

11 [And other] robberies
these bloody villains did,
But theft and murder both,
long time will not lie hid.

12 Sometimes they have been caught
and unto New-gate sent,
Yet they had mercy shown
because they should repent.

13 But though the Iudges oft
took pitty on those men,

[2] No period. "The Second Part" began here, but those words, the woodcuts that followed them, and at least one entire stanza are torn away.

As soon as they got loose
they would fall too't agen.[3]

14 But now behold and see
[w]hat happened at the last,
[Though] they had scap'd through much
[and] many dangers past.

15 [They m]et a gallant Coach
[not fa]r from *Greenwich* town,
[In whic]h were Gentlemen
[who rode] ore *Black-Heath* down.

16 [Now *Gi*]*bs* and *Whitfield* both
[addresse]d themselves to fight. . . .[4]

17 He askd them what they were,
quoth they, we mony crave,
Mony we are come for
and mony we must have.

18 Their Pistols being fixt,[5]
their bullets they let fly
The Captain drew his sword
and fought couragiously.

19 And in that dangerous fight
the Captains man was slain
And then they robd the rest
that did i' th Coach remain.

[3] Comma.
[4] From the fourth column which begins here several verses are torn.
[5] Period.

20 And for their bloody deeds
and for that robbery
They after taken were
and suffered certainly.

21 At *Maidstone* town in *Kent*
there *Gibs* was prest to death,
And *Whitfield* hangs in chains
at *Shooters-Hill* near *Black-Heath.*[6]

22 Let other wicked men,
high and low, great and smal
Remember and take heed
by *Gibs* and *Whitfields* fall.

FINIS.

L. P.

[L]ondon Printed for F. Grove dwelling on Snow hill.

[6] No period.

59
A dreadful relation of the cruel massacre

C. 20. f. 14 (20), B. L., four columns, five woodcuts.

The Protestant Vaudois had in January, 1655, been ordered by Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy, to leave the country or to embrace the Roman Catholic religion. They refused to comply, and a general massacre was planned and executed on them with revolting cruelty. The massacre aroused enormous interest in England. Newsbooks vied with one another in publishing gruesome accounts. There is, for example, a detailed "List of some Particulers of the late Barbarous Cruelties of the Marquisse *de Piannasse*, with the Monks, Priests, and other Papists on the Protestants of Savoy" in *Perfect Proceedings of State Affairs* for June 7–13, which, like the stories given in *The Faithful Scout* for June 8–15 and *A Perfect Account of the Daily Intelligence* for June 13–20, supports the ballad in every particular. From some such news-book the ballad was probably summarized. Milton's noble sonnet "On the Late Massacre in the Piedmont" may profitably be compared with this journalistic rhyme to see how poetry differs from balladry. But as the aim and the audience of the ballad-writer were far different from Milton's, the comparison is not wholly fair.

The tune of *My* [not *The*] *bleeding heart* comes from the first line of Martin Parker's "A Warning to All Lewd Livers. To the tune of *Sir Andrew Barton*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 23). The two tunes were identical (or at least interchangeable) with *In summer-time* (cf. Nos. 31, 57) and *Come follow, my love* (*Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 9); and *My bleeding heart* is, as another ballad by Parker proves (cf. No. 6), equivalent to *Maying Time*. The music for *Maying Time* is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 377, and fits the present ballad perfectly.

A Dreadful Relation, of the Cruel, Bloudy, and most Inhumane Massacre and Butchery, committed on the poor Protestants, in the Dominions of the Duke of *Savoy*, by his Souldiers, with some *French* and bloudy *Irish* joyned together: Where they destroyed thousands, both men, women and children, without mercy; tearing little sucking infants limb from limb before their mothers faces, and dashing their brains out against the rocks; and afterwards ripping up the bowels of the mothers, cutting off their breasts, and turning women with childe, and some lying in, out of dores, in the midst of winter in frost and snow, who perished by cold in the Mountains. Cutting off the ears, then the nose, fingers and toes; then the legs, arms and privie members of men, some being aged above fourscore years, and so torturing them to death, because they would not forsake their Religion and turn Papists: the like cruelties were never known nor heard of before. The truth of this sad story was sent to his Highness the Lord Protector, who appointed a general Fast throughout this Nation, and ordered relief to be gathered, and sent to those that escaped the hands of these bloudy wretches, and are ready to perish for want, in the mountains.

To the Tune of, *The Bleeding Heart.*

1 With bleeding heart & mournful tear
I am enforced to declare:
A sadder story nere was told,
Then here to you I will unfold.

2 Good Christians all pray listen well,
Unto this news that I shall tell;

The truth of which will surely make,
Your very hearts with fear to quake.

3 This subject strange unto our sight,
May cause lamenting day and night;
Then mourn with me all you that hear,
The cruelties I shall declare.

4 Under the Duke of *Savoy* now,
There lived many Christians good;
Who constantly profest the truth,
And seal'd it with their precious blood.

5 Gods holy word they did obey,
Which was the onely cause that they;
Thus cruelly by bloudy men,
Did suffer glorious Martyrdom.

6 A bloudy crew of wicked men,
Both *French* and *Irish*, all in arms,
Did fall upon these Christians good,
Who never did them any harm.

7 But all of them were quite undone,
And eke bereaved of their wealth;
Some lost their limbs, and some their lives,
And others they were starved to death.

8 Some others there were burn'd alive,
And others tortured grievously;
And others put into hot flames,
'Cause they would not their Faith deny.

9 Heaven knows how many thousands there,
Of Christian people far and near;
Most cruelly their lives did lose,
Because the *Mass* they would not use.

10 Young Children that were newly born,
Whose harmles harts thought no man harm
Before their Mothers faces dear,
They did in pieces pull and tear.

11 Their brains against the Rocks and stones,
They dashed out, whose hideous groans,
Would daunt the stoutest man with fears,
And melt a flinty heart with tears.

12 To hear the cries and grievous mones,
Of Mothers for their little ones;
'Twas very sad for to behold,
Yet nothing mov'd these wretches bold.

13 And when those Babes were dead and gon,
And bloudily bereav'd of life;
Those wicked wretches then began,
To execute both man and wife.

14 The men they flung into the Flame,
And ript up women void of shame;
And for no other cause at all,
But that they would not bow and fall,

15 To Idol gods, but would profess,
Their faith in Christ, and not forsake,

The same in any wise at all,
The Popish faith up for to take.

16 And some they tyed up in trees,
Binding their heads between their knees:
And others they did boyl also,
And of their brains made sawce thereto.

17 And men of fourscore years of age,
They made the subjects of their rage;
For mighty stakes did these bloud-hounds
Drive through their bodies into the ground.

18 And some of them immediately,
By fire were scorched grievously;
And after raked and slasht with knives,
Whereby they lost their precious lives.

19 The reason why this same was done,
No man alive can justly tell:
But sure the Actors of the same,
Their bloudy hearts were void of shame.

20 Then mourn all people far and near,
At this sad news which now you hear;
To doleful pity it will move,
Your hearts if you the Lord do love.

21 Unto the Lord let's cry and call,
From Papists he would keep us all;
And from their bloudy cruel hands,
To keep us safe in these our lands.

22 And let us on our bended knees,
Desire of God that he would please;
Both evening, morning, noon and night,
To keep us from their power and might.

23 Thus have you heard a tragedy,
Of woful men in misery,[1]
Whose faith and zeal their hearts did move,
To suffer for their God above.

24 Who unto death the love did show,
That unto God their hearts did owe;
And with such heavenly grace they dy'de,
That now in heaven they do reside.

LONDON: Printed for *Iohn Andrews*, at the White Lyon in the Old-Bayly. 1655.

[1] Period.

60

A kiss of a seaman

C. 20. f. 14 (16), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

This spirited love-song is the work of Samuel Smithson (cf. No. 73), a prolific writer of ballads and chap-books. Various ballads signed with his initials (which J. W. Ebsworth interpreted as Samuel Sheppard) will be found in the *Roxburghe Ballads*; a few others occur in the Pepys and Wood Collections. Among his chap-books may be mentioned *Paradoxes or Encomions in the Praise of Being Lowsey*, etc. (1653), *The Figure of Nine* (*ca.* 1660), and *The Famous History of Guy Earl of Warwick* (1678). In 1656 Smithson was ranked, by an ironic author, with Laurence Price and Humphrey Crouch as one of balladry's "glorious three" (cf. p. 67). I have found no other reference to him. For another ballad on the delights of kissing—and it is not limited to seamen!—see No. 70.

The tune comes from the refrain,

> Leave thee, leave thee, I'll not leave thee,
> O so loath I am to leave thee,

of "A Conscionable Couple. To a curious new tune; or, *The Faithful Friend*" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 561).

A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another. OR The Maidens Loyalty.

The SEA-MAN is her chosen Mate,[1]
Till Breath and Life are out of date.

To the Tune of, *Leave thee, &c.*

1 When *Venus* did my mind inspire,
And set my love-sick heart on fire,
Young *Cupid* with a strict Commission,
Did nurse me with his own tuition:
Love's grown so hot that I can't it smother;
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

2 When first I chanc't to be among men,
I was belov'd of divers young men;

[1] Period.

And with a modest mild behaviour,
They did intreat my love and favour:
But this I learned of my mother,
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

3 Brave Gentlemen of rank and fashion,
That live most richly in the Nation,
Have woo'd and su'd, as brave as may be,
That I might have been a pretty Lady.
Loves fiery beams I cannot smother,
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

4 A many Trads-men of the City,
And Citizens both wise and witty,
Have sought my love and true affection
(Which *Cupid* hath to his protection.)
I learn'd this lesson of my mother,
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

5 A Baker, Brewer and a Weaver,
All these did use their best endeavour,
Rich costly gifts they did present me;
But none of these could once content me:
For this Ile say to my own mother,
A Kiss of a Sea man's worth two of another.

6 A Goldsmith gave to me a Iewel,
And said that I was too too cruel.
Quoth he, Sweet-heart, do not so slight me,
'Tis thy true love that will delight me.
Love's grown so hot that I can't it smother;
A Kiss of a Sea man's worth two of another.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

7 A Mariner both true and loyal,
Has prov'd my heart by constant trial,
(By *Cupids* Dart he's made a Free-man)
And whilest I live Ile love a Sea-man,
Far dearer then my own dear Brother,
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

8 As faithfully I thus have spoken,
My Vows and Oaths shall not be broken;
Let sun-shine, rain, hail, snow, or thunder,
We two will never part asunder,
Till death doth take one from the other:
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

9 And when my Love is on the Ocean,
Ile pray for him with true devotion,
From rocks and sands to be defended,
And Pyrates knocks that have offended:
But this I learn'd of my own mother,
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

10 Brave Sea-men[2] pass through many dangers,
And somtimes sail like unknown strangers;
When storms and tempests they go thorow,
Then is my heart perplext with sorrow.
I love my love above all other,
For a Kiss of a Seaman's worth two of another.

11 When winds do blow, and gusts are risen,
The Main-sail, Top-sail, and the Misen,
And all their tacklings brave and nimbly,

[2] *Text* Sea-man.

They do handle very trimly:
But this I learned of my mother,
That a Kiss of a Seaman's worth two of another.

12 Our Sea-men they are noble fellows,
And steer upon the surging billows;
Though many fools do prate and bable,[3]
Our English men are proved able:
I will forsake both father and mother,
For a Kiss of a Seaman's worth two of another.

13 If I seven years am forc'd to tarry,
With no false young man will I marry;
A Sea-man hath in his possession
My heart assign'd by *Joves* permission:
Loves fiery beams I cannot smother,
A Kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another.

14 Fair Maids that are to Love devoted,
Let loyalty be still promoted,
Until the world shall be dissolved:
For I am absolute resolved
To leave both father and my mother.
For a Kiss of a Seaman's worth two of another.

FINIS.

S. S.

LONDON: Printed for *Iohn Andrews*, at the White Lyon in the Old-Bayly. 1655.

[3] Period.

61

No ring, no wedding

Manchester, II, 4, B. L., four columns, four woodcuts.

Robert Ibbitson registered this ballad at Stationers' Hall on March 12, 1656 (Eyre's *Transcript*, II, 35). It is a pleasing ditty of some interest as stressing the obvious fact that relations between Cavaliers and Roundheads were not always hostile. John Hammond, the printer (cf. page 45), was a Roundhead; but here he presents a Cavalier maiden who lays down the law to her Roundhead suitor, successfully (so it appears) demanding a marriage ceremony in which what the suitor had called "Popish rites" are included. An American is naturally reminded of the innumerable novels of the Civil War in which a Northern man, usually an army officer, falls in love with a rebel girl from the South, marries her, and lives happily ever after.

With "No Ring, No Wedding" should be compared *Hudibras*, III, ii, 303 f., and the ballad "To a Fair Lady weeping for her Husband committed to Prison by the Parliament," of about the same date, that is preserved in *A Collection of Loyal Songs Written against the Rump Parliament*, 1731, I, 254. There we are told that the husband was imprisoned because, among other offenses,

> *Imprimis*, He was married late,
> With a Gold Ring unto a Dame,
> Would make the best of us a Mate;
> Witty, Pretty, Young, and Quaint,
> And fairer than our selves can Paint.

I do not know the tune of *The Parson of the Parish* (which I observe is used also in a fragmentary ballad in the Manchester Collection, II, 53). Obviously, however, it cannot fit both parts of the ballad. It is doubtful, too, in spite of the title, whether the maiden sings the entire second part. Stanzas 10 and 11, for example, do not harmonize with the coyness shown by the maid in her earlier speeches and, indeed, seem to be intended for the young man.

NO RING, NO WEDDING

No Ring, no VVedding;
A merry new Song of the wooing there was,
'Twixt a zealous Youngman, and a Cabalier Lasse,
He woos (and would wed) she will have no such thing,
Unlesse she may married be with a Ring
Have Ribons, and Gloves, Rosemary, and Bayes,[1]
And all things that were in her fore-Fathers dayes.

The Tune is, *The Parson of the Parish.*

Young-man.

1 Sweet-Heart I come unto thee,
  hoping thy Love to win,
I meane to try, thy courtisie,
  and thus I doe begin:
If thou wilt be my Sweeting,
  then I will be thy Deare,
What think'st of me, shall I have thee,
  thou pretty Cavalier.

Maid.

2 Good Sir you do but mock me,
  your mind is nothing so,
You'l speake of Love, my thoughts to prove,
  and then away you'l go:
For if you be a Round-head,
  (as to me it doth appeare,)
You cannot (yet,) your fancy set,
  upon a Cavalier.

[1] *Text* Baves.

Young-man.

3 Sweet-Heart I speake in earnest,[2]
thy beauty hath me taine,
And my true-love, to thee (my Dove,)
for ever shall remaine:
My true affections to thee,
such zealous thoughts doth beare,
If thou consent, I am content,
my pretty Cavalier.

Maid.

4 Your Sect is bent to false-hood,
and I indeed am jealous,
That this is but, the shell o' th' Nut,
though your pretence be zealous:
You have no cause to blame me,
but I have cause to feare,
'Twould be your sport, to winne the[3] Fort,
and spoyle the Cavalier.

Young-man.

5 My dearest do not doubt me,
my Heart and Tongue agree,
Now *Cupids* Dart, hath prick't my Heart,
I love no Lasse but thee:
To morrow wee'l be married,
then take it for no jeere,
In word and deed, I am agreed,
to wed my Cavalier.

[2] *Text apparently* earnet. [3] *Text* thre *or* thee.

Maid.

6 Sweet Sir you are too hasty,
to speake of such a thing,
If I should yeild, to you the Feild,
where is your Wedding-Ring:
Your Bride-Gloves & your Ribons
with other things that were,
Fit for a Bride, all things provide,
Ile be your Cavalier.

Young-man.

7 These are but Ceremonies,
belong to Popery,
Therefore we will, not use them still
but all such toyes defie:
Wee'l hand in hand together,
conjoyne (with joyfull cheare,)
Few words wee'le need, Ile doe the deed,
with thee sweet Cavalier.[4]

The second part, being the maidens answer.[5]

8 Sweet-Heart for thy sake,
I will never make,
Choyce of any other,
Then[6] by *Cupids* Mother,
freely speake,
It's at thy choyce my dearest Love,
Either to leave or take.

[4] Comma.
[5] *Text* answe (*sic*).
[6] *Text* They.

9 I, thy Mary gold,
Wrapt in many fold,
Like the golden clyent,
To the Suns supplyent,
shew it's gold:
Display thy beames by glorious Sun,
And Ile to thee unfold.

10 Those bright locks of haire,
Spreading o're each eare,
Every chrisp and curle,
Far more rich then Pearle,
doth appeare:
Then be thou constant in thy love,
And I will be thy Deare.

11 Till I have posest,
Thee whom I love best,
I have vow'd for ever,
In thy absence never,
to take rest:
Deny me not thou pretty little one,
in whome my hopes are blest.

12 If a kisse or two,
Can thee a favour do,
Were it more then twenty,
Loves indu'd with plenty,
Lovers know:
For thy sweet sake, a thousand take,
For that's the way to woo.

13 It doth grieve my heart,
From thee for to part,
It is to me more pleasant,
Ever to be present,
where thou art:
Yet in the absence of a Friend,
My love shall never start.

14 As to me thou'rt kind,
Duty shall me bind,
Ever to obey thee,
Reason so doth sway mee,
to thy mind,
Thou hast my heart, where ere thou art,
Although I stay behind.

15 In the Bed or Barke,
I will be thy marke,
Couples yet more loving,
Never had their moving,
from the Arke:
Welcome to me my onely joy
All times be it light or darke.

FINIS.

Printed at *London* by *John Hamond.*

62

The Quakers' fear

Wood 401 (165), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts, one of which (a Pope with a triple crown) is labelled "James Parnell, The Quaker."

Coles and his three partners registered "The Quakers feare, &c" on April 25, 1656 (Eyre's *Transcript*, II, 54). Very interesting is the phrase at the end of the ballad, "This is Licenced according to Order."[1] This is perhaps the earliest occurrence of the phrase, which after 1660 was customary; it indicates that in 1656 as well as after 1660, although entries were made in the register, an official appointed expressly for that purpose, not the clerk of the Company of Stationers, had seen and allowed the work.

Laurence Price had no patience with religious sects. Here he merely repeats contemporary falsehoods, gravely warning all Quakers that bad ends are sure to come to them for their impious beliefs. James Parnel himself is a tragic figure, comparable to his unfortunate co-religionist James Naylor. Though very young (he was probably born in 1637), Parnel had distinguished himself both as a religious debater and as a pamphleteer. In July, 1655, he was arrested and imprisoned at Colchester Castle as "an idle and disorderly person." A few weeks later he was tried at Chelmsford, fined £40 for contempt of authorities, and, in default of payment, returned to prison. His treatment in the castle was most severe, though for a time he was allowed to see George Fox (*Journal*, 1765, pp. 103, 141), George Whitehead, and other friends. Price has grotesquely departed from the truth (following Dr. Francis Glisson's *A True and Lamentable Relation of the Most Desperate Death of James Parnel, Quaker, Who Wilfully Starved Himself in the Prison of Colchester*) in telling of Parnel's hunger-strike. As a matter of fact, the unhappy prisoner was confined in a deep hole and

[1] "Entered according to Order" occurs also on Francis Grove's "A new way of Hunting" (Manchester, I, 9), a ballad registered on May 30, 1656.

compelled to receive food by climbing up a rope twelve feet to the opening. One day, weakened by confinement, he fell, and he never recovered from the injuries thus sustained. He died, after ten months' imprisonment, on April 10 (see the *Diary of the Rev. Ralph Josselin*, ed. Camden Society, p. 115), and was buried in the castle-yard. An inquest found that he had wilfully rejected food and had brought about his own death.

A reply to Glidden's pamphlet, and possibly to the ballad,[2] was published by Parnel's friends under the title of *The Lamb's Defence against Lies. And a True Testimony Given Concerning the Sufferings and Death of James Parnell.* See further the sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, where the dates of Parnel's death and of the inquest are obviously incorrect.

For the tune cf. Nos. 6 and 59.

[2] On May 5, 1656, Francis Grove licensed a ballad called "A warning for all Quakers, or, a wonder to bee wondered at, or a briefe and true relation of the ungodly life and miserable deathe of James Parnell a quaker, &c.," but this seems to be lost.

THE QVAKERS FEAR.

OR,

Wonderfull strange and true News from the famous Town of *Colchester* in *Essex*, shewing the manner how one *James Parnel*, a Quaker by profession, took upon him to fast twelve days and twelve nights without any sustenance at all, and called the people that were his followers or Disciples, and said that all the people of England that were not of their Congregation, were all damned creatures. Of his blasphemous Life and scandalous Death in the Jayl at *Colchester* this present month of *April* 1656. you shal here have a full Relation.

The tune is, *Summer time.* Or *bleeding Heart.*

1 O God the Father of us all,
which made the Heavens, the Sea and land
Assist us with thy holy Spirit,
And guid us with thy powerfull hand.

2 Let not the Devil our master be,
Who seeks our Souls for to devour,
But give us grace to arm our selves
That he of us may have no power.

3 A strange and true example here
I am prepared to declare,
Because that others may take heed,
And learn the living Lord to fear.

4 A man *James Parnel* call'd by name,
Committed hath such heynous crimes,

That very well he may be tearm'd
To be the wonder of our times.

5 He went about from place to place,
And undertook to preach and teach,
And matters he did meddle with,
That were to high above his reach.

6 The holy Bible he despised,
And was a Quaker by profession,
And said they all were damn'd to Hell
That were not of his Congregation.

7 Good Ministers he set at naught,
And made disturbance up and down,
Where ever he did come or goe,
Both in the Countrey and the Town.

8 Yet many people followed him,
Which he did his Disciples call,
And they did believe what ever[3] he said,
To be the truest way of all.

9 But for his wicked blasphemy
He apprehended was at last,
And unto *Colchesters* Iayl was sent,
And there in prison kept full fast.

10 Now while that he was in the Iayl,
He to the people thus did say,
That he strange miracles would doe,
Before he parted thence away.

[3] *Text* evər.

11 As Christ had fasted forty dayes,
And never at all did drink nor eat,
Nor in his body entred not,
So much as one small grain of Wheat.

12 So will I do *James Parnel* said,
Because you all shall know and see,
That I am a Prophet of the Lord,
And them that will beleeve in me

13 Shall have eternall joyes in heaven
Amongst the Souls whom God hath blest,
But those that will not me beleeve,
Shall never come where Saints doe rest.

14 A many such blasphemous[4] werds
He to the people then did speak,
And twelve long dayes, and as many nights,
To fast he then did undertake.[5]

15 Wherefore[6] a strict command was given
that every one should searched be,
Whether they brought victuals with them or no
When they *James Parnel* came to see.

16 Ten[7] dayes this sinful wretch did fast,
And took no sustenance at all:
Now mark and you shall understand
What after did to him befall.

[4] *Text* blasph[]mous.
[5] Comma.
[6] The third column (really "The Second Part") begins here.
[7] *Text* T ɔn.

17 The eleventh day he call'd for food,
And said that he had order given,
To fall unto his meat again,
By an Angell which was sent from heaven.

18 Them that attended on him then,
With speed prepar'd and brought him food,
But when he eat and fed thereon
God knows it did more harm then good,

19 For all that he did swallow down,
His body being out of frame,
It would not in his entrails stay,
But as it went in so out it came.

20 There was nothing that he did receive,
But forc'd a passage presently,
Quite through his guts, & downwards came,
Which brought him to much misery.

21 He did desire then to go
Up to the leads that were so high,
At the very top of all the house,
But that his Keeper did deny.

22 For fear that he should break his neck down,
They durst not let him for to goe.
So he was forced for to stay
Below whether he would or no.

23 So like to cursed *Tantalus*,
He in the midst of plenty starv'd,
No matter if such hypocrites
For their deserts were all so serv'd.

24 When thirteen dayes came to an end,
This wofull pittifull Quaker dy'd,
Having famished himselfe to death,
As is for certain verified.

25 The Iury-men that on[8] him sate
After that he had lost his breath,
Did find him guilty of that crime,
So he was author of his own death.

26 Those that were his Disciples call'd,
Believed in him, and thus did say,
Their Master *James* would rise from death
As Christ did do on the third day.

27 Wherefore they watcht three days with him,
But all their watching was in vain,
For when they had watcht their eyes all sore
They never saw him rise again.

28 Thus he his own destruction wrought,
Through Satans wiles, and false delusion,
I wish all Quakers to take heed,
Lest they come[9] to the like confusion.

29 And to conclude, let every one
Pray to the Lord both day and night,
That hee'l be pleas'd for to direct,
And guide us in the wayes of right.

Finis.

L. P.

Printed for F. Coles, J. VVright, T. Vere, and VV. Gilbertson.
This is Licenced according to Order.

[8] *Text* ou. [9] *Text* coure.

63

A new merry dialogue

C. 20. f. 14 (6), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts. There is another copy, Wood E. 25 (85), in the Bodleian.

Gilbertson licensed this ballad as "A new merry dialogue between John and Besse" on May 15, 1656 (Eyre's *Transcript*, II, 58). It is a rhythmically attractive ballad in Laurence Price's favorite vein. I have not found the tune.

A New merry Dialogue betweene John and Bessee The two lusty brave Lovers of the Country. Or, a couragious way of Wooing.

The Young-man very willing was to marry,
The Maid was loath a longer time to tarrie,
But when this couple were agreed
They married were with all the speed.
Then list and I will plainly tell
How every thing in order fell.

The tune is, *sweet George I love thee.*[1]

1 I Am a Batchelour bold and brave,
sweet *Besse* now I come to thee,
Thy love is the thing that I doe crave,
which makes me thus for to wooe thee:
My heart is inflamed with *Cupids* hot fire,
One drop of thy mercy to coole I desire,

[1] Comma.

If thou wilt but grant unto what I require,
I vow no harme to doe thee.

2 Ever since the first time that I did thee see,
faire *Besse* now I come to thee,
My heart and affection was linked to thee,
which makes me thus for to wooe thee:
And now I am come for to tell thee my mind,
As true loves strong fettered chains doth me bind,
If thou unto[2] me wilt be courteous and kind,
I vow no harme for to doe thee.

3 Ile buy thee silk Ribbons, ile buy the gold Rings
sweet *Besse* now I come to thee,
Black-bag and silk Apron and other rare things,
see now how[3] I doe wooe thee:
New gown and new petticoat, new hose & shooes,
A new beaver Hat the best that I can chuse,
Prethee Love doe not my proffers refuse,[4]
all this good will I doe thee.

4 Thou shalt have thy servants on thee to attend,[5]
sweet *Besse* now I come to thee,
My purse and my person thy life shall defend,
my suit is still for to wooe thee,
My goods & my substance my house and my land,
My mind and my sences my heart and my hand,
Thou shalt every houre have at thy command,
all this good I will doe to thee.

[2] *Text* uuto. [3] *Text* nowhow. [4] *Text* rəfuse. [5] *Text* atten.

5 Thou shalt have varieties what thou wilt wish,
sweet *Besse* now I come to thee,
Served in at thy Table of Flesh and of Fish,
my suit is still for to wooe thee:[6]
Thou shalt have larks, chickens, hens,[7] capon or
coney,
And any fine fare that can be bought for money
If thou'lt[8] be my True-love, my Ioy & my Honey,
all this I will doe for thee.

6 More-over a faithfull promise I make,
sweet *Besse* now I come to thee,
Whilst breath's in my body ile not thee forsake,
as sure[9] as now I doe wooe thee:
Then prethee faire *Besse* ease me of my paine,
And doe not repay my true love with disdain,
But as I have lov'd thee so love me againe,
and Ile be faithfull unto thee.

The second Part, to the same tune.[10]

7 Kind *Iohn* I protest thou art welcome to me,
since thou art come for to wooe me;
Ten thousand to one but wee two shall agree,
now thou com'st lovingly to me,
Thy love and thy labour is not lost in vaine,
For thus in few words I will tell thee here plain,
If thou com'st at midnight ile thee entertaine,
I know no harme thou'lt[8] doe me.

8 I have kept my maiden-head twenty long yeare,
before you come to wooe me,

[6] *Text* theer. [7] *Text* heus (*sic*).
[8] *Text* thoul't. [9] *Text* suro. [10] No period.

And many a brave gallant that loved me deare,
made suite often unto[11] me:
But I for my own[12] part could love never a man,
Let them use the chiefest of skill that they can,
Untill[13] the time came that I met with my *Iohn*,
I know no harme thou'lt[14] doe me.

9 You promis'd[15] me gold and you promis'd me fee,
when you came first for to wooe me,
Because that I your true Lover should be,
these knacks you proffered unto me:
You promis'd me scarffs & you promis'd me[16] rings,
Silk gown and silk apron and many brave things,
The which to my presence much comfort it brings,
I know much good you will doe me.

10 Gay garments are good sir of which I except,
now you so lovingly wooe me,
Your Silver is better I doe it respect,
both those are welcome unto[11] me,
But your proper person exceeds all the rest,
For you are the creature that I doe love best
I had rather have you then have gold in my chest,
for I know no harme you'l[17] doe me.

11 To bind up the bargaine and finish the strife,
seeing you came hither to wooe me,
I prethee come quickly and make me thy wife,
I know no harme you'l doe me,
And when wee art married thou shalt have thy will
To clip and to kisse and to use thine own will,

[11] *Text* uuto. [12] *Text* myown. [13] *Text* Uutill.
[14] *Text* thoul't. [15] *Text* promis[]d. [16] *Text* mr. [17] *Text* you[]l.

I am thine own true love and so will be still,
now I come merrily to thee.

This lusty young couple being joyntly agreed,
when he came for to wooe her,
To Church then they went and were married with speed,
then he bravely came to her:
Together they went as True-lovers should,
He gave her gay garments & rings of rich Gold,
And when they their tales had so pleasantly told,
he did no harme unto her.

L. P.

London Printed for William Gilbertson, Gil[t]-[S]pur-street.[18]

[18] Text blurred and defective. No period.

64

The two jeering lovers

C. 20. f. 14 (2), B. L., five columns, three woodcuts.

Gilbertson registered this ballad on May 15, 1656 (Eyre's *Transcript*, II, 58), as "The two feering [*sic*] lovers, &c." Price and his fellows delighted in ballads depicting lovers in this fashion, though the modern reader may be repelled by the coarseness of expression, and will, in any case, not greatly admire the patience of Dick.

The tune is named from the first line of Price's own ballad of "Love's Fierce Desire" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 67), which was to be sung either to *Now the tyrant hath stolen my dearest away* or *Fair angel of England*. "Fair angel of England" is the first line of "The Princely Wooing of the Fair Maid of London by King Edward. To the tune of *Bonny sweet Robin*." The tunes of *Now the tyrant* and *Bonny sweet Robin* were interchangeable: the former is given in John Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1667, p. 226, the latter in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 234.

The two Jeering Lovers: Or, A pleasant New Dialogue between Dick Downright of the Country, and pretty witty Nancy of the Citie: The manner of their wooing, winning, and wedding shall be related in this ensuing Ditty.

To a dainty new tune, called, *Now the tyrant hath stolen, &c.*

Dick.

1 Come hither sweet *Nancy*,
and sit down by me,
These long seven Winters
I have loved thee:
Then give me my answer
if that thou canst love me,
Or else say me no then
my pretty *Nancy*.

Nancy.

2 Stand further[1] Sir Lobcock
and trouble not me,
I had rather with Pistols
and Guns to be shot,
Or borun through with Rapiers,
then suffer disgrace,
For to have such a Buzzard
to breath in my Face.

Dick.

3 Sweet *Nan* doe not hold me
so much in disdain.

[1] *Text* furth[]r.

But as I love thee, prethee
love me again.
There's nothing on earth
in the world to be had,
But I will procure it
to make my love glad.

4 Ile buy thee new Beaver
and a dainty silk Gown,
And a Taffety Apron
the best in the Town,
Fine Hose and fine Shooes
and a brave Holland Smock,
Thou well mayst believe me,
for I doe not mock.

5 Ile buy thee a scarf that is
very compleat,
And costly head Tyero
both handsome and neat:
Ile buy thee rare Bracelets
and such pretious things,
Perfum'd gloves and Ribbons,
and gallant gold Rings.

Nancy.

6 Ile none of thy Ribbons,
nor none of thy Gold,
I had rather to suffer
both hunger and cold,
Then to match with a Clown
which my mind cannot brook;

Nor can I abide thee
once on me to look.

Dick.[2]

7 Why what is the reason
thou shouldst me disgrace?
I pray thee in plain terms
speak to my face.
Or what is the cause thou
canst not fancy me?
That ever was faithfull
and true unto me.[3]

Nancy.

8 The reason is this
if you'l have it so,
Thou like to a Sloven dost
every day goe,
Ther fore take good notice
and mark what I say,
I'd not have thee if thoult give me
a Noble a day.

9 Thy eyes stand asquint,
thy nose stands awry,
Thy mouth stands aside,
and thy beard's[4] never dry:
Thy Chaps all be slabered
and thy lips are amisse,

[2] The third column (really "The Second Part") begins here.
[3] *Read* thee. [4] *Text* beards's.

'Twould make a Maid loath
for to give thee a kisse.

Thy Shooes are unty'd,
and down at the heels,
Thy Stockins ungartred,
which thou dost not feel,
Thy Codpis unbutned,
thy breeches bepist,
These are nasty actions,
say you what you list.

Take this for an answer
I will thee not have,
There's the doore and the way,
now goe walk like a Knave,
Goe home to thy Countrey
and kisse Countrey *Ione*,
For sweet-heart in *London*
thou art like to have none.

Dick.[5]

Why then thou proud Huswife
Ile bid thee farewell
Your scoffing and ieering
too much doth excell:
Yet this I say to thee,
if thou hadst thy desert,
Thou wouldst either be hanged
or be tyd to a Cart.

[5] Comma.

Nancy.

13 Nay stay my sweet *Richard*,
let's[6] kisse and be friends,
For what I said to thee
Ile make thee amends.
If thou'lt[7] be my Husband
I will[8] be thy Wife,
And ile be constant to thee
all the dayes of my life.

14 Then *Dick* he kist *Nancy*
and *Nancy* kist *Dick*,
And close to each other
they after did stick:
They went to the Church
and were married that day,
And *Dick* to the Countrey
carried *Nancy* away.

15 By this you may see what
young women can doe,
When Bachelours to them
do come for to wooe;
Their wits are so nimble,
they can in an houre
Turn sowre into sweetnesse
and sweetnesse to sowre.

Finis.

L. P.

London printed for William Gilbertson in Gilt-spur street.

[6] *Text* let[]s. [7] *Text* thoul't. [8] *Text* will.

65

Deplorable news from Southwark

C. 20. f. 14 (3), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

In this satire on female frailty the poet, in the stanzas here reprinted, manages to steer through an indelicate situation without much offense: the same cannot be said of two coarse stanzas which are omitted. For a later ballad on a theme almost exactly similar, see Lord Crawford's *Catalogue of English Ballads*, No. 1039.

The tune is named from the first line ("Now farewel to Saint Gileses") of Laurence Price's "The Merry Mans Resolution. To a Gallant New Tune, Called, *The Highlanders new Rant*" (*Bagford Ballads*, I, 485*). It is used also for Nos. 67, 71, and 72.

Deplorable News from Southwark; Or, the loving Lasses Lamentations for the loss of their Sweet-hearts.

They sigh, they sob, they sorow and complain,
Fearing their Loves will never come again:
It is the lusty Souldiers as they say,
Have stoln from them their pretty hearts away.

The tune is, *Saint Gyleses.*

1 The Lasses now of *Southwark*
lament and make great moan,
Because from them their sweet-hearts
departed are and gone.
Thare's *Peggy*, *Alce* and *Bridget*,
and many others more
With howling and with weeping,
have made their eye-sight sore.

The gallant,
Valiant
Souldiers as they say
Have stolen from them their pretty hearts away.

2 The Souldiers which in *Southwark*
did quarter here and there,
Each one of them that had sweet-hearts
was constant to his deare;
Both civill in their actions,
and constant in their carriage,
And yet some of the Lasses now
Complain for lack for marriage.
The gallant,
Valiant
Souldiers as they say,[1]
Have stoln from them their pretty hearts away.

3 To speak of their proceedings,
I hope none will me blame,
The better for to know them,
I will them to you name.
Fair *Maudlin* she lov'd *Martin*,
and *Joan* she loved *John*,
Winnifred lov'd *William*,
and *Ned* was loved of *Nan*.
Those valiant
Gallant
Souldiers as they say,
Have stoln from them their pretty hearts away.

[1] Text omits *say*.

4 *Betty* she lov'd *Robert*,
and *Dick* lov'd *Dorothy*,
Rowland he lov'd *Rachel*,
and *Kate* lov'd *Anthony:*
Sweet *Rose* she lov'd bold *Stephen*,
and *Hester* she lov'd *Walter*,[2]
And more news of their passages
I mean to speak hereafter.
The valiant,
Gallant
Souldiers as they say,
Have stoln the maidens hearts from them away.

5 *Rebecca* she lov'd *John* well,
and *George* lov'd *Margery*,
Kester he lov'd *Jany:*
and *Nell* lov'd *Humphrey*
Francis lov'd fair *Phillis*,
and *Samuel* he lov'd *Sary*,
Debora she lov'd *Daniel*,
and *Thomas* he lov'd *Mary.*
The valiant,
Gallant
Souldiers as they say,
Have stoln the damsels hearts from them away.

6 The[3] bonny brave young Souldiers are
of late from *Southwarke* gone,
To quarter in the Country,
and left their loves alone;

[2] Text *Waltet.*
[3] The third column (really "The Second Part") begins. *Text* Thebonny.

Who now in dolefull manner
doth bitterly complain,
Much fearing that their Sweet-hearts
will never come again.
The valliant,
Gallant
Souldiers as they say,
Have stole their pretty hearts from them away.[4]

7 *Rose* sayes though she hath gotten
no Livings nor no Lands,
Yet if she had her Love againe
she would labour with her hands
To keepe and to maintain him,
all the dayes of her life,
So he would be contented
to take her to his Wife.
The valliant,
Gallant
Souldier she doth say,
Hath stoln both her heart and love away.[5]

8 The rest that hath been named,
are all of *Roses* mind,
And would unto their Sweet-hearts be
both loyall, true, and kind,
So they might have their company,
by day and eke by night,
O that's the thing they wish for,
to have them in their sight.

[4] Two coarse stanzas are here omitted.
[5] No period.

But the valliant,
Gallant
Soldiers as they say,
Hath stoln their bonny hearts from them away.

9 To draw to a conclusion,
I wish all Damsels mild,[6]
Both them that have flat bellyes,
and them that are with child:
To beare all things with prudence,
and suffer patiently,
And buy each one a Hand-kercher
to wipe her wet eyes dry.
And when your
Sweet-hearts
Come to you again,
They'l use a means to cure you of your pain.[7]

10 Be not too heavy-minded,
but[8] thus I'd have you pray,
That those which stole your hearts from you
and carryed them away,
May come again with safety,
and make you all amends,
To marry you and love you,
and so my Ditty ends.
The valliant,
Gallants
Hath stoln your hearts away,
They'l bring them home again another day.

Printed for Tho. Vere, at the Angel, without New-gate.

[6] Period. [7] Comma. [8] *Text* bnt.

66

The true lover's summons

C. 20. f. 14 (14), B. L., five columns, three woodcuts.

Date 1650–56. Here is presented a fairly common situation in which a young lover vainly woos his mistress in the first part of the ballad, while in the second part she replies coyly but at the very end yields to his importunities. Classical allusions were as much the requisites of a balladist as of an eighteenth-century poet. Samuel Smithson's hand seems recognizable here, but unluckily no name is signed. The printers evidently ran short of punctuation marks, which are surprisingly scanty.

The "pleasant" new tune of *Sweetheart* [or *Lady*], *be not coy* I have not found.

THE TRUE LOVER'S SUMMONS

The true Lovers Summons:
Sent in a Letter to his dearest Sweeting,
Desiring from her a happy greeting:
This couple by their honest civill carriage,
Were quickly joyn'd together in Marriage.

To a pleasant new tune; OR, *Lady be not coy.*

1 Sweet heart be not coy,
for in faith I love thee
Thou art my only joy,
now I come to prove thee,
Though my abscence long,
may procure suspition,
Yet I will not wrong
thee in no condition,
For I am only he,
that loves none but thee,

Wherefore let not me,
be of hopes frustrated,
But grant Love to me,[1]
for which long I have waited.

2 Speake thou comely Maid,
to a man distressed,
Helpe a love-sick blade,
that is sore oppressed,
Give to me my doome,
for in love I languish,
Either smile or frowne,
to my joy or anguish
Which if thou refraine
nothing else but paine,
In me shall remaine,
then farwell all pleasure,
Nothing else I gaine,
but sorrow beyond all measur.[2]

3 Such a comely face
modest grave and witty
Cannot in this case
be so void of pitty
Then grant unto me
what I do desire
For my heart by thee
is only set on fire,
Be not to me unkind,
in me thou shalt find

[1] Period. [2] No period.

Such a constant mind,
as doth scorne to waver
Only I am inclind
to obtaine thy favour.

4 *Cupids* feathered Dart
I right well espie it
Wounded hath my heart
I cannot deny it
Although I be,
in a sad condition
Thinke not to go free
by swearing of ambition
Lest that you do fall
into *Cupids* thrall
As we are subject all
by the laws of nature
Both to great and small
to poore and Princely creatur.

5 Wise King *Solomon*
was taken in that manner
And great *Samson* strong
marcht under that banner
Venus glistering faire
and that beauteous *Helen*
Farre beyond compare
yet they all seemd willing
Thus we plainly see
all to love agree
Wheresoever they be
from *Capricorn* to *Cancer*

Sweet blame not me
but let me have an answer.[3]

The *Maidens* answer.

6 You do say you Love,
but it is no matter,
Often times it proves
young-men use to flatter,
And many a harmlesse Maid,
by your false delusion,
Oft times is betray'd
and brought to confusion:
Therefore Maids beware,
take a speciall care,
Lest you catch the snare?
for the Serpent lowers,
Often times not far
from the fairest Flowers.[4]

7 *Priam's* onely Heire,
Dido's griefe augmented;
Promising full faire
what he nere intended:
All's not Gold that's bright,
all's not true that's spoken,
Many wrongs seemes right,
a faire Nut may prove rotten
The fire that burneth[5] fast,
instantly doth wast,

[3] No period.
[4] Comma. [5] *Text* burneth.

And the hotest blast,
of the eagrest Wooer,
Long time cannot last,
in all it's heat and power.

8 The fairest Flowers that be,
have the faintest savor?
More men match we see,
for Gold then good behaviour
You shall hear of few
that will say what is shee,
You shall have enough[6]
that will say what hath shee.
This wealth is bewitching
& mens minds outstretching
Still their fingers itching
to be joynd in Marriage
More for gold and riches
then for comely carriage.[7]

9 *Cupid* I do scorne
and his false enticement
Ere I match I've sworn
to take good advisement
But me thinks I speak
on a slender fashion
Women are to weak
to resist that passion
Should I then refraine
such a golden Chaine,

[6] *Text* enongh.
[7] No period.

Which wou'd[8] make on[9] traine,
almost through this nation,
I must needs confesse,
here's an alteration.

The furthest of my thoughts
you alone have battered,
If you prove not kind,
all my hopes are scattered,
Oh my heart doth yeeld
through your strong affection
You have won the field
and brought me to subjection,
Constant sure I am
sweet for ever then
And thee love I can
as I am a Woman
You are the only man,
here I pray the Summon.

FINIS.

London Printed for *Richard Burton*, at the[10] *Horshooe* in *Smith-field*.

[8] *Text* wou,d.
[9] *I.e.*, one.
[10] *Text* he.

67

The faithful maid's adventures

C. 20. f. 14 (7), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts.

Here again Laurence Price has written a ballad to the tune of his "St. Giles" (cf. No. 65). That tune, involving a catchy refrain, was very popular indeed. It is used also under the name (taken from the refrain of this ballad) of *Ile goe through the World with thee* for "The Seaman's Leave Taken of his sweetest Margerit" (Manchester, I, 17; Pepys, IV, 158; Euing, No. 326). It is pleasant to come upon a maid so faithful as John's mistress: Penelope is *rara avis* in balladry, one great delight of which was to satirize and anathematize woman's inconstancy.

The Faithfull Maids Adventures.[1]

The Mayd with diligence sought far and neer,
Through many a famous City, Town and Shire,
Untill such time shee had her Sweet-heart found,
Whose love to her did wonderously abound.

Tune is, *Farewell St. Gyleses, &c.*

1 I Am the faithfull Damosill,
that wandred up and down,
To find out *John* my true love,
in many a gallant Town,
Though long time I have sought him,
yet now I have him found,
I will not lose his company,
for threescore thousand pound,
Then pray thee John,
Sweet John,
part not from mee,
For Ile go through the world with thee.

2 I have been in *Scotland,*
as you may understand,[2]
And I have made three voyages,
into *Ireland,*
And I have been in *Wales,*
and in *Cornwall* in the West,
And all was for to find my *John,*
whom I in heart love best.
Then pray thee John, &c.

[1] Comma. [2] *Text* nnderstand.

3 Through *London*[3] and through[4] *Bristow*,
and *Gloster* eke also,
Through *Exeter* and *Worcester*,
I wandred too and fro,
Through *Hereford* and *Shrewsbury*,
and *Salisbury* in *Wiltshire*,
I went to find my true love,
whom I do hold so dear.
And now that I have
found thee,
part not from mee,
for ile go through the world with thee.[5]

4 I have travelled *Essex*,
and I have been in *Kent*,[6]
Whereas both time and mony,
to find my love I spent,
Through *Norfolk* and through *Suffolk*
and famous *Cambridge* Shire
And through fair *Hartfort* County,
but could not find him there.
But now I have. &c.

5 I have been at *Portesmouth*,
and I have been at *Dover*,
and most of all the Cinque port towns
that are all *England* over,
And since with such long journeys,
I have made my self full weary,
Now I have overtaken thee,
I pray thee make mee merry.

[3] Text *Lnodon*. [4] *Text* trouhgh. [5] No period. [6] Period.

O sweet John,
kind John,
part not from mee,
For Ile go through the world with thee.[7]

The second part to the same Tune.

6 I Th' first place *John* I pray thee,
to finish up the strife,
Take me to Church and wed mee,
and make of me thy Wife
And when that we are married,
wee two will go to bed,
Where thou so sure as snow is white
shalt have my mayden head,
Then pray thee John,
Sweet John,
Part not from me
For ile go through the world with thee.[7]

7 Ith' second place I give thee,
this much to understand,
And if that thou art willing,
to live in merry *England*,
Ile here continue with thee,
and bee thy faithfull wife,
Ile comfort love and cherish thee,
whilst Heaven affords me life.[8]
Then pray thee John &c.

8 Or if that thou are minded,
from *England* for to go,

[7] No period. [8] Comma.

To *France* to *Spain* or *Italy*,
ile march with thee also,
And wheresoever thou goest Love,
my wits I will contrive
Ile venture mine own life and blood,
to save my *John* alive.
Then pray thee John &c.

9 Ile toyle, ile work, ile labour,
Ile take all kind of paines,
And all the profit I can make,
ile bring thee in the gains,
Although the world be never so[9] hard
before ile see thee lack
Ile pawn the very pettycoat,
and smock from off my back.[10]
Then pray thee John &c.

10 And thus sweet heart in plain terms
I have told thee here my mind,
Also my resolution,
to what I am inclind,
And therfore I intreat thee,
to answer yea or no,
Whether thou wilt be my faithfull friend,
or else my mortall foe.[11]
O pray thee John &c.

11 If thou wilt loving be *John*,[12]
and grant mee my request,

[9] *Text* neverso. [10] Comma. [11] No period. [12] Period.

Above all women creatures
then shall I think me blest,
But if with scornfull eye, Love,
thou seemest on mee to frown,
My wofull life is ended and,
my fortune all cast down.[13]
Then speak John &c.

12 When as her own true lover,
her mind did understand,
With joy being allmost ravished,
hee took her by the hand,
And after salutation,
the matter so was carried
Hee lik'd of her and shee of him,
and so they soon were married.
Shee said sweet John,
Loving John,
Part not from mee,
For ile go through the world[14] *with thee.*[15]

Finis.

L. P.
London Printed for Francis Grove.

[13] Comma.
[14] Text *theworld.*
[15] No period.

68

The matchless shepherd overmatched

4to Rawlinson 566, fol. 36, B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

The date of Price's ballad is about 1656. The significance is elusive, though the ballad evidently has a political bearing. If it were of earlier date, it might be taken to represent Charles I himself under the guise of the shepherd so strangely crossed, with the schismatical mistress as Parliament. Since the date is too late for that interpretation, one is forced to the conclusion that Price is singing of the Church of England and its troubles. In that case the "root of malice" referred to in stanza 5 as springing in Spain, Amsterdam, and Scotland is perhaps to be understood as Roman Catholic, Calvinistic, or Presbyterian opposition to the English Church. But why Price should deal so sympathetically with this subject when, as has already been shown (cf. p. 16), he was a vigorous Dissenter, only adds to the difficulties of explaining his ballad.

Neither of the tunes seems to be recorded.

The Matchless Shepheard, Overmatcht by his Mistress. OR, The solid Shepheards Satyrical Song against his Schismatical Mistress.

To the Tune of, *Fain would I if I could*, Or, *O brave house, &c.*

1 Fain would I, if I might
by any means obtain
The favour of my Mistresse,
and talk with her again;
Whereby to know her minde,
Why she is so unkinde,
and what the cause might be
that she thus deals with me?

2 But she alass will not
let me come in her sight,
She whom I dearly loved
bears me a deadly spight,
But she did once protest
She lov'd me only best,
her oaths and vows are broke
since last with her I spoke.

3 Fain would I, if I could
the reason understand,
Why she hath sold my goods
and made away my Land?
Of that which was mine own
(To God and world is known)
I now am dispossest
which makes me take no rest.

4 This ill design of hers
betokenneth me no good;
Now she hath got my means
she seeks to spill my blood;
If further that she could
Work mischief, sure she would
if it lay in her power,
she would my soul devour.

5 Fain would I, if I could
know chiefly this same thing
From whence this root of malice
did first begin to spring?
And whether or no it came
From *Spain* or *Amsterdam?*
or where the *Scottish* breed
at first did sow this seed?

6 Or was it set abroach[1]
by *English* Schismaticks?
Why then my Mistrisse hath
shew'd *English* Antick-tricks,
Or if it came from Hell
Where *Pluto* doth excel;
old *Cerberus* it hatcht
so she from him it catcht.

7 I am the Shepherd which
sate piping on the hill,
Feeding my harmlesse flock
intending no man ill;

[1] "The Second Part" (the third column) actually begins here.

My Kids and Fawns did play
Upon each Summers day,
and never were disturb'd
nor by cold Weather curb'd.

8 When we afflicted were
with *Tytans* scorching heat,
Under the pleasant Wood-side
I gave my Lambs their meat
And when[2] that *Boreas* cold
Blew fiercely on my fold,
to shelter them from harm
I kept them in the warm.

9 Full many years I liv'd
in this most happy state,
No Shepherd under Sun
was then more fortunate;
Until such time as I
My flock did put in trus[t][3]
among a sort of Swains,
that prov'd to me unjust.

10 And having given thus
the staffe out of my hand,
they streight became my Master
which I had at command;
And so upon the matter
My Sheep began to scatter,
the ravening Wolf and Fox
hath quite destroy'd my flocks.

[2] *Text* whrn. [3] Text blurred.

My Shepherdesse is gone
my Herds are run astray,
My pretty Lambs are stragled
from me another way;
My Sheep-crook from me tane,
My Oaten Reed is lost;
no Shepherd under Sun
hath been so strangely crost.

Finis.

L. P.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

69

The flattering damsel

C. 20. f. 14 (5), B. L., five columns, four cuts. The sheet was moved during printing, with the result that the type is blurred and smudged throughout. The last two stanzas are almost undecipherable, and a number of words must be guessed at. The punctuation, which is scanty and haphazard, has here in a few places been amended.

The date is 1650–56. The tune comes from the refrain of a ballad that was licensed for publication on November 4, 1640 (Eyre's *Transcript*, I, 1), as "Never marke Anthony" and that is printed as "Marke Anthony" in John Cleveland's *Poems*, 1651, pp. 53–54. Cleveland also wrote and published a parody of it (*ibid.*, pp. 55–56), but his version is one stanza shorter than are the copies preserved in the Percy Folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall, II, 26) and in MS. Ashmole 47, fols. 39–40. The first stanza in English and in Latin is also included in *Westminster Drollery*, 1671 (ed. J. W. Ebsworth, pp. 70–71). The tune itself seems nowhere to be noted.

The flattering Damsel, OR, A false heart brings sorrow.[1]

For she whom all men took to be
both fair and faithfull, now is flowne
(as if the planets did decree)
another for to be her owne
by this faire Maids learne to be true
least thousand sorrows do Insue.[2]

Tune is *marke Antony.*

1 Was ever man bewitch'd,[3]
or so besotted,
To a false woman,
as I will relate;
But sure my desteny
was salluted,
She whom I loved:
should repaie me with hate.
Even she for whome I thought,
nothing that could be bought,
To please her fantacy,
but to it I did agree.[2]
Yet neuer did woman,
Neither honest nor common
Dessemble with no man,[4]
As she did with me.

2 When first I questioned her,
about the matter

[1] Comma. [2] No period. [3] *Text* bewitch,d. [4] *Text* noman.

Whether that she,
could Afect me or no,
Straight way she vowed to me,
she would not flatter,
Never as yet,
did she love a man so,
What more could I desire,
what more could I requier,
If her fidelity. . . .[5]

3 Thus by a plighted troath,
beeing ingaged;
My heart, was fixed,
and Chained in her brest.[6]
Sorrows seemed to be gon
troubles asswaged,
And I Crowned with happinesse:
pleasure and rest.
But in[7] the midest of joy
soone prooved my annoy,
Conspired by fortune:
as fate did decree,
Yet neuer did woman, &c.

4 Most sumtiously rich attier,
fit for a Lady:
Gowne Hat and all things,
that fitted a Bride,[6]
A precious Gold Ring,
as rich[8] as may be,

[5] Two lines cut off by the binder. [6] No punctuation. [7] *Text* iu.
[8] *Text* brich? (*Perhaps a misprint for* bright *or* rich?)

And all sorts of linen
and Laces beside;
Which when I did present,
she seemed much content:
Thanking me kindly,
for beeing so free,
But never did woman,
Nether honest nor common,
[*Dessemble with no man*
As she did with me.[9]]

The second Part, to the same Tune.

5 A House I furnished,
for us to dwell in,
Many admired,
to see us so stor'd,
Silver and Peuter brave,
with Brasse, excelling,
As if it had been,
the House of a Lord,
She with a fauning face,
kissing me did imbrace,
Saying my true love,
thrice happie are wee,
But never did woman, &c.

6 Our day of Marraige was,
justly appointed
To which I invited:
my friends every one,

[9] Cut off by the binder.

Young men and pretty Maides,
with whom she was acqaunted
I desired their presence,[10]
forbiding of none,
She seemed pleased at this
and with a *Judas* kisse
She did salute me
as plainely I see.[11]
But never did woman, &c.

7 Five hundred pound in Gold
I did deliver,[10]
Into her custodie
safely to keep.[11]
Her face I lovd intire
and shall do ever,
and long time I desired
In her armes for to sleepe;[11]
but she whom I did trust
Proved to me uniust,[11]
changing my pleasure
To sad misserrie.
Never did woman, &c.

8 Another roaring blade
courted this pinies,[12]
And just that day sennet
as we should be wed

[10] Period. [11] No punctuation.
[12] Text doubtful. Is this word *pinies* (*pinnace*) = prostitute, faithless mistress?

These two were maryed then,
and by which I found finis
Concluded my ditty,
For they were in bed
where I thought to have beene
With Loves lacivious Queene,[13]
farewell falce *Nany*
Adeiu unto thee.
never did woman &c.

9 Thus in the midst of woe
perplext with sorrow
Now must I travaile
in wildernesse wayes,
Troubles and cares termiles,[14]
I must wade thorrow,
Wishing a period,
of these my sad dayes.[13]
Death with thy fatall dart
strike through my love sick heart,[13]
Fare well false *Nanny*,
adew unto thee,
Never did woman, &c.

10 Yow that have portions here
left by your Peacocks
Looke to it carefully
as your own life,
Let no inticing quean
once get it from you.[13]

[13] No punctuation. [14] Text doubtful.

What though she promise
for to be your wife:
I was a rich mans heire
but now possest[15] with care,
And ready to dispair
as you may see,
For never did woman,
Nether honest nor common, &c.

11 Young men that heare my woes,
pray shew some pity,
To him that is comfortlesse,
voide of content,
Faire Maids wherever you dwel
in Contry, or City,[16]
Bewaile with a lover,
his fate to lament,
Proove to your lovers kind,
bearing a faithfull mind:
No greater pleasure then,
when hearts do agree,
But neuer did woman,
Neither honest nor common,
Desemble with no Man,
As she did with me.

Printed for John Andrews, at the white lyon in the old-baily.

[15] Text undecipherable.
[16] Period.

70

Kissing goes by favor

C. 20. f. 14 (1), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

The date is about 1656. The subject-matter is frothy (cf. No. 60), but is written up in a musical fashion. It may be doubted whether even all Puritans would have objected to the ballad, for the Puritans were hardly so doleful as the average person believes. The title itself was proverbial; the subtitle indicates that the author intended the ballad to be sung openly on the streets. Similar in subject-matter is the Pepys ballad (I, 224) of "The Merry Forester," which states:

> Thus kissing is an ancient thing,
> and giues content to many a Madam,
> Many delightfull thing[s] it doth bring.
> *Eue* was the first beloued of *Adam*
> for Kissing.

With stanzas 8 and 9 compare the snatch sung by Captain Clutterbuck in the Prefatory Epistle to Sir Walter Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel:*

> Oh if it were a mean thing,
> The gentles would not use it;
> And if it were ungodly,
> The clergy would refuse it.

These stanzas, too, are imitated in the ballad of "Up-tails All" (misnamed "The Fryer and the Nun") that is preserved in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, IV, 177.

On the origin of kissing, a subject discussed in stanzas 2 and 3, Thomas Heywood[1] wrote in his *Gunaikeion: or, Nine Books of Various History* (1624, p. 118):

> *Pliny* in his naturall historie, saith, That *Cato* was of opinion, That the vse of kissing first began betwixt kinsman and kinswoman, howsoeuer neere allide or farre off, onelie by that to know whether their wiues, daughters, or neeces, had tasted any wine. . . . But kissing and drinking both are now growne (it

[1] His discussion is liberally plagiarized in *The Ladies Dictionary; Being a General Entertainment For the Fair-Sex*, 1694, p. 245.

seemes) to a greater custome amongst vs than in those dayes with the Romans: nor am I so austeare to forbid the vse of either, both which though the one in surfets, the other in adulteries, may be abused by the vicious; yet contrarilie at customarie meetings, and laudable banquets, they by the nobly disposed, and such whose hearts are fixt upon honour, may be vsed with much modestie and continence.

The tune, *Aye, marry, and thank you too,* is in Chappell's *Popular Music,* II, 584.

Kissing goes by Favour:

Or, A new composed merry disposed Ditty, shewing how kissing began when the world began, and is like to continue till the worlds end: Here is also contained many pretty conceited passages concerning kissing, which cannot chuse but make all the people merry that will stay to heare it.

The tune is, *I marry and thank you to.*

1 To Complement and kisse,
some holds to be a sin,
But I can tell you first of all,
how kissing did begin:
First *Adam* he kist *Eve*,
and so he got a Sonne,
Tis above five thousand years agoe
since kissing first begun:
Since kissing first begun brave boyes,
since kissing first begun,
'Tis above five thousand yeares agoe,
since kissing first begun.

2 And after in a short pace,
the world began[2] to increase,
Of men and women plentiously,
and then they kist a pace:
And ever since that time,
the trade came on[3] amaine,
And she that hath bin kissed once,
must needs be kist againe,

[2] *Text* beg anto. [3] *Text* onq.

Must needs be kist again brave boyes,
must needs be kist againe, &c.

3 And now kissing is us'd,
I think all the world over,
In *London*, *Gloster*, *Bristow* and
in *Cicester* and *Dover:*
And in every place[4] beside,
this kissing it is us'd.
I hold it for a practice good,
if it be not abus'd:
If it be not abus'd[5] *brave boyes,*
if it be not abus'd,
I hold it for a very good thing,
if it be not abus'd.

4 And now by consequence,
to you I can approve,
That kissing is the readest way,
and nearest step to love:
Suppose a brave Young-man
should meet a handsome Maid,
To kisse her over and over againe,
he will not be afraid:
He will not be afraid brave Boyes,
he would not be afraid,
To kisse her over and over againe
he will not be afraid.

5 At Wakes and Revills when
young people they doe meet,

[4] *Text* everyplace. [5] Text *abus*[]*d.*

They'l send for Fidlers for to dance
and shake their nimble feet:
At every dances end,
the brave young blades will kisse,
Their lasses round, whose joyes are crownd
what harm can com of this?
what harme can come of this brave boyes,
no harme can come of this.[6]

6 Kissing[7] is of such vertue,
'tis never out of date,
Both morning, evening, noon & night
it never comes too late:
Nor can it be refrained,
by any man or woman,
From highest to the lowest degree,
'tis every where so common:
Tis every where so common brave boys
tis every where so common.[6]

7 The rich can doe no more Sir,
the poore will doe no lesse,
but when they with their sweethearts meet,
they'l clip, cole hugge, and kisse:
It hath so sweet a smack,
that none can it refraine,
From the greatest Tamberlaine,
unto the weakest Swaine:
Even to the weakest swain brave boys
unto the weakest Swaine, &c.

[6] Comma.
[7] The third column (really "The Second Part") begins here.

8 If kissing comes in kind,
it sweet content doth bring,
'Tis as lawfull for a Begger,
as it is for a King,
For if it were not lawfull,
then Lawyers would deny it,
And if that it were costly,
their Clyants could not buy it:
Their Clyants could not buy it brave boys,
their clyants could not buy it,
Let kissing be never so costly
some Lawyers Clarks will buy it.

9 and if it were not plenty,
young wenches could not have it,
and if it were not dainty,
old Widowes would not crave it:
and if it were not wholsome,
brave gallants would not use it,
and if it were not toothsome,
faire Ladies would refuse it:
Gay Ladys would refuse it brave boys
faire Ladies would refuse it,
and many of their waiting Maids
would not so often use it.

10 If kissing were out of fashion,
it would soone be laid aside,
By Merchants[8] wivs in the *Exchang*
and also in *Cheap-side:*

[8] *Text* Merchauts.

Kissing's like *Hampshire* Honey,
'tis wondrous rare and sweet,
Else Country *Iohn* would not kisse *Ione*
so oft when they doe meet.[9]
So oft when they do meet brave boys
so oft when they do meet,
Iack will kisse Gill, & Ned kisse Nell
when they together meet.

11 and now for to conclude,
and end my kissing Song,
In which I meane no honest man
nor woman any wrong:
I would have all goe well,
and nothing goe amisse,
But faithfull friend-ship may abound
when folks together kisse:
when folks together kisse brave boys
when youngmen Maids do kisse,
and Maidens then kisse them again
no harme can come[10] *of this.*

Printed for Thomas Vere, at the signe of the Angel,
without New-gate.

[9] No period.
[10] Text *eome.*

71

The roaring blacksmith's resolution

C. 20. f. 14 (18), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts.

Date 1650–56. The author T. J. may have been Thomas Joy or the actor-balladist Thomas Jordan but more probably was Thomas Jones; for several other ballads printed by Richard Burton and signed by Jones are known (*e.g.*, *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 367; Douce Collection (Bodleian), I, 76^{v}). The measure required by the tune of *Saint Giles* (cf. No. 65) is nowhere more attractive than in this ditty. The opening lines show clearly that T. J. wrote with a street audience in mind. Even laws against ballad-singing in the streets could not change the century-old technique of the writers.

THE ROARING BLACKSMITH

The Roaring *Black-Smiths* Resolution;[1]
OR,
A merry Ditty compos'd on purpose to make you laugh.

There was a Black-smith liv'd in Cambridge-*sheire,*
As I lately for certaine truth did heare:
That had great meanes indeed but wasted all,
And then to Poverty he straight did fall,
His Passages in verse I here have writ
Hoping thereby that some will learne more wit,
He doth recant at last and bids adieu
To all his boone companions old and new.

To a Pleasant new Tune, cal'd *Farwell to St. Gileses.*[2]

1 The prettiest Iest that ere I heard
to you I will declare,
If you'l have but the patience
to stay the same to heare,
'Tis of a roaring Blacksmith,
that blew old *Vulcan's* Bellowes,
And this same tone he often us'd,[3]
amongst his boone good-fellowes.
Let's drinke and rant,
And sing a merry straine,
And when the Flaggons out then fill it again.[2]

2 Run Tap run Tapster
this was all his note,
Till almost all his substance,
he had swallowed downe his throat,

[1] *Text* Resoution. [2] No period. [3] *Text* us,d.

And all that ere he got beside,
by his owne consent,
Amongst his boone companions,
as freely should be spent,
Let's drinke, let's rant
Let's[4] *sing a merry straine*
And when the Flaggon's out then fill it again.[5]

3 O fie upon the Tapster,
what shall we sit and choake,
Before that we will want Beere,
I mean to pawne my cloake,
Or what is the occasion
that causeth all this strife
Take away my Beere and company,[6]
and take away my life,
Then drinke, and rant
And sing a merry straine
And when the Flaggons out then fill it againe.[5]

4 Give me some tobacco
and a pretty Wench
Hang them that deserve it,
for I will never flinch,
As long as I have money,
Ile vapour and roar,
And when that all my stock is gone,
Ile straight waies worke for more,
Then drinke, and rant
And sing a merry straine
And when the Flaggons out then fill it again.[5]

[4] Text *Let.* [5] No period. [6] Period.

5 The Tapster he was ready
to fill when they did call
And thought he'd been some gallant[7]
that would have paid for all
And with all speed as might be,
they for a Maiden sent,
On purpose for to give this gallant
Gentleman content;
Then drinke, and rant
And sing a merry straine
And when the Flaggon's out then fil't again.[8]

The second part, to the[9] same tune.

6 At last the oyle of Barley
did worke so gallantly,
That it laid the youngster fast a sleepe,
amongst his company,
The Tapster then did aske how,
the reckoning should be paid,
But all his guests was in a dump,
and never a word was said,
Then they left off their ranting
I tell you very plaine
The Flaggon it was out but was not fild again.[8]

7 Then quoth the Maiden
a trick I will devise
I make no question of it,
but we shall get a prize,

[7] Period. [8] No period. [9] *Text* tothe.

We'l dive into his pocket,
and take away his store,
But they found but one poore groat,
for he had nere a penny more,
The Tapster then was sick
In every vaine,
Because he fild his Beere, and had nothing for his pain.[10]

8 Then the Tapster tooke this Gentleman,
and[11] flung him out o' th doores,
And bad a pox take all such Customers,
that would not pay their scores,
He likewise then made bold to take,
his Coat from him away,
Because he lov'd to call for Beere,
and never meant to pay,
The Tapster then was satisfied,
For all his Beere and paine,
But he vowd nere to fill to such Customers againe.[10]

Here is the Black-smiths speech after his Recovery, having cast up his reckonings he bad adieu to all his old companions.

9 By this time the Black-smith
began for to awake,
He stard and look'd about him and
his head began to ake,
He cast up his reckonings,
though nothing he did pay,

[10] No period. [11] *Text* and.

And he fumbled in his pocket, and,
these words began to say,
Oh now my heart,
Is full of griefe and paine,
Give me my money & take your drink again.[12]

10 Farewell to *Cambridge*
and farewell the Hinde,
And farewell me money since
I can no favor find,
Farwell my Mistriss,
and farwel her scores[13]
and farewell the Tapster,
That flung me out o' th doore.[12]
With Oh! my heart
Is full of griefe and paine
Give me my money & take your drinke againe.[12]

11 Farwell my company,
and farwell my Coat,
Farwell my Customers
that stole away my groat,
Farwell Tobacco, and
farewell the Ale,
Farwell that bonny Lass
that told me many a Tale,
With Oh! my heart
Is full of griefe and paine
Give me my money and take your drink again.[12]

[12] No period.
[13] *Read* score.

Farwell all Ale-wives,[14]
where ever they be,
And I wish all good fellowes
for to be rul'd by me,
To save their money
and fuddle no more,
Least poverty come in
and fling them out o' th doores[15]
As it hath done me
I tell you very plaine,
But I am resolved nere to be drunke againe.[16]

FINIS.

T. I.
London, Printed for *Richard Burton* in *Smithfield*.[16]

[14] Period.
[15] *Read* doore.
[16] No period.

72

The lovers' farewell

C. 20. f. 14 (19), B. L., four columns, three woodcuts.

Date 1650–56. This pleasant love-song capably carries on the traditions of balladry. It is interesting to see that civil war and oppression had no effect in changing either these traditions or the taste of the people. For the tune see No. 65.

THE LOVERS FAREWEL;
OR,
The constant Resolution of two faithfull Lovers to live and die together.

Two loving Lovers here you see
In Love and Heart do both agree,
And nothing can their love once part
For they are knit both in one heart:
Two Hearts in one united are,
VVhat Joy with Love then can compare?[1]

To the tune of *Farewel Saint Gyleses.*

1 Of late as I went abroad
into the fields to walk,
Therein I heard two Lovers
thus sweetly Court and talk:
Quoth the young man to the maid,
My love hath ever been

[1] Comma.

THE LOVERS' FAREWELL

To thee my dearest Dear and Ioy,
as plainly thou hast seen
But now love,
I love,
Must part from thee,
For Father and Mother so commandeth me.

2 Now farewell my dear true-love,
whom I do love so well,
Adieu my deerest heart, for I
must bid thee now farewell,
There's none in all the world now
that I so well can love,
Yet must be forced now to leave
my Ioy and Turtle-Dove,
Then come Love,
Now Love,
Go thou with me,
And I will be faithful alwayes to thee.

3 Then farewel unto *London*,
and farewell to *Cheapside*,
And all the Lasses brave and fine
that therein do reside:
And farewell unto *Cornwall*,
and farewell unto *Dover*,
If my Love will go along with me,
wee'l range the Countrey over:
Then come Love,
Sweet Love,
Go thou with me,
For I will prove faithful always to thee.

4 Farewel unto *Westminster*,
and farewel to *Whitehall*,
And farewel unto *Ratcliffe*,
and farewel to *Blackwall*
For I wil travel *Flanders*,
and all the coast of *Spain*,
And alwayes where that I am
my true-love shall remain.
Then come Love,
Deare Love,
Go thou with me,
For father and mother Ile forsake for thee.

5 Then farewell unto *Greenwich*,[2]
that stately place of pleasure,
Where lives my Love and hearts delight,
My Ioy and onely Treasure:
And farewell unto *Islington*,
where lovers do resort,
With Cakes and Wine, and all that's fine,
themselves to feast and sport.
Then come love,
fine love,
Go thou with me,
For I wil be faithful only to thee.

6 And farewell unto *Highgate*
whare we did often walk
To view the fields both fresh and green,
for pleasure and for talk;

[2] The third column (the equivalent of a "Second Part") begins here.

And *Primrose hill* where we our fil
of loves deligght[3] did see.
But pleasures more I have in store
if thou wilt go with me.[4]

Her Answer.

I come love
Now love,
for to go with thee,
for thou hast been faithfull alwayes to me.[5]

7 Then farewell my dear father,
and farewel my dear mother,
For my loves sake Ile you forsake,
for love I cannot smother,
My love and I will live and dye
and constant be alwayes,
And nothing shal our loves remove
untill our dying dayes,
Then sweet love,
Deare love,
I wil go with thee,
Cause thou hast been faithful always to me.

8 If my love will go to Sea,
then with him I wil goe,
For in his breast my heart doth rest,
it must and it shall be so:
I doe not care what dangers deep,
or feares I undergoe
Because that now I see my love,
wil never say me no.

[3] *Sic.* [4] No period. [5] Comma.

Then sweet love,
I love
Wil go along with thee
What ever it happens our fortunes to be.

9 Let father frown and mother chide,
I will love him what ere betide,
Cause I do see he doth resolve
that I shall be his Bride.
What pleasure's more then love that's true
and constant, to be had
When sorrows deep oppresse the mind,
'twill make our hearts full glad.
Then stay love,
sweet love,
We will go together;
for nothing shall our true loves sever.

10 Then farewell all our friends,
that love us as their life
For I will have my own love,
and be his loving wife.
Wheresoere my Love doth goe,
whether to France or Spain,
I am resolv'd, and so will be
his true love to remain.
Then come Love,
Go Love,
Lets go together;
For I'm resolv'd Ile forsake thee never.

Finis.

London, printed for John Andrewes at the white Lion without Newgate.

73

Love's return

C. 20. f. 14 (17), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts.

This ballad is by Samuel Smithson, an author discussed in the introduction to No. 60. On the tune see No. 64.

Loves Return, Or, The Maydens Joy. Being A Compendious Dialogue between two constant Loyall-hearted Lovers.

Tune, *Now the Tyrant*, or, *the Maydens Sigh*

Man.[1]

1 Arise from thy bed,
my Turtle and dear,
And let in thy true Love,
that stands coldly here,
Leave sleeping a while
and let us imbrace,
I love to behold,
thy beautifull face,
Whose sighing and sorrow,
to pitty did move
My heart for the present,
and want of my Love,
But now ime arrived,
again to the shore,
To make thee my spouseall,
Ingaged before.[2]

[1] No period. [2] *Text* Ingage dbefore.

Maid.

2 What Eccho is this,
that sounds in my ear,
O tis the sweet voyce,
of my love and my dear,
Who venturing his life,
upon the salt Main,
By Heaven is escapt,
and returned again.
I come my Love quickly,
to give thee a kiss
For now I injoy
what I long time did miss,
Then welcome my True love,
thrice welcome to mee,
I often lamented,
for wanting of thee.

Man.[3]

3 I tel thee my dearest,
since I did depart,
I often did sail
with a sorrowfull heart,
The troublesome Seas,
and tempests did rise,
The clouds being pitchy,
and darkned the Skyes.
But none of these Tempests,
nor storms did so move,
My heart to relenting,
as lacking my love.

[3] No period.

When Billows were mighty,
and Gusts did appear,
Yet nothing did grieve mee,
but want of my dear.

Maid.

4 When thou on the Seas
was farre out of sight,
My heart was tormented,
by day and by night,
I dreading your death,
by wrack or by sands,
Or that you were fallen,
into murderers hands.[4]
This subject of terror,
my soul did affright,
Whose absence did banish,
all joy and delight,[5]
But now ile leave sighing,
and mourning a while,
For heaven has been pleased
on Lovers to smile.

The second part to the same tune.

Man.

5 But tell mee my love,
are all our foes dead,
That caus'd this disaster,
and misery bred,

[4] No period. [5] No comma.

May wee now bee joyned,
in union and Peace,
And have the fruition,
of natures increase,
Without contradiction,
of Parents or friends
Or else our new Comedy
tragicall ends,
For I to the Ocean,
on force must depart,
Yet for a true signet,
Ile leave thee my heart.[6]

Maid.[7]

O stay love, O stay love,
with mee that am thine,
Thy heart is concealed,
as thou hast done mine,
My Father and Mother,
by Fortunes decree,
Are dead now and buried,
then welcome to mee,
Our chief adversaries
are now turn'd our friends,
And those that did wrong thee
will make thee amends.
The Clouds being vanisht,
the Sun shineth clear,
And *Cupid* invites me
to welcome my dear.

[6] Comma.
[7] No period.

Man.[8]

7 Then welcome my Love,
the life of my Soul,
Whose reall intention
there's none can controle,
And as a chaste maiden,
most vertuous doth prove,
So Sea men do scorn,
to be false in their Love,
As *Sol* in his glory,
ith' sky doth indure,
My heart is so fixed,
both stedfast and sure,
Then give mee thy hand,
and thy heart both as one,
And then all our troubles,
and sorrows are done.

Maid.

8 O here I resigne,
both my love and my life.
Farewell chaste *Diana*,
I must bee a Wife,
Assist us good *Himen*,
to tye Marriage bands,
For *Cupid* effected
this joyning of hands.
Tis titles of honour,
for those that are wed,[9]
Whose actions are modest,
and civill in bed,

[8] No period. [9] Period.

But such that are shamelesse,
and wantonly[10] playes,
Dishonour their Husbands,
and shorten their daies.

Author.[11]

9 Then young men and maids,
that hear this new song,
Bee faithfull and kind,
and do no one wrong,
For love like the Soul,
to the body gives life,
And happies that man,
that hath a chaste wife,
For vertues in women,
contentment doth bring,
From whence the sweet fountain,
Of riches doth spring
And men that are reall,
and constant in mind,
O they are accepted,
and counted[12] most kind.

Finis.

S. S.
London Printed for F. Grove on Snow hill.

[10] *Text* wanton by.
[11] No period.
[12] *Text* an dcounted.

74

A new prophecy

C. 20. f. 14 (27), B. L., four columns, two woodcuts.

Richard Burton's daring in printing under his own name ballads disloyal to the Commonwealth is commented on in the introduction (pp. 57–58). The present ballad could well have been punished under any of the printing ordinances or under the Treason Act of 1649, for even the most careless of licensers would have detected its meaning and forbidden its appearance. The ballad was perhaps intended primarily to arouse interest in a book on the same subject; the book, which is announced at the end of the sheet and from advance pages of which the prose prophecy was probably taken, was licensed to Thomas Broad on May 11, 1657 (Eyre's *Transcript*, II, 127), as "A booke called *Cricket in the hedge, or a new prophesie, &c.*" I have not been able to find a copy of it.

The existence of "Margaret Hough" can hardly be doubted, though her age may be somewhat exaggerated. It is worthy of notice, however, that among the many Houghs recorded in George Ormerod's massive *History of Cheshire*, one Thomas Hough is said to have died in 1592 at the age of 141 years. Perhaps our Cricket-in-the-Hedge is the person referred to in J. P. Earwaker's *East Cheshire* (1880, II, 445): "At Hedgerow, an old woman named Margaret Broadhurst is said to have attained the great age of 140 years, but little credit can be given the story." Longevity was not especially remarkable. A celebrated case is that of Thomas Parr (died 1635), who is said to have lived to the age of 152 years, and who, apparently as a result of that distinction alone, was buried in Westminster Abbey. See furthermore the dozens of examples of "persons long-lived" that are given in George Hakewill's *Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God*, 1635, pp. 181 ff.; in William Turner's *A Compleat History Of the Most Remarkable Providences. . . . Which have Hapned in this Present Age*, 1697, Pt. II, pp. 30 f.; and in *Long*

Livers: a Curious History of such Persons of both Sexes who have Lived Several Ages, 1728. Hedgerow is in Rainow Township, the "Ranna" of the ballad; two miles to the northeast is Macclesfield ("Maxfield").

The prophecy itself is obviously based on those attributed to Mother Shipton (cf. stanza 1). *The Prophesie of Mother Shipton In the Raigne of King Henry the Eighth. Fortelling the death of Cardinall Wolsey, the Lord Percy and others, as also what should happen in insuing times* was printed in 1641 (Charles Hindley's *Old Book Collector's Miscellany*, vol. III). Other prophecies attributed to her were printed in March, 1642 (E. 141 (2)). Cricket deals with the Lion (England), the Lamb (Charles I and II), and the Elephant (the Commonwealth), predicting the overthrow of the Elephant by the end of 1657. Her prediction was not greatly at fault. Cromwell, too, had prophesying adherents. Ralph Josselin (*Diary*, Camden Society, p. 122), on December 12, 1656, saw "a booke esp: of Welsh prophecies, which asserts that Cromwell is the great Conqueror that shall conquer Turke and Pope."

I have not found the tune.

A NEW PROPHECY

A new *Prophesie:*
OR
Some strange Speeches declared by an old Woman living now in Cheshire, in *Ranna*, two miles from *Maxfield*. her name is *Margret Hough*, she is seven-score and fifteene yeares of age.

The tune[1] is, *the Old-mans sorrow for these sad Times.*

1 Come light and listen Gentlemen,
and to my song give eare,
A story true I heare have pend,
as ever you did heare,
Of Shiptons wife you oft have heard,[2]
of that I make no doubt,
But another with her may be compard
which lately is found out.[3]

2 I hearing of this woman strange,
in place where I did lye,
Full many a mile I then did range,
to heare her Prophecy,
In famous *Cheshire* at the last;
not far from *Maxfield* Towne,
I found her out as I did passe,[2]
walking in her owne ground.[3]

3 She was the first that did speake to me
with words[4] that were so meeke,
Son what do you in this Country,
or who come you to seeke,

[1] *Text* Thetune. [2] Period. [3] Comma. [4] *Text* wordr.

To tell the truth I will not shame
nor no way it alledge,
I seeke a Woman cal'd by name,
Crickit within the Hedge.

4 I am the Woman Son she said,
come sit thee downe by me,
I wish thee not to be afraid,[5]
though a stranger here thou be,
And for the labour thou hast made,
content jle give to thee,
Marke well these words which here are said
concerning Prophecy.

5 Poore England thou art in distresse,
Scotland doth sorrow gaine,
The Ireish they in heavinesse,
and so is also Spaine.
There is no Land under the Sun,
from war can say they'r free,
Poore England thou dost suffer wrong
my heart doth bleed for thee.[6]

6 Religion now is made a cloake,
good teachers held in scorne.
Thus we the Lord to wrath provoke:
both evening noone and morne,
The Papists[7] little are set by,
the Church men all a sleepe:
To God for mercy let us cry,
England lament and weepe.

[5] Period. [6] Comma. [7] *Text* Papis.

The second part to the same tune.

7 One hundred fifty and five of age,
am I yet never did see,
The Church so pind up in a Kage,
since the death of Queen *Mary*.
But yet my Friend thou well may live
to see joyes on us creepe,
Then be content praise above give.
England lament and weepe.[8]

8 The Lamb shall with the Lyon feed,
the Elephant so strong,
Shall by the Lamb be soone subdu'd,
'cause he hath don him wrong,
Ere fifty seven is come and gone,
the Lyon he will sleepe,
Then pray[9] to God both old and young
England lament and weepe.

9 But ere these times do come to passe,
much Blood-shed thou may see,
And he that climbs the highest fast,
the lowest laid shal be,
The Elephant with his long Nose,[10]
the Lamb full sore shall greet,
The Lamb shall overcome his foes:
England lament and weepe.[8]

10 When thou dost heare that peace shall come
and dwell in faire England,

[8] Comma. [9] *Text* prry. [10] Period.

Then thou maist say to all and some
that wars are neere at hand,
The Northern wind ye South shal rake
from the East such news shal peepe,
To see the same England will shake,
England lament and weepe.[11]

11 O *London* fine lament in time,[12]
for sinfull sure thou art.
Yorke Citty faire have thou a[13] care,
and *Linkorn* beare a part.
There is more Cittyes in this Land,
hath cause to waile and weepe,
For sure Gods judgments are at hand
England lament and weepe.[11]

12 O let us all lament in time
while we have time and space,
For our sins so fast on us do climb,
Lord grant us of thy grace,
That we our sinfull lives may mend,
Lord grant to thee we creepe,
That mercy thou to us may send,
let us all lament and weepe.

FINIS.

First *Son* thou art come a great way to see me, thou callest me Crickit in the hedge: and (many more besides thee) cals me so, but my name is *Margaret Hovgh*, and I

[11] Comma. [12] Period. [13] *Text* r.

was borne in this Countrey, in the year of 1485. in the time of King *Henry* the 7 and when[14] he died, I was about 12 or 13. yeares of age: and now I am about 155. and my Daughter that you see here; is 103. and was borne in the dayes of *Edward* the 6. in the year 1545. & I have seen the death of 7 Kings & Queens, that is to say, *Henry* the 7 *Henry* the 8 *Edward* the 6. *Mary*, *Elizabeth James* & the innocent *Lamb;* And now we live under a new Government. but harke *Son* ther's whims whams, and trims trams, new plays and old Games abroad now adaies. I tell thee thou maiest live to see a great alteration here in *England*, for the *Lyon* is a strong Beast, and is loath to leave his den. And the *Elephant* he knows himselfe a very strong beast; because he can carry a Castle on his Back: and these two will have a great Tussell, and much blood shall be lost on both sides. Then he that loves th'[15] Mother church of *England*, let him pray to God that it may stand: then the *Lamb shall feed with the Lyon. Then woe to the Sluggard.* Hold, stand up old bones, I had like to have falne, & if I had? there is in *England* may get a greater fall before they die; no[16] more but *mom bene.*

There is a Booke comming forth that will give you more satisfaction, and shew you more at large.

London, Printed for *Richard Burton* in *Smithfield.*

[14] *Text* wh[]n.
[15] *Text* th.
[16] *Text* (no.

75

England's object

Wood 401 (175), B. L., four columns, four woodcuts. Wood added in MS. the date "Septemb. 1660."

For Hugh Peters (1598–1660), Independent divine and regicide, J. B. Williams's *History of English Journalism* (1908), the British Museum *Catalogue of Satirical Prints*, I, 539–541, and the sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography* should be consulted. The sergeant mentioned in stanza 4 was perhaps Sergeant Northfolk, who on May 11, 1660, had been ordered by the Council of State to apprehend Peters (*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1659–1660*, p. 575). While in hiding, Peters drew up an apology for his life and succeeded in getting it presented to the House of Lords. The apology, in which he denied having had any share in the King's execution, had no favorable result. According to the *D. N. B.*, Peters was arrested in Southwark[1] on September 2. A satirical pamphlet called *Hugh Peters's Passing-Bell Rung out in a Letter* (1660, p. 5) taunted the unfortunate prisoner thus:

> With what face of brass couldst thou deny thy name, when thou wast apprehended in *Southwark*, and when thou wast brought to the Lievtenant of the *Tower:* I am credibly informed, that thou said'st thy name was *Thompson*, and said'st, *Thou wouldst not be such a Villain as Hugh Peters for a thousand pound:* Whereupon those that took thee, knowing how to answer so impudent a Traitor as thy self, replied, *If thou wert not Hugh Peters, they would be hang'd for Hugh Peters; but, if thou wert Hugh Peters, thou shouldest be hanged for thy self.*

Peters was tried on October 13, found guilty of plotting with Cromwell for the death of the King, and executed at Charing Cross on October 14. By October 18 twenty-eight regicides had been sentenced to death and eight of them executed. *Mirabilis Annus, Or*

[1] According to the *Diary of Henry Townshend*, ed. Bund, I (1920), 61, he was captured "at Nath. Man, a Tap women's [*sic*] house."

The year of Prodigies (1661, p. 79) tells of a poulterer of Eastcheap who, on his way to Charing Cross to see the execution, railed bitterly against Peters, whereupon he was savagely attacked by a dog and dangerously bitten eighteen or nineteen times—a "providence" described as "the more remarkable because the dog was alwaies wont to be very gentle, and never observed either before or since to fly at any one." *Mirabilis Annus Secundus* (1662, p. 81) declares that one Colonel Carnaby, of Durham, who affirmed "that Mr. *Peters* was drunk when he was hanged," was, by the judgment of God, shortly afterwards killed by a fall from his horse when he himself was intoxicated. But the statements of these books of Puritan propaganda should not be taken too seriously.[2]

The tune is named from the first line of "The insatiate Lover" (*Merry Drollery*, 1661, edited in J. W. Ebsworth's *Choyce Drollery*, p. 247), a ballad with the refrain,

> With hey ho my honey,
> My heart shall never rue,
> For I have been spending money
> And amongst the jovial Crew.

The same tune is used by T[homas]. R[obins]. (cf. No. 55) for two of his ballads, "The Yorkshire Maid's Fairing" (Pepys, III, 384) and "The Royall Subjects Warning-Piece" (Euing, No. 310), in the latter being described as "a pleasant new tune." It is customarily called *Hey-ho, my honey, my heart shall never rue*, and under this name will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 292, II, 462.

[2] Indeed in the preface to *Mirabilis Annus Secundus* the compiler was forced to admit that his comments on "the Gentleness of the Butcher's *Dog*" were untrue, "for the *Dog* was wont to do mischief of the like nature formerly."

Englands Object:

Or, Good and true Newes to all True-hearted Subjects, for the taking and apprehending of that horrid deluding Sower of Sedition Hugh Peters, by the name of Thomson, in Southwarke, Saturday September the first: With his Examination and Entertainment by the rest of the Rebellious crew now in the Tower of London.

The tune is, *Come hither my own sweet Duck.*

1 Come let us tryumph and be jolly
brave Cavaleers every one,
For I have more News to tell yee,
then any Diurnall can:
Hugh Peters he is taken,
of a truth I tell to you,
The *Rump* is not forsaken,
to them hee'l preach anew.
Then hey ho, Hugh Peters
cannot you find a Text,
To please your fellow Brethren,
they are so highly vext.

2 This is the man was wanting
above this three months space,
And all the *Rump* lamenting
they could not see his face,
For he was deeply learned,
all which they very well knew,
But since he is returned
now Gallows claim thy due.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
cannot you quote a Text,

To please your holy Sisters
they are so highly vext.

3 Now having so much leisure,
to tell what came to passe,
Concerning of his ceasure
and how he taken was.
In *Southwarke* side he lodg'd,[8]
some-times in *Kentish Town:*
From place to place he doged,
till publikely he was known.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
how like you now the Text
Methinks the Tower Quarters
have made you soundly vext.

4 He strangely turnd his name,
and *Thomson* he was cal'd,
Or like a Country-man
in debts had bin inthral'd
He kept himselfe so close,
by crafty cunning charms,
Till apprehended was
by a Serjeant high at Armes.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
your wits did you deceive
To change your Surry quarters
and come with us to liue.

5 Come *Peters* I must tell you
your crafts beguild you now,

[8] Period.

Sad fortune have befell you,
and all your joviall crew.
The *Rump* hath got a sliding,
Hugh Peters got a fall,
And *Haslerig*[4] is chiding,
like the Divel amongst them all.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters,
can't you quote out a Text
To learn Sir Arthur patience
that is so highly vext.

6 When to the Tower he came[5]
as brethren us'd to do:
There met him *Henry Vain*,[6]
both *Scot*[7] and *Mildmay*[8] too:
Then he to preach a Sermon,
the Spirit did him call,
Drew forth an old Diurnal
and preach'd before them all:
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
they lik'd your Doctrine well.
Which gave them such direction
how they should go to hell.

7 The next that came was a Rumper,
and cal'd great *Haselrig*,
Ile warrant ye he was a thumper
to dance a Parliament jigg:

[4] Sir Arthur Haselrig, or Hesilrige († 1661), the well-known statesman and council-member of the Commonwealth.

[5] The third column (really "The Second Part") begins here.

[6] Sir Henry Vane, the Younger, executed on June 11, 1662.

[7] Thomas Scot, regicide, executed on October 17, 1660.

[8] See page 307, note.

He joyed to see his Chaplain,
and did congratulate
But never was such tatling,
concerning Church and State
As was between these creatures
I must tell to you
Sir[9] *Arthur and Hugh Peters,*
the Gallows claim his due.

8 *Luke Robinson*[10] came after
the Parson for to view,
And asked if Sir *Arthur*
had heard his Sermon new,
Who said that he had quoted
a noble Rumping Text,
For which he should be Voted
at Tyburn to preach next.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
my heart shall never rue
In such a worthy pention
Esquire Dun[11] *shall pay thy due.*[12]

9 The Tower is strongly made
and *Peters* he is within
I'm sure he had a hand
in martering of our King.

[9] Text *Sis.*

[10] On this "inveterate rebel," who is not in the *D. N. B.*, see *A Collection of Loyal Songs*, 1731, II, 57, 77, 125, and the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, for 1659–60, *passim*, and 1660–61, p. 122.

[11] Edward Dun, the hangman. His name is given as "Hen. Donne, Executioner," in *Bibliotheca Militum*, 1659, but this is an error.

[12] No period.

Now all will be disclosed
and brought to publick view.
If that he be opposed
then Gallows claim thy due.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
you are fast within our locks,
Therefore declare the persons
disguised in white Frocks.

These that had on long Vizards
did on the Scaffold stand
Like base presumptuous Wizards
plac'd by the Divels hand.
So expert and so even
was one 'tis thought 'twas you
The blow was fatal given
come *Peters* tell me true.
Examine all your fellows
prove it perfectlie
Or else on Tyburn Gallows
your neck shall hanged be.

Finis.

Printed for F. Coles. T. Uere, and VV. Gilbertson.

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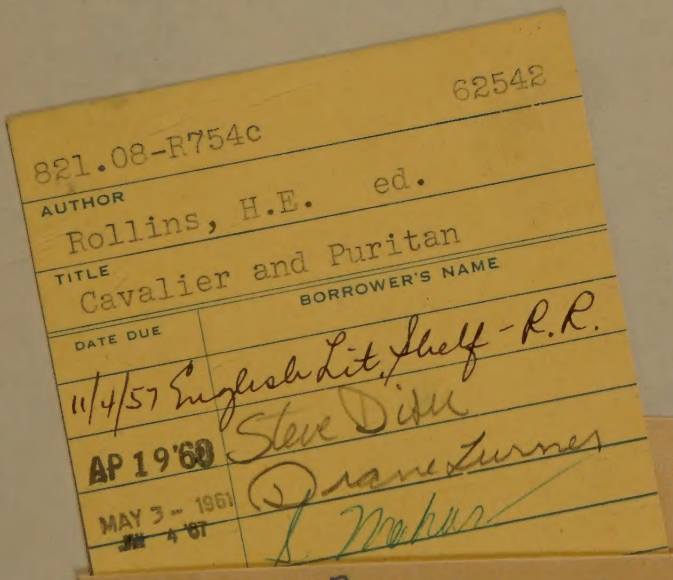

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